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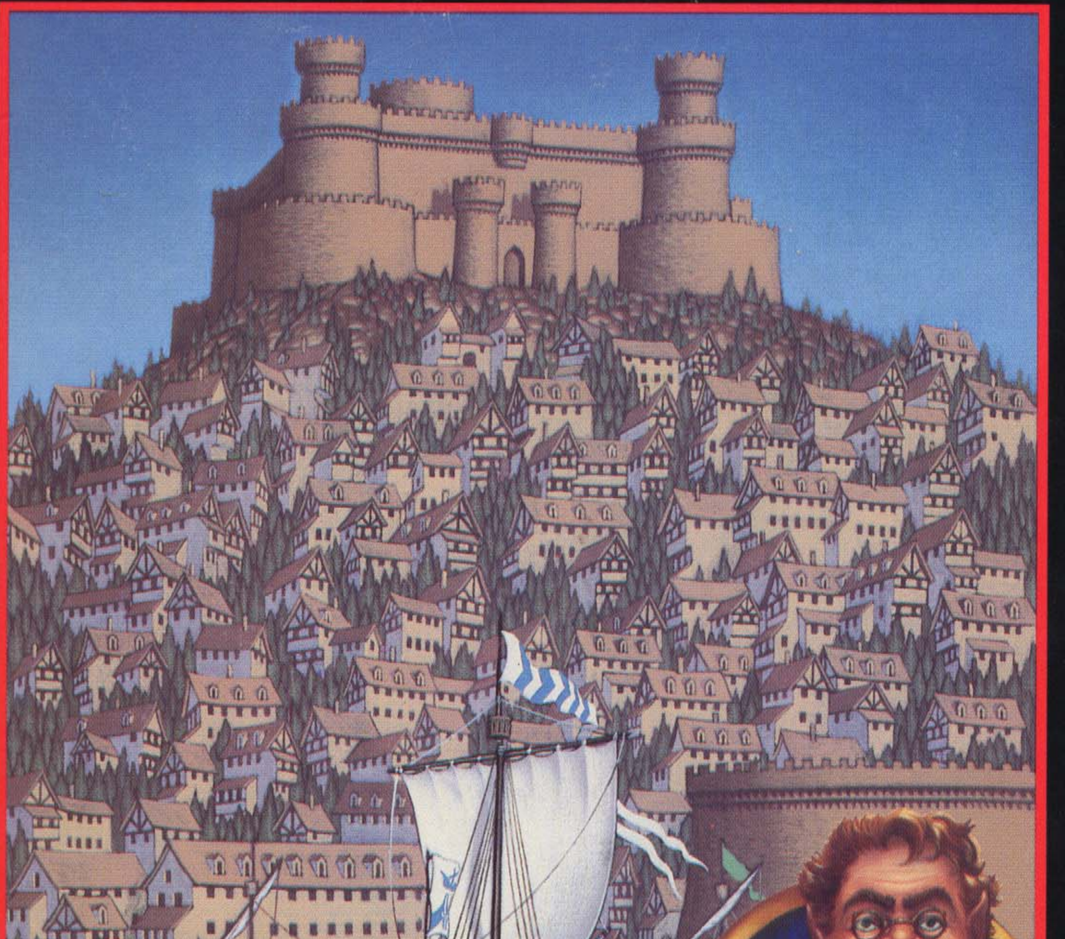
MYSTARA®

JOSHUAN'S ALMANAC

& BOOK OF FACTS



NEW AND IMPROVED CONTENTS
CREATED BY JOSHUAN GALLIDOX
AND HIS CADRE OF CORRESPONDENTS

INCLUDES PREDICTIONS AND
PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR THE KNOWN WORLD

Joshuan's Almanac

& Book of Facts

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within the City of Mirros
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Preface

Gentle Reader

The humble volume you hold now in your hands may be familiar to you. Doubtless some of you have read previous editions of the Almanac of Mystara. But this year you will find much that is new in this little book, and with good reason—the Almanac has a new owner. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Joshuan Gallidox, world traveler, pipeweed smoker, collector of oddments of knowledge as well as more tangible curios, and spinner of tales.

And how did a halfling wanderer come into possession of this fine publication? you may ask. Well, my friend, make yourself comfortable while I tell you the story.

In the cold month of Kaldmont in the eleventh year of the second millenium After Crowning, I found myself drawn to the great city of Thyatis, there to observe history unfold. (Let me tell you, many feared the Empire was crumbling.) I witnessed firsthand the horror of the Great Famine, and the destruction wrought by the Thyatian mobs as they rampaged through the city. I saw the riots at the wharfs as Karameikan ships unloaded much-needed grain, gifted by King Stephan of Karameikos. And although I was lodging in relative safety at The Emperor's Arms (a comfortable hostelry with a long and curious history and its own crack guards), I knew fear on that Day of Dread when the slaves of Thyatis rose up in revolt. The panic caused by the loss of magic and the incredible savagery of the revolting mobs (years of oppression and ill-treatment can make men hateful and desperate) was infectious. Normally level-headed guests of The Emperor's Arms ran about the inn, shuttering windows and piling furniture against doors whilst the inn's professional sentinels attempted to establish order among us. The cries of the angry mobs flooding the streets of the city sounded like the anguished roars of a lion as it struggles to kill the hated gladiators who have so injured it.

It was then that I heard very different sounds coming from within the common room of The Emperor's Arms. They were the unmistakable sounds of a game of chance — dragon's bones, one of my favorite dicing games. As the Lady Fortune is one of my patrons, I could by no means pass this opportunity by. I stood on the sidelines for a while, watching the game and taking measure of the gamblers. One player, a tall, dark-complected man, looked particularly eager. A sizeable pile of coins glittered on the table before him. As I watched, this eager man won three tosses in a row, much to the disgruntlement of the other players. One ill-tempered gambler withdrew from the game. Without hesitation, I offered to take his place at the table. Once the matter of my worthiness was settled (with the placement of a full purse on the table before me), I was welcomed wholeheartedly into the game.

In the course of the evening, during which my own pile of coins fluctuated in size without ever dwindling alarmingly, I learned that the eager player was a Thyatian wizard—Rikard Prospero by name. He hoped to fund an extended journey away from his homeland with tonight's winnings. The wizard had enough coinage piled before him to buy passage on an outbound vessel to any destination in the Known World but was obviously eager for more. Late in the game, when all gamblers had dropped out except for the wizard and myself, Prospero proposed a final wager: the publishing rights to his annual Almanac and the equipment necessary for production against all the coin I had on the table. I was dubious at first, let me tell you—a man eager to raise cash and leave the country? I figured his creditors were after him. But he solemnly swore the firm was solvent.

As you can guess, dear reader, the wizard lost, and I won the prize. The following day, the first day of Nuwmont, AC 1012, Prospero guided me to his offices on the floor above a pastry shop along Merchant's Row. (That was an adventure in and of itself, what with the rioting and rebellion rampant throughout the city.) As my excitement grew—my mind danced with the opportunities my acquisition of the Almanac presented—so did Prospero's despondency. The reason for his gloom was obvious. Not only had he lost his fine publication, an endeavor to which he had devoted three years of his life, but he had failed to raise enough cash to meet his current needs.

As we went over the bookkeeping records, I began to realize just what a prize I had won. Prospero's recordkeeping was meticulous, and the Almanac was on solid financial footing. The latest Almanac, including events Prospero had foreseen for the coming year, was nearly ready to go to press, and a substantial number of advance orders had already arrived. I seems I had won a very profitable business. Late in the evening, as Prospero prepared to take his leave, I was overcome with an unfamiliar emotion—generosity toward a wizard. I pressed all the cash in the office safe upon Prospero, as well as a substantial number of my own coins—enough to ensure the wizard's safe passage from Thyatis to wherever he wished to go. In return, I extracted a promise from Prospero that he would serve as a correspondent to the Almanac, providing insights and information from Esterhold or whatever far corner of the world he found himself in.

And that is the story of how Joshuan Gallidox, halfing wanderer and dice thrower, came to be the publisher of an Almanac. Last year, I published the third edition of the Poor Wizard's Almanac—a more difficult task than I had at first realized, despite the book being in the final stages of production when I acquired it.

Let me tell you a word or two, gentle reader, about how this Almanac differs from its predecessors. As I read the previous volumes, I quickly noted that the Thyatian tendency to count and list things had taken over this poor wizard's soul. (I suppose that's what comes of a thousand years of carefully administered and highly bureaucratic Empire.) I was determined to make this book more useful—and, at the same time, a better read.

To this end, the Atlas of the Known World contains more information of interest to travelers and less of the ancient (and rarely pertinent) history of each nation. Various "Spotlight On" commentaries explore fascinating places in more detail. The History of the Known World focuses on more popular (and slightly less scholarly) details of Mystara's history than have previously been published in the Poor Wizard's Almanac. "You Are There" reports provide in-depth information about selected historical events. The entries dealing with Famous Folks now focus on the truly important people in the Known World—not just rulers of nations. And, in addition to descriptions of important or interesting events for the year AC 1013, The Year in Review contains editorial comments on the possible repercussions of certain events and what they may mean to you, the reader.

Let me know, dear reader, your opinions concerning this new Almanac and its contents. I would also welcome any insights you may have on any goings-on in your own corner of the Known World.

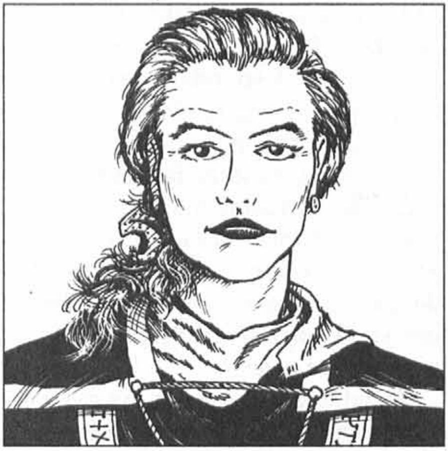
Joshuan Gallidox, Publisher
Joshuan's Almanac
Mirros, Karameikos
Nuwmont, AC 1014

Our Correspondents

Ursula Bremen

Ursula is an experienced member of the Darokin Diplomatic Corps, and her reports on Darokin and the rest of the world reflect the skills and interests she has gained from her career. Her insights into the military and political goings-on in Darokin, Aengmor (formerly Alfheim), the Broken Lands, and Sind make her an invaluable contributor to this Almanac.

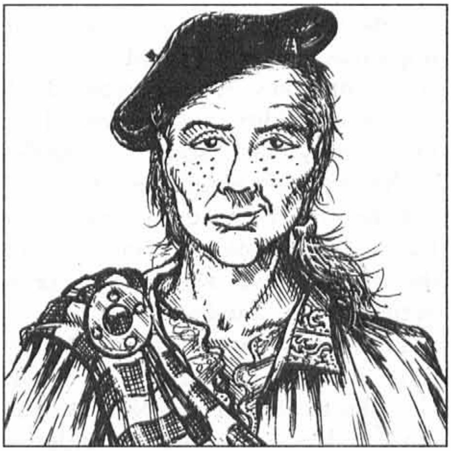
She is a smart, very ambitious woman in her mid-30s and will always keep her advantage and career ambitions in mind as well as the duties of her job.



Ursula will be a good reporter of the military and political goings-on in Darokin, Aengmor (formerly Alfheim), the Broken Lands, and anywhere else that catches her eye. She will also write about political causes and effects and the more obscure reasons that rulers act.

Alastair Maccallum

Alastair is a young Glantrian—to put it kindly, a rake-about-town whose most salient skill seems to be that of vaguely insulting everyone and everything while emphasizing his own cleverness and wit. Alastair loves to play the empty-headed young fop, and resembles a clothes-horse in his irrepressible fondness for elaborate dress. Despite this, he's highly skilled with a rapier—a necessary trait when one's favorite hobby is insulting fashionable members of Glantrian society.



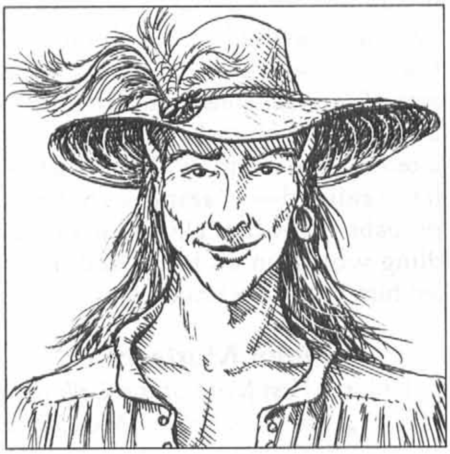
Alastair reports on the doings of the great and would-be-great in Glantri. He seems to have a knack for intuitively linking together a few seemingly unconnected pieces of information into a whole that turns out to be some Glantrian conspiratorial intrigue or other, but he lacks the ideals and interest to do anything about what he has realized—a laziness that has probably kept him alive when meddling would, in all likelihood, have led him into grave trouble.

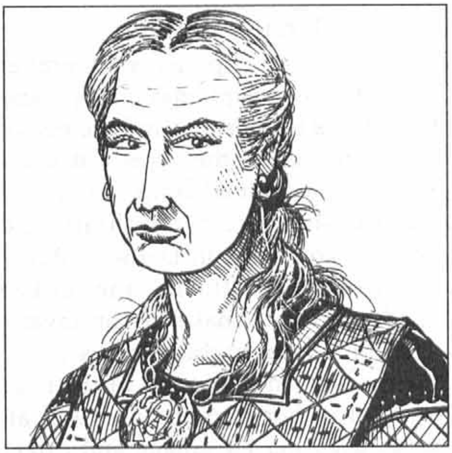
Elidor Murtagh

Elidor is First Mate of the *Callista*, a merchant vessel out of the Minrothad

Guilds. His love of travel and of sailing ships is typical of Minrothad's sea-going elves. An experienced adventurer—Elidor says he passed his first century mark "some time ago"—he has traveled extensively throughout the Sea of Dread and the Sea of Dawn. He has visited many ports on the Isle of Dawn, and more recently in the Alatian Islands.

Elidor has not yet visited Bellissaria, although he plans to. He would also like to explore the New Alphatian Sea. He has visited the undersea nation of Aquas (although that was in AC 950, just a year after Seashield's founding, while the outlying dome cities were still under construction). Elidor has also visited the Undersea regions near Minrothad and Ierendi, and has friends among the aquatic elves and merrow (mermen) there. Elidor says he has never traveled more than 25 miles inland from any port of call — he simply doesn't like the idea of being more than a day's walk from his beloved waters.





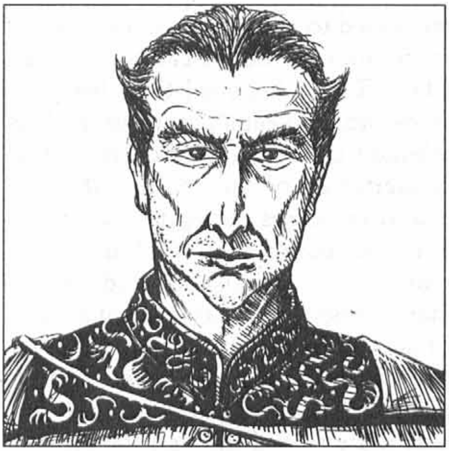
Astrid Ragnisdottir

Astrid Ragnisdottir is a Skald of Odin (a traveling priestess in the Northern Reaches). She was born in Ostland, and spends most winters there, preferring to do most of her traveling in the more hospitable summer months. History fascinates her—especially ancient history. She was delighted to hear of last year's discovery of the Falun Caverns in the Hardangar Mountains, and shares some of her knowledge of that fascinating lair with us (see page **).

Astrid is well-versed in the folk tales and religions of the Northern Reaches, and has studied beliefs of other lands as well. Although still young, Astrid has traveled extensively throughout the Northern Reaches, and has visited Wendar, the Heldannic Territories, Ethengar, Ylaruam, Norwold, and Helskir on the northern tip of the Isle of Dawn.

Both Astrid and the editor of this Almanac are concerned with the escalation of trouble with humanoids in the Northern Reaches, and are watching that situation closely.

Our Correspondents



Favonius Viator

Favonius is the second son of a well-to-do Thyatian senator. For the most part uninterested in politics and government, Favonius prefers instead to dabble in mercantile pursuits on behalf of a very rich uncle. This latter pastime involves travel along inland trade routes and, to a lesser extent, coastal and sea trade routes. Favonius is thus an excellent source of information concerning Thyatis.

A bit of a rogue, Favonius has acquired an eclectic set of skills to aid him in his mercantile pursuits. He has been known to entertain friends with acts of prestidigitation and sleight-of-hand, and is a master at pulling extraneous coins from childrens' ears.

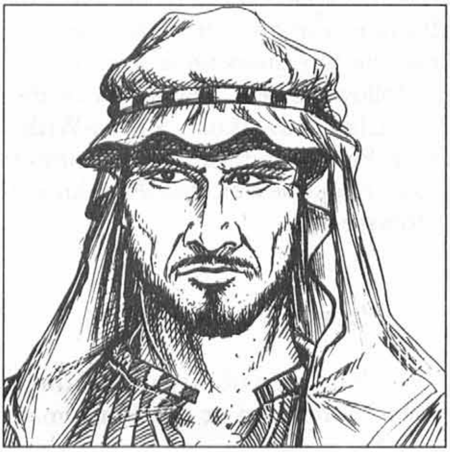
Favoinius traditionally takes the summer months off from "serious" pursuits to go adventuring. To further this "hobby," the young man pays special attention to reports of derring-do and rumors of lost treasures and the like. Having realized that he is unlikely to be able to pursue each of these rumors himself, Favonius has consented to relay some of the tales he hears to you, the reader.

Faisel ibn Yasir

Faisel is a young man from the Emirates of Ylaruam. The younger son of a merchant, Faisel has been schooled as both a scholar and a warrior. He is currently a member of the Order of the Arrow. A scholarly young man, he is no doubt destined for appointment to the Order of the Desert Rose.

Faisel epitomizes the ideal citizen of the Emirates. He scrupulously (and ostentatiously) honors the Way of the Eternal Truth and the Nameh at every opportunity, and he also quotes liberally from the Nameh and other writings. He shares the Emirates citizens' prejudices against foreigners and nonbelievers and sometimes slights them (although this is largely unintentional and easily edited out of his writings.)

Faisel has traveled rather extensively through the Emirates. He has even been on a seagoing voyage or two.



Atruaghin Clans

by Ursula Bremen

(Excerpted from a report submitted to the Darokin Diplomatic Corps [DDC]; reprinted with permission.)

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to submit my report on the mission to the Bear Clan of the Atruaghin Plateau from Flaurmont to Yarthmont of 1012.

Background

Strife within the Atruaghin Bear Clan disrupted trade in the year 1010, when interlopers (now believed to be renegade Alphatian mages) subjugated the Clan. The Great Elevator 40 miles south of Akesoli and closest to the Rattlesnake Tribe of the Bear Clan was destroyed at this time, and all contact and trade with the Clan was cut off. This upheaval prevented the DDC from determining the state of affairs in the area, but we now believe the foreigners were overthrown the following year. The leader of the Bear Clan, Powukuan Sleeps-With-Open-Eyes, has regained his former position and power. (See Attachment A ***[censored]***).

Recent Developments

In Thaumont of last year, Toney House purchased at auction a map purported to describe an underground route through the Plateau to the Bear Clan. (Toney believed that this purchase was in keeping with its goal of rebuilding its trading interests in the western part of the country after its disastrous losses during the war with Sind. All major trading Houses and many minor Houses also bid on the map.) Toney House assembled a team of scouts to discuss a reopening of trade with the Bear Clan (see Attachment C ***[censored]***)to determine the best route to and through the Plateau ***[censored]***, professional mining engineers to ascertain the safety of the underground portion of the route, (see Attachment B ***[censored]***), and its own top negotiators as well as members of the DDC skilled at working with primitive societies.

Negotiations with Bear Clan

Negotiations with Chief Powukuan and others of the tribe were severely hampered by their new suspicion of foreigners. The Chief, ranking priests, and war leaders made clear their feelings that any contact with other nations will put them at risk of a second conquest. The chief negotiator of Toney House ***[censored]*** offered the Chief and his staff many assurances that Darokin has no political interests in the Plateau or its inhabitants, but rather has significant economic interests in continued good will and good relations with the Clans. (Toney House offered Chief Powukuan a fair amount of trade goods against future shipments of the pottery and weavings for which the Clans are so well known.)

Negotiations with Powukuan were successful, although Bear Clan stipulated that, for the foreseeable future, visiting merchants and all foreigners in their employ would be restricted to an area near the cave mouth where the trade route ends, and would be kept under constant watch by Clan warriors while they remained on the Plateau. Foreigners' travel through Bear Clan territory will also be strictly regulated, and all transgressors will be considered spies and, it was intimated, summarily executed.

Other Contacts

During negotiations, ***[censored]*** scouts were dispatched to report on the Elk Clan and Horse Clan, who had sent representatives inviting negotiations regarding trade with their clans as well.

Scout Ennar Mitren reported that the Elk Clan was untouched by the events that disrupted the Bear Clan. Elk Clan appears to remain, as it has always been, guardedly friendly to outsiders and willing to negotiate and trade with Darokin merchants of good repute and honorable intentions, offering portions of their yearly tobacco crops (see Attachment K for the DDC feasibility study of possible trade of Clan tobacco with the Five Shires) and for their maple sap "syrup." In return, they wish to be offered trade goods of similar quality and value to those offered in good faith to the Bear Clan.

Similar diplomatic and scouting efforts concerning the Tiger Clan at the base of the Plateau, beyond the Malpheggi Swamp, have proven fruitless. Diplomat Barrows has not been in contact since he was detailed to report on the Children of the Tiger. It can only be assumed that Barrows was unmasked and dispatched by the Tiger Clan, which has a hostile and bloodthirsty reputation (see Attachment F1 ***[censored]***). There have been no officially sanctioned expeditions to the distant Turtle Clan, beyond Tiger Clan territories, since 1000.

Miscellaneous Items

The Atruaghin Plateau is a significant natural barrier against invasion into Darokin by the "Master of Hule." It currently seems unlikely that any of the Clans would ally with the Master (with the possible exception of the Tiger Clan). At this time, there appear to be no barriers to good relations with either the Bear or Elk Clans. (The Horse Clan, which occupies the far northwestern portion of the Plateau, is too distant from the acceptable trading routes to be viable trading partners at this time.)

It will be economically beneficial to both Darokin (especially to Toney House) and Bear Clan to reopen trade. In fact, Toney House appears to be staking its economic future on renewed trade with the Bear and Elk Clans.

Darokin

by the Editor

> The Golden Rule in Darokin is: "Whoever has the gold makes the rules."
>
> —*Darokin Saying*

Darokin is a vast country sprawled across the heart of the Known World. Although the central portion of the nation is a large agricultural plain that produces enough grain yearly to feed the country's populace nearly twice over, Darokin is not primarily known as an agricultural country. Rather, Darokinians are known for their shrewd business sense and trading skills.

Perhaps this is not surprising, since Darokin borders on no fewer than ten neighboring countries—the Broken Lands, the Ethengar Khanates, Rockhome, the Emirates of Ylaruam, the Kingdom of Karameikos, the Five Shires, the Atruaghin Plateau, the Kingdom of Sind, the Principalities of Glantri, and, at the heart of Darokin, the elf-nation of Aengmor. Darokin is also the home of the Darokin Diplomatic Corps (DDC), which has kept the country out of many a dangerous dispute in the two centuries since its inception.

Say the name Darokin in a crowded room and most people think of business. Darokin brings to mind the image of shrewd merchant princes sitting across from one another in red velvet chairs, each smoothing his mustaches while trying to bargain the other out of an extra hundred daros.

It's true that Darokin built itself on business and that its merchants ply their trade throughout the Known World—and sometimes beyond. And it's true that many Darokinian merchants have earned reputations as sharpsters who'd throw in their aged granny along with their lot of merchandise if it would net them a few more daros. But it's also true that Darokinians have the highest average standard of living in the Known World and that the populace is generally happy with the status quo. These facts may not be unrelated.

The Land

Darokin is one of the largest nations of the Known World, more than 700 miles at its greatest breadth. It is a land of many contrasts: of untamed wilderness and highly urbane, sophisticated cities, of the unbelievably wealthy and the working poor, of merchants who travel the world yet who can often see no further than their purse linings, of a nation not even 300 years old yet prominent in world affairs.

Lake Amsorak, the world's largest freshwater lake, dominates the northwestern portion of Darokin. More centrally, the Streel Plain serves as Darokin's agricultural heart. The Streel River, whose headwaters start more than 800 miles to the northeast, is the greatest river in the Known

World, and splits both Eastern Brun and Darokin in half. The Streel drains into the Malpheggi Swamp, uninhabited by all creatures save the most vile of man-eating monsters, and thence into the Sea of Dread.

Four mountain ranges—the Cruth, Black Peak, Altan Tepes, and Dwarfgate—form the nation's semicircular eastern border. These mountainous lands are called the Borderlands, wild areas whose rulers keep only the slightest hold over their dominions. And Darokin completely encloses another nation within its borders. Formerly known as Alfheim, and home to the Alfheim elves, this area is now called Aengmor and is inhabited by the shadow elves. These pale, twisted elves are distantly related to the Alfheim elves. The shadow elves burst from their underground lairs in 1007 and quickly conquered their cousins' green and pleasant homeland.

A Brief History

Darokin is a young country. The modern nation was founded in 927 when the most powerful merchant families agreed to the Great Merger, which created a centralized system of government for the country. Merchants created the modern Darokin, and many merchants hold high positions in local and national government. By the letter of Darokin law, the merchant class does not hold all the reins of power—although this is deemed debatable in some quarters.

Merchant Houses

Nine "Great Houses," each with its own historic seat of power and economic niche in the smooth-running mercantile machine that is Darokin, traditionally dominate Darokinian trade and commerce. As of the last Great Reckoning (census for tax purposes), the Nine are as follows.

The richest in the country, Mauntea House is based in Darokin City. Since 927, Mauntea has produced four of Darokin's six Chancellors. Linton House is second in the ranks; based in Athenos, it makes its fortune in the sea trade. Hallonica House was monopolizing business in Selenica before Al-Azrad House moved there. (Third-largest Hallonica, ironically, specializes in selling goods to Ylaruam, whereas Al-Azrad specializes in Ylari imports.) The Corun clan founded the city of Corunglain; Corun House still makes its headquarters in that city and makes its fortune (fourth-largest) in domestic trading.

Headquartered in Darokin City, Pennydown House is the largest single retailer in the country, and is rated the fifth-richest House in Darokin. Umbarth House is sixth in the nation; located in Akesoli, it does most of its trade with Glantri and Ethengar. Based in Selenica, Al-Azrad House is currently the seventh richest house; it receives goods from Ylaruam and sells them to domestic Traders. Eighth-largest Franich House follows a broad-based strategy, seeking to sell all things to all people; its central location in Darokin City is a great help. Ninth of the Nine, Toney House is based in Akorros and stakes its success on trade in the western portion of the nation. Recent advances in trade with the Atruaghin Clans hold the promise of a brighter future for Toney House.

Customs

"Peace is good for business. Dead men don't buy your goods."

—*Willem Simha,*
Merchant of Mauntea House

The nation of Darokin is the most tolerant of foreigners of any nation in the Known World. This tolerance no doubt has its roots in Darokinian history, as people from almost every adjoining land have emigrated into Darokin at one time or another. This tolerance also has its roots in the Darokinians' eagerness to sell their goods to anyone with ready cash, no matter what their nation of origin or their beliefs. Indeed, some call Darokin the "Land of Leftovers" because of its tendency to accept all comers—as long as they have peace in their hearts, a willingness to settle down and work hard, and a little ready cash to spend.

Darokin is an easier place than many for foreigners to visit. Even Darokinians who live in the most remote wilderness hamlets are used to dealing with foreign traders whose customs differ markedly from their own. Many Darokinians speak a foreign language or two. They strive to make visitors feel comfortable and welcome. Darokinians have learned that a happy neighbor is willing to buy your trade goods and doesn't have any desire to attack you. Foreign visitors to Darokin need have little fear of accidentally transgressing an unspoken code of behavior and finding themselves at sword's point.

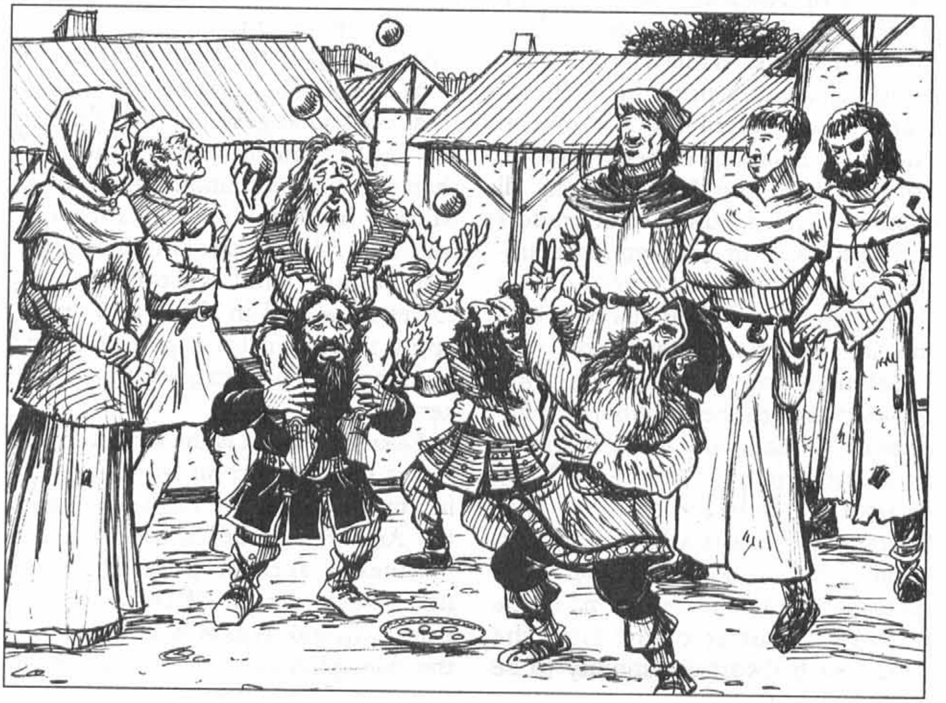
And although Darokinians are, on average, honest, willing to give people the benefit of the doubt, and famed for a sense of fair play that many find surprising in a mercantile nation, they tend to repay suspicion or bad treatment with the like. A visitor to a city or large town who goes about heavily armed or who otherwise acts suspiciously will find himself subject to the attentions of the local Guard. Nevertheless, visitors traveling between cities or through wilderness areas in Darokin should take great care to protect themselves at all times. It is a well-known fact that the roads and especially the Borderland areas of Darokin are not safe, due to overly brave monsters and foolhardy bandits.

Since Darokin's interests are so heavily mercantile, certain crimes deemed "petty" in other nations are more thoroughly prosecuted and punished in Darokin. Misrepresenting the quality of goods, for example, is considered Theft by Deception under Darokin law, and is punishable by a stiff fine of 1,000 to 10,000 daros.

Wizards visiting Darokin will find that there are fewer rules regarding public use or displays of magic than in many other nations. Mages who willfully use their skills to harm or defraud another are considered to have committed Assault or Theft by Deception, and are prosecuted accordingly. But the average Darokinian enjoys the benefits of the magical arts in the form of small magical gadgets, and Darokinian merchants welcome the extra assurances a trained mage brings during a caravan trip or when authenticating goods for sale. Wizards are allowed to practice their arts in public (for example, in the streets of a city) as long as the display does not create a public nuisance or otherwise disturb the peace.

Visitors from nations that rely on a rigid class structure may find Darokin society looser than they are used to. If they judge a person at all, Darokinians judge a person by how successful he is in his field of endeavor—especially monetarily. "Nothing succeeds like success" in Darokin. Visitors who wish to be publicly recognized as powerful or important would do well to play the national Darokinian sport of conspicuous consumption. The cloth and cut of a person's clothing and the quality of his jewelry—but not its gaudiness—is a typical Darokinian barometer of wealth and status. Darokinians who love to people-watch will also keep a careful eye on the number of personal retainers a visitor employs.

However, to a Darokinian's mind, anyone who works hard and does a good job is worthy of respect.



Don't Miss

People of all interests come to Darokin over the course of a year, but they generally fall into two types: those who come for the money and those who come with a bit of an adventure in mind. (Karameikos isn't the only civilized nation in the world with enough excitement for an adventurer!) Foreign visitors hoping to engage in trade may wish to concentrate on the city of Selenica in the easternmost portion of Darokin. Those looking for an adventure vacation may wish to try Lake Amsorak.

Selenica, the second-largest city in the country, is known as the Gateway to Darokin among inhabitants of the eastern nations of Karameikos, the Emirates of Ylaruam, Rockhome, the Northern Reaches, and even the Empire of Thyatis. While Darokin, the capital city, takes pride in all things Darokinian, Selenica takes special pride in welcoming all people and in not only tolerating but accepting all customs. Great numbers of traders and visitors from neighboring countries visit Selenica year round, and these visitors and their customs lend the city an exotic, foreign flavor.

Selenica enjoys a long-standing association with the neighboring Emirates of Ylaruam, and many Ylari cultural influences and a large Ylari quarter are found within the city. Selenica also boasts a large neighborhood of Karameikans (Traladarans in particular) and a "Dwarftown" in the northeast quarter of the city (the largest such dwarf community to be found anywhere outside Rockhome). Visitors often say that visiting Selenica is like visiting four nations for the price of one—Darokin, Ylaruam, Karameikos, and Rockhome. In fact, many Darokinians of more modest means choose to vacation in Selenica for just this reason.

The Market of Selenica, located in the southern part of the city near the gate on the road to Reedle (and thence to the King's Road in Karameikos), rivals the Central Market in Darokin City in sheer size as well as in the variety of goods available. The Market is open every day of the week from morning to early afternoon, and merchants accept any denomination of coin from any country they have heard of. Foods, cloth and clothing, figurines of stone, leather goods, fine woodworking—any trade good from any country of the Known World is to be found in Selenica Market. Selenicans boast that goods in their Market are fresher and in better condition than those to be found in the Central Market in Darokin City, although merchants from Darokin City hotly dispute this claim! (Visitors wishing to set up a stall in the Market may apply in person for a permit every morning from 6:00 to 8:00 at the Market Office.)

Lake Amsorak is the largest freshwater lake known on Mystara. It is fed by the Ithel, the High Lake, and the Amsorak Rivers as well as by a number of springs. Located in the northwestern spur of Darokin, the Lake Amsorak region is bordered by the Atruaghin lands, the Kingdom of

Sind, Glantri, and the Broken Lands. The Lake is believed to be 600 feet deep at its deepest point, and sport fishermen who charter boats from either Akorros to the east or Akesoli to the west may be able to catch some of the biggest pike and bass in the world: The largest pike caught to date measured 16 feet. It was caught in 1012 without the aid of magic.

Those in need of rest and relaxation may wish to take a leisurely boat trip across Lake Amsorak. Rental agencies in both Akorros and Akesoli offer pleasure cruisers a wide variety of vessels either as charter boats (with captain and crew) or as bare boats. (Bare-boat renters must pass a short seamanship test given by the Harbormaster for a nominal fee.) Cruisers be forewarned: The Lake is usually calm and not difficult sailing, but powerful storms can come up with little warning. (Rental agencies can recommend a number of reliable weather mages for trips across the Lake.)

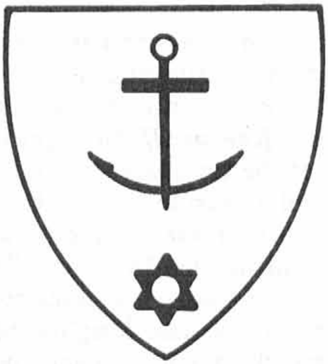
Visitors seeking excitement may wish to rent a bare boat and sail to Itheldown Island, Razak's Rock, or Greenleaf Island. Sailors who ply the Lake believe these islands to be evil and dangerous, and it is highly unlikely that any crew would sail a vessel to any of these locations for any amount of money.

Greenleaf Island is little more than a rock sticking out of the Lake. Sailors believe it's bad luck to go there.

Razak's Rock is another rock sticking up out of the Lake, but brave visitors wishing to make a few daros may haul back a load of the island's fine, jet-black sand that is highly valued by artisans and craftsmen.

Itheldown Island is the home of Itheldown Castle, which was twisted and bent one terrifying summer night almost 250 years ago. The government of Darokin strongly suggests that curious visitors content themselves with a brief sail in sight of the island—attempts to land on Itheldown Island are strongly discouraged. Sailors believe that Itheldown Island is the center of a curse on the lake, and ships lost in storms are attributed to the unrelenting malevolence of Itheldown.

Visitors sightseeing in the city of **Darokin** shouldn't miss the chance to tour the **Merchant's Guild Hall.** Located just south of the Central Market, the Guild Hall is the largest building in the Republic. It's an impressive stone structure, with gargoyle statues leering down from the corners of the five-story building. Guided tours of the Hall include fascinating explanations of the plumbing and ventilation systems.



The Mauntea House Crest

Ethengar

by Ursula Bremen

(Excerpted from a report submitted to the Darokin Diplomatic Corps [DDC]; reprinted with permission.)

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to submit my report of the Darokin Diplomatic Corps mission to the Great Court at Bargha in the Ethengar Khanates during the months of Nuwmont to Vatermont 1012. Our fact-finding mission of six diplomats (see Attachment A ***[censored]***) traveled with the caravan of ***[censored]***, a merchant ***[censored]*** (see Attachment B ***[censored]***). *[Said merchant]* organizes a yearly trading expedition from Selenica along the overland trade route to Hayavik in the Heldannic Territories, hence passing through Ethengar annually. His caravans are expected and do not arouse suspicion.

Background

This mission was undertaken with the intent of studying the current political situation in the Ethengar Khanates ***[censored]***. No significant study of the Ethengar situation has been undertaken by the DDC since 1010, when, in the wake of a disastrous campaign led by Moglai Khan, the Ethengars signed a peace treaty with the Heldannic Knights. Since that time, the political situation in the Khanates is rumored to be even less stable than formerly, as the peace treaty is viewed with disfavor by many of the tribal leaders and their most powerful warriors. The current political stability is rumored to be in danger of disintegrating ***[censored]***.

As the value of the safety of the overland trade route to the health of the economy of Darokin can hardly be overstated, it was vitally important to determine if the Ethengar situation would affect safe travel of people and goods. (See Attachment C ***[censored]***.)

Travel Through the Broken Lands

[Said merchant's] caravan escaped the Broken Lands with little loss of life or goods, due in part to the combat-trained scouts and diplomats accompanying the caravan. Nevertheless, the danger to merchants and other travelers through this sector of the trade route is much as it ever was.

Sir, I have the honor to suggest to you that Darokin could ***[censored]***.

Entry into Ethengar

As *[said merchant's]* caravan crossed the border into the Taijit lands at the Streel River, we were met by a mounted border patrol of four scouts. (The scouts wore the traditional Ethengar outfit of a long felt tunic and a leather cuirass. Although it is well known that Moglai Khan has equipped Ethengar troops with heavier armors in the last several years, it appears that the scouts are not issued such items.) A brief discussion ensued between the chief scout and *[said merchant]*; one scout was dispatched northeast along the trade route, evidently bearing the message of the caravan's passage. The scouts allowed the caravan to pass without inspection, and no other scouting party requested identification until we arrived in Bargha.

During our journey through Taijit lands, we spotted several piles of severed human heads; these were heaped in the grass, invariably to the right of the trail, the side nearest the border with this tribe's traditional enemies, the Yakkas. It was, however, apparent that these heads formerly belonged to Yakkas, not to foreigners who had traveled the trade route.

Despite Moglai Khan's stated desires to make the Khanates a "modern, civilized" nation, the land there is completely unimproved. Leagues and leagues of Ethengar land boast little more than waist- or chest-high grasses, brown and dry in winter, and blowing like the waves of the sea, to which their movements look quite similar. Small settlements of the traditional felt *yurts* are sometimes to be seen above these grasses, but it was quite obvious that none of these was anything more than a large family group's camp.

Taijit scouts (i.e., young horse warriors) wearing their traditional conical hats often rode out from these camps toward our caravan, stopping when they were close enough to identify us personally—well within range of the deadly Ethengar bow in all cases. Sometimes these scouts greeted *[said merchant]*, then asked him to stop and sell some trade goods, which the man invariably did, slowing our progress to Bargha considerably. The Ethengars typically purchased with a few tiny coins (minted by Moglai, see Attachment X ***[censored]***) such items as small metal tools (knives, hand axes, and the like), small pieces of fine cloth, warm winter garments—in short, all appeared to be personal items of luxury or necessity. No weapons were bought or sold by the Ethengars during any of these transactions.

Save for the trading stops, the journey to Bargha was without incident. As usual, upon approaching within several miles of Bargha, the Murkits' thousands of herd animals became visible, grazing upon the dry winter grasses for miles in every direction; watchful herdsmen armed with the devastating Ethengar short bow were always in sight.

Arriving at Bargha

Within two miles of Bargha, the caravan encountered the first Keshak *agram. [Ed. Note: The Keshak are Moglai's own personal guard, 1,000 strong;* agram *is the Ethengar word for a group of ten warriors.]* The patrol drew near to the caravan and accompanied it toward Bargha without establishing personal contact; other Keshak patrols were visible as we approached the

Khan's compound. Also quite apparent as we approached was the usual smell of hundreds of Ethengars and their animals living in close quarters, as well as of the traditional Ethengar dung fires.

The caravan drew quite a crowd. Within one mile of the Khan's palisade, we were being followed by scores of Ethengars, mostly older women and small children, waving trade goods and small coins. *[Said merchant]* and his assistants walked alongside their wagons, eagerly trading with the customers all the time. Within one half-mile of the palisade, *[the]* caravan halted, and our DDC contingent continued on horseback toward the Khan's compound.

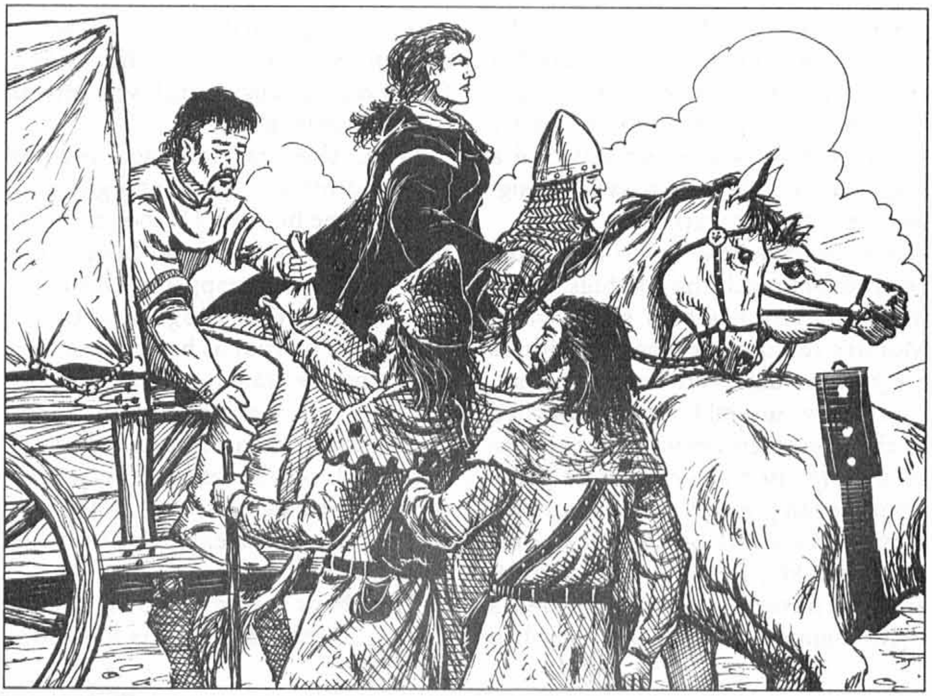
Our group was halted by the Keshak guards at the Khan's palisade. We presented the high diplomat's Gold Dragon Tablet, which allowed us to wait unmolested at the entrance to the palisade while an Ethengar messenger arranged a meeting with the Khan at his convenience. The meeting was set for the following day at roughly eight in the morning (in the Ethengars' terms, "after the morning milking and breaking of the night's fast"). The DDC contingent was permitted to rejoin *[the]* caravan, which was making camp at the periphery of Bargha.

Meeting the Golden Khan

Moglai Khan has continued to improve his winter camp (and, it is to be assumed, his two other camps at Xantha and Chagon-Nah as well). Since my last visit in 1010, ***[censored]*** Bargha has taken on an air of permanence quite unlike anything else in the Khanates. Moglai's power is announced by the permanence of the camp itself and by the steps he takes to protect it. Although it was raining lightly on the day of the audience, Moglai's personal *hakomon [Ed. Note: wizard]* kept the weather continually sunny and clear directly over the enclosure.

The Khan and his family make their home in a central building within the palisades; it is built of slender reeds that have been gilded, and much ornate decoration in the form of carved dragons and paintings of riders, animals, and birds has been lavished upon it. It is quite spectacular, a palace suitable for a powerful monarch of any nation. Other permanent structures house the Khan's hunting lions, falcons, and horses. A natural stream crossed by small wooden bridges flows through the enclosure. Naturally, the stand of magically grown, enormous tobai trees is kept scrupulously well-tended, as it is an impressive symbol of Moglai's status.

The Khan holds court in a pavilion next to the reed palace, and the DDC delegation was received here. Moglai has taken care to show his power and wealth by the construction of the pavilions, for they are draped with gold silk cloth and lined inside with furs; fine rugs and cushions cover the floors, and even the support poles are carved with dragons and gilded (see



Attachment X ***[censored]***). The Khan's court wizard, the Ylari wizard Akmad-ibn-Yussef, attended the audience with the DDC delegation in his role as Master of Counsel. Also in attendance were the khans of the other tribes.

The Hunt

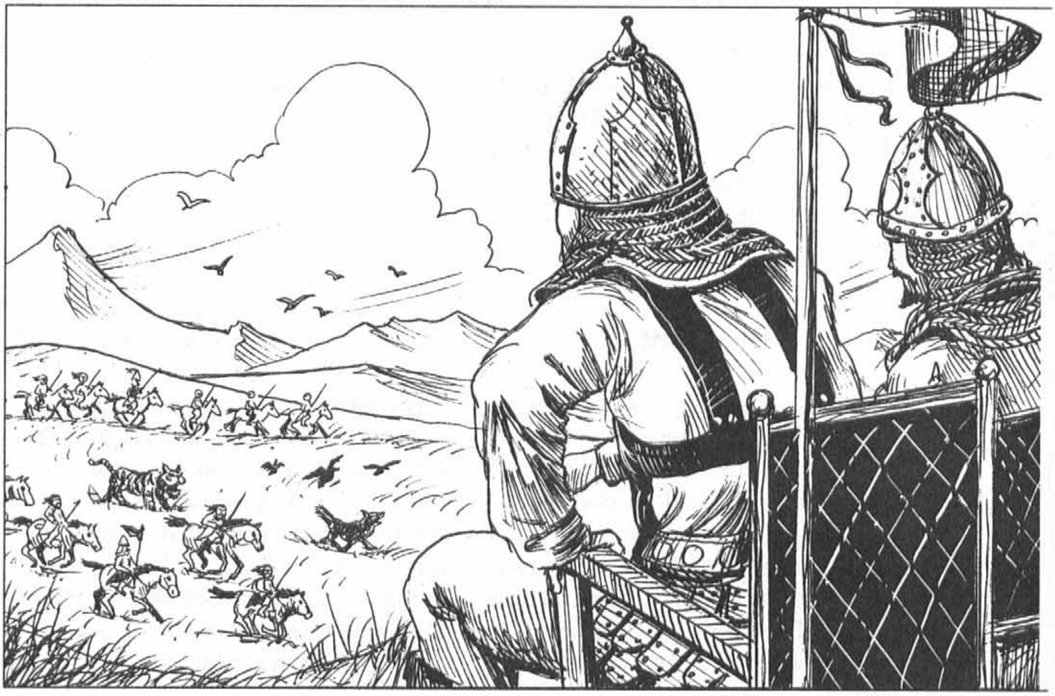
After the reception with Moglai had ended, the khan rose and announced commencement of some entertainment arranged for our amusement. Moglai led the khans and the DDC contingent outside the pavilions. We mounted our horses, which were saddled and waiting. Moglai rode at the head of our procession, leading us through the camp to the nearby foothills. Once in the foothills, around a sudden turn in a narrow, little-used path, we came upon a shallow clearing upon which was arranged a pavilion of chairs and silken flags (each flag bearing a device of a khan's clan) in a shallow semicircle facing the plain. Moglai halted the procession, dismounted, and seated himself in the most lavish seat, which was centrally placed in the pavilion.

The pavilion commanded a sweeping view of the plains and the now-distant winter camp. The smoke of the dung fires hung over the camp, reminiscent of the pall that clouds foundries and factories of Rockhome. Moglai pointed out a line of mounted Ethengar warriors far distant on the grassy horizon. "My warriors," he stated, "will now demonstrate for Darokin our traditional Ethengar hunting techniques." A herald by Moglai's side raised and lowered a flag, and three flagmen passed the signal to the distant warriors.

We discerned the wall of warriors begin to approach the foothills, keeping their mounts to a slow walk. Moglai's reasons for meeting with us early in the day were soon apparent. For the next several hours we watched as the horsemen slowly and ceremoniously flushed all manner of game from the tall grasses. As the hunt progressed, the riders on the flanks rode more quickly, forming a semicircle, and the horsemen finally formed a circle, trapping all the game they had corralled. Approximately two hours after noon, the circle of huntsmen finally closed (a light lunch was served to the observers).

When this was achieved, Moglai mounted his war horse and galloped down to the hunters. He rode through the circle of hunters and hunted his pick of the game trapped by his men. It is evident that Moglai is still as powerful a warrior as he ever was, for he did not hesitate to select a tiger as his prey. He wore the beast down with arrows, then dismounted while it was still capable of finishing a man off with one quick swipe of its paw, to slay the beast expertly with his sword.

The khans then rode down to take their kills, then the soldiers killed the



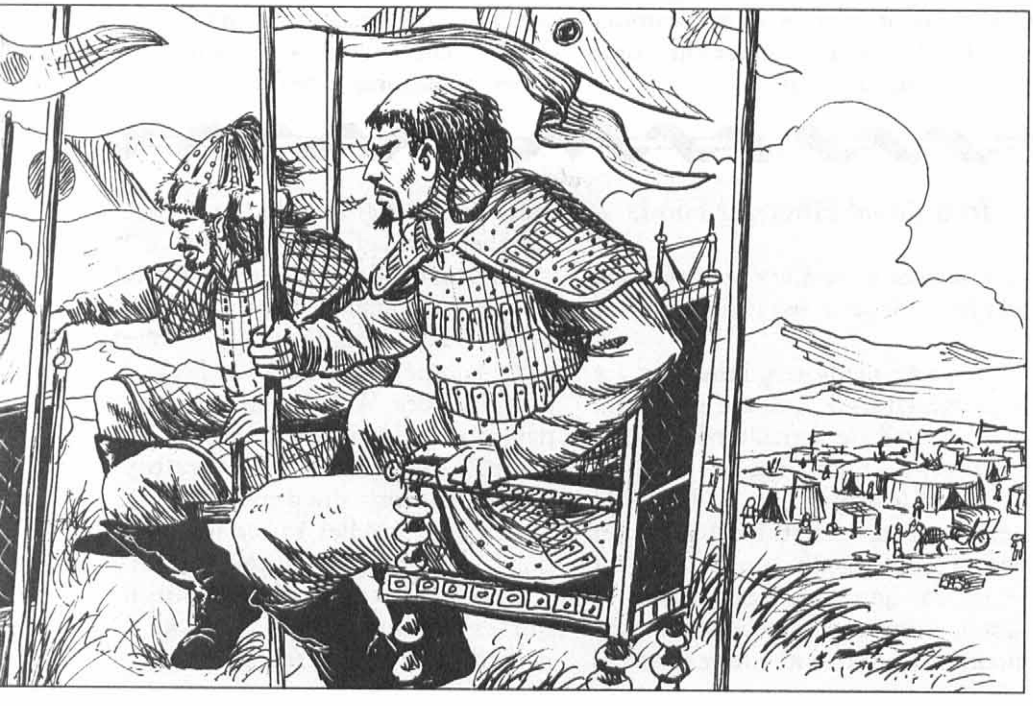
remaining beasts and took their pick of the game. The soldiers acquitted themselves bravely and well. Two were killed while facing five wolves with nothing but hunting knives. When all was done, the young and elderly, who had since walked out to the hunting field, approached the khan with requests for the remains. They were granted what they could carry from the field of slaughter.

The message intended by this piece of theater was easy to grasp. By engaging in these activities, the khan proves himself still a fit ruler, an able military man, and a powerful leader. He proves himself the best of the khans by defeating his enemies, and he enforces his control over the vassal khans and their people.

Political Analysis

Despite his advancing age, Moglai is still a personally powerful, formidable man. He has lost none of his charming manner, although recent betrayals and threats to his rule might have driven a lesser man to become morose or bitter. He has lost little of his prowess and is still a capable ruler. Despite rumors of dissatisfaction among the vassal khans, Moglai is still viewed as their rightful leader, although he must continually prove his right to rule by showing his prowess in hunts and battles.

Despite his personal power and surprisingly deft intellect, Moglai's attempts to modernize the Ethengar lands and to unite the tribes into a



modern nation have met with little success. This lack of success may, in fact, stem from Moglai's own inability to comprehend the underpinnings and workings of a modern nation.

Moglai is able to rule the Ethengars as a general controls his troops, but not as a ruler controls his lands, his peasants, or even his citizens. Moglai has extracted oaths of personal loyalty from the other khans and expects them to follow his orders—which they do. Moglai believes that he is owed complete obedience, and he acts quickly and decisively to crush those who oppose him.

But Moglai has been unable to forge the rival khans into a unified, cohesive political unit that thinks of itself as "Ethengar" or as "Moglai Khan's subjects." Even Ethengar soldiers think of themselves as "warriors of tribe thus-and-so under the command of Moglai Khan."

In all probability, this failure stems from Moglai's inability to eradicate individual loyalties traditionally owed to other khans and to encourage the Ethengars to think of themselves as something other than a race of fierce horse warriors.

When pressed by an outside force, even by a DDC contingent, the Ethengars act as one people with one goal. This was demonstrated by recent events with the Heldannic Knights. When no enemy threatens, however, traditional patterns and mindsets reign. During good times the Ethengars become a collection of bickering, jostling, self-centered factions that prefer to war against each other than to work together toward any sort of mutually beneficial goal.

These problems could have a single solution. If Moglai could shatter the vassal khans' power and disrupt the tribes' traditional activities, he could

Traditional Ethengar Foods

As explained to the Editor by a merchant who has spent some time in Ethengar.

Nomadic herdsmen, Ethengars are accustomed to a different diet from that enjoyed by agricultural nations. They eat no bread, rice, or grains of any kind (except for a kind of wild grass seed that is stored for winter use as a hot cereal). Nor do they eat fruits, for none grow on the Sea of Grass. Also rare are vegetables, consisting of wild roots and carrots or bulbs of the scarlet tulip found here and there throughout the grasslands.

Instead, the Ethengars rely entirely on their herd animals to provide their needs. They drink the milk of their cattle and horses and eat the flesh of their livestock. Warriors on long campaigns carry *kumiss* and *yoghurt* for their sustenance. Those wealthy enough to bring dried meat store it under their saddles to tenderize as they ride. Ethengar warriors can survive for a week on the blood of their horses, taking only as much as is needed to stay in the saddle.

use the opportunity to substitute his own systems, and thus achieve wide support and personal control of the fractious Ethengars. However, this scenario is unlikely—it would require a catastrophe of epic proportions, such as a highly organized surprise invasion from the Heldannic Territories or another nation.

Were this scenario to take place, it could easily be beneficial to Darokin and the surrounding civilized nations. Moglai is a modern-minded ruler. His plans would certainly include building permanent structures and a network of permanent roads within the Sea of Grass, and these activities require raw materials and skilled labor—neither of which the Ethengars have. Moglai would also be interested in trading with other nations.

Ethengar is currently poor in resources and cash, but Moglai could finance his programs by selling land to foreigners who would be willing to farm it. Many areas of Ethengar that have been studied by the DDC appear to be quite fertile, and no Ethengar would stoop so low as to be a farmer, a fate they view as to be avoided more than death itself.

Were these changes to occur, it is not expected that Moglai's programs would cease upon his death. His son and heir, Jamukha, has been educated at the Dream of the Desert Garden University in Ylaruam (no doubt due to influence of Moglai's Ylari Master of Counsel—it is worth noting that Jamukha does not subscribe to Ylari religious beliefs, which would indicate great Ylari interest in maintaining good relations with Ethengar). Jamukha would probably be more interested in ruling a modern nation than in struggling to retain his power and probably his life among a nest of fractious rival khans.

Meat is not a daily part of the diet until autumn, when Ethengars slaughter fat sheep, goats, camels, and yaks. Much of the meat is dried and stored for winter; the rest is broiled or roasted or stewed in a big pot over the central fire in the yurt.

Kumiss: "The wine of the steppes," *kumiss* is an alcoholic beverage made of fermented mares' milk. Some tribes believe the best *kumiss* comes from the milk of a white mare; others prefer roan or bay mares. Hospitable Ethengars hang a bag of *kumiss* outside their yurt; passersby traditionally give the bag a shake to keep the *kumiss* well mixed.

Yak-Butter Tea: This drink (almost a soup) is made by stewing "brick" tea (imported from Ylaruam or from far Sind) in a pot with a half-pound or more of yak butter. Vile to the eye, nose, and tongue of most foreigners, yak-butter tea is nonetheless an excellent source of energy and warmth in the bitter winters.

Yoghurt: Horsemen fill leather bottles with dried milk curd and water. As they ride this is churned into *yoghurt,* which is then eaten.

The Five Shires

by the Editor

The green hills of home
Are a balm to the weary heart.
Why should I leave them now?
Why would I leave them ever?
—Ancient Hin Ballad

—JG

The Five Shires are the ancestral homelands of the hin, perhaps better known to you as halflings. Folks of other races tend to make do with their own ideas about hin rather than getting to know us and our nation. They like to think of us as childlike folk, cheerful and good-natured but prone to being tricksters. Or they like to think of us as stolid farmers who can't bear to leave the creature comforts of our homes. Although there may be a kernel of truth here, these myths have been exaggerated and propagated past reason.

Mind you, there's little excuse on the part of folks afflicted with these silly ideas. The Five Shires are central to the civilized nations. We've traded with humans, elves, dwarves, and gnomes, and have traveled, albeit reluctantly, to their lands ever since the Shires were founded, hundreds of years before the crowning of the first Emperor of Thyatis. People have had plenty of time to get to know us and our land. But they haven't.

Well, I'm taking this opportunity to set the record straight. Readers, come take a tour of the Five Shires and their people, the hin. Humans, duck your heads and leave your old ideas at the door, for you'll have to fit into our world for a while. Dwarves, put off for a while your high-minded pursuits of carving the bones of the earth into artworks that will last millennia. Elves, climb down from your breezy tree homes to enter our cozy, earthbound burrows and smell the rich earth of our plowed fields. And gnomes, stop tinkering with that contraption and pay attention to me for a few minutes. We'll all visit the Shires together, and we'll see if you don't understand the land and the hin a bit better when we're done.

The Land

The Five Shires are a smaller land than most, surrounded by neighbors who have often proven hostile throughout our long history. But the surpassing beauty of the land and the love of the hin for their homes and their willingness to defend them against all comers are generally agreed to be unsurpassed—but more of that later.

The nation of the Five Shires meets two other nations on the land, Karameikos and Darokin, and faces two nations on the Dread Sea: the Minrothad Guilds and the Kingdom of Ierendi. From northeast to southwest, the Five Shires are Highshire, Eastshire, Seashire, Heartshire, and Southshire. Each Shire has its own character and each is justly famous in its own right.

The Five Shires

We'll start our all-too-brief tour of the Shires in Seashire, the Shire folk tend to visit most often, and go clockwise 'round 'til we get to Eastshire. Ready, armchair travelers?

Seashire is the most populated and well off of all the Shires. Its three main ports—Thantabbar, Shireton Port, and Burny—are cosmopolitan and welcome all who may come there. After all, if you depend on trade, as these port towns do, it won't do you any good to be unwelcoming.

Legend has it that Faerindel, the landfall of the first group of hin to set foot upon the continent of Brun, was in what is now Seashire. Even if the legend isn't true (and legends do tend to be untrue), Seashire hin claim their Shire is the oldest of the five. The land is only lightly forested now, as most of the ancient trees were cut down centuries ago for masts of sailing ships long since gone to their rest at the bottom of the sea.

It may be from Seashire that travelers who think of hin as comfortable farmers get that idea. Most of Seashire's inhabitants are farmers, and most of their farms are centuries old, criss-crossed with complicated irrigation and drainage systems that the farmers' great-great-grandfathers built. Most of the farmhouses are also centuries old, spooky, rambly buildings and farm-burrows that extend far, far underground along many twisting tunnels, that make you think of ghosts and ancient betrayals and tragedies. The Seashire farmers are of ancient stock, too. They are, in the main, satisfied with their position and their lot in life. They have their feet firmly planted in the good, rich earth and they like a sturdy, steady life.

The busiest and largest city in all the Shires, **Shireton** looks much like any other city or large town—except that it is more nicely kept and cleaner than any other city or town you're likely to find. It is certainly cleaner than any human city, has almost as many trees and vines and other plants as an elf village, and has as many architecturally fascinating buildings of stone as any dwarf city. (I'm not sure of anything in Shireton that gnomes may take an interest in, unless it's the network of sewers running underneath the city. They've never been mapped completely and are guarded against nefarious individuals with occasional locked grates—not that I'm encouraging anyone to potter about in the sewers, you understand, but they *are* there.)

But, visitors, remember that this is a hin city, *the* hin city. Shireton is our home, no matter how many other types of folks you see walking the streets. In Shireton, visitors must behave themselves and remember that hin are not children, although we don't always take life as seriously as many of the big folks do. Hin living in Shireton are keenly aware of the fact that they live in the heart of the Five Shires, and that they set the fashion and culture. While hin fashion and culture may seem frivolous or inconsequential by other folks' standards, they are ours and we will thank you not to look down your noses at us just because we're different and shorter than you. Besides the fact that it's rude, it's prudent not to insult or laugh at a hin—you never know who the next hin Hero will turn out to be.

Shireton Port is an exciting place to visit—and, despite what some crusty folk will tell you, it's not just because it's the one place in the Shires where you are sure to find lots of people from all over the world. Shireton Port is a little town built around a deep port, and it is a lawless town, a good place for getting into trouble, which most folks take a moment to do while they're there. The deputies of the Shires, the *krondar,* don't trouble themselves much about Shireton Port, which serves to encourage people to smuggle, steal, pirate, and generally do as they please. But don't let the krondars' turning a blind eye in Shireton Port lead you into thinking the rest of the Shires are as lawless, for they're not. Kick up your heels in Shireton Port and get all the mischief out of your system there. But behave yourself in the rest of the Shires, for a hin likes nothing less than a lawless fellow disturbing the peace of the Shires.

Southshire is the most southwesterly of the Shires, and Southshire hin dispute Seashire's claim that Faerindel was on their land. Indeed, Southshire hin claim *theirs* is the oldest of the Shires, not Seashire. (Hin sages and sages of other lands have disputed the matter for centuries. It remains a popular topic of discussion over a pipe or a tankard.)

Southshire is even more devoid of trees than Seashire. Indeed, the shire gives the impression of a genteel maiden aunt who has fallen into straitened circumstances. The farmlands themselves seem old and tired, overseen by ramshackle farmhouses. A traveler may find the only liveliness in the herds of cattle and sheep that pasture upon its hills of short grasses.

Nevertheless, Southshire can be a lively place if one knows where to look—and that is, naturally, in the cities rather than in the countryside. And the city to look in is the port of **Tothmeer.** Tothmeer has a naval base (the source of liveliness in any port city) and a host of shipbuilders and fishermen. Tothmeer also has a host of customs officials and merchants, as it's a busy port town. The town is also is home to a large number of sailors called by another name —pirates.

Much cargo passes through the city of Tothmeer on its way to and from Darokin, Ierendi, and Karameikos, and much more cargo passes through the city than duty is paid on at the port. Nests of hin pirates make Tothmeer their home port, and they prey upon cargo ships sailing in the vicinity. The Navy seems to be unable to oust the pirates, and merchants whose ships are riding a little higher in the water than they were the day before mutter that the Navy turns a blind eye to the pirates' activities.

Lawless folks would do well to avoid Tothmeer, however, as the pirates have the piracy trade sewn up in that town, and they don't take kindly to newcomers. Also, lawless folks who make a big splash in the town are likely to draw the attention of the Navy and *krondar,* who like to keep things as quiet as possible.

Piracy aside, Tothmeer is an interesting city to visit. Its slate-roofed buildings are built plainly, it is true, but they are built into the steep sides of the valley, with the result that the entire city seems built into a cliff. Many of the streets are so steep that buildings six stories on the downhill side are only four stories on the uphill side. Hin children sled down the main Tothmeer roads in the winter, and only the sturdy fishing nets carefully lashed into place at the foot of these hills keeps them from flying right into the harbor.

Ancient, rustic, and quiet—even in Tothmeer—Southshire is a pleasant retreat rather than an exciting vacation destination.

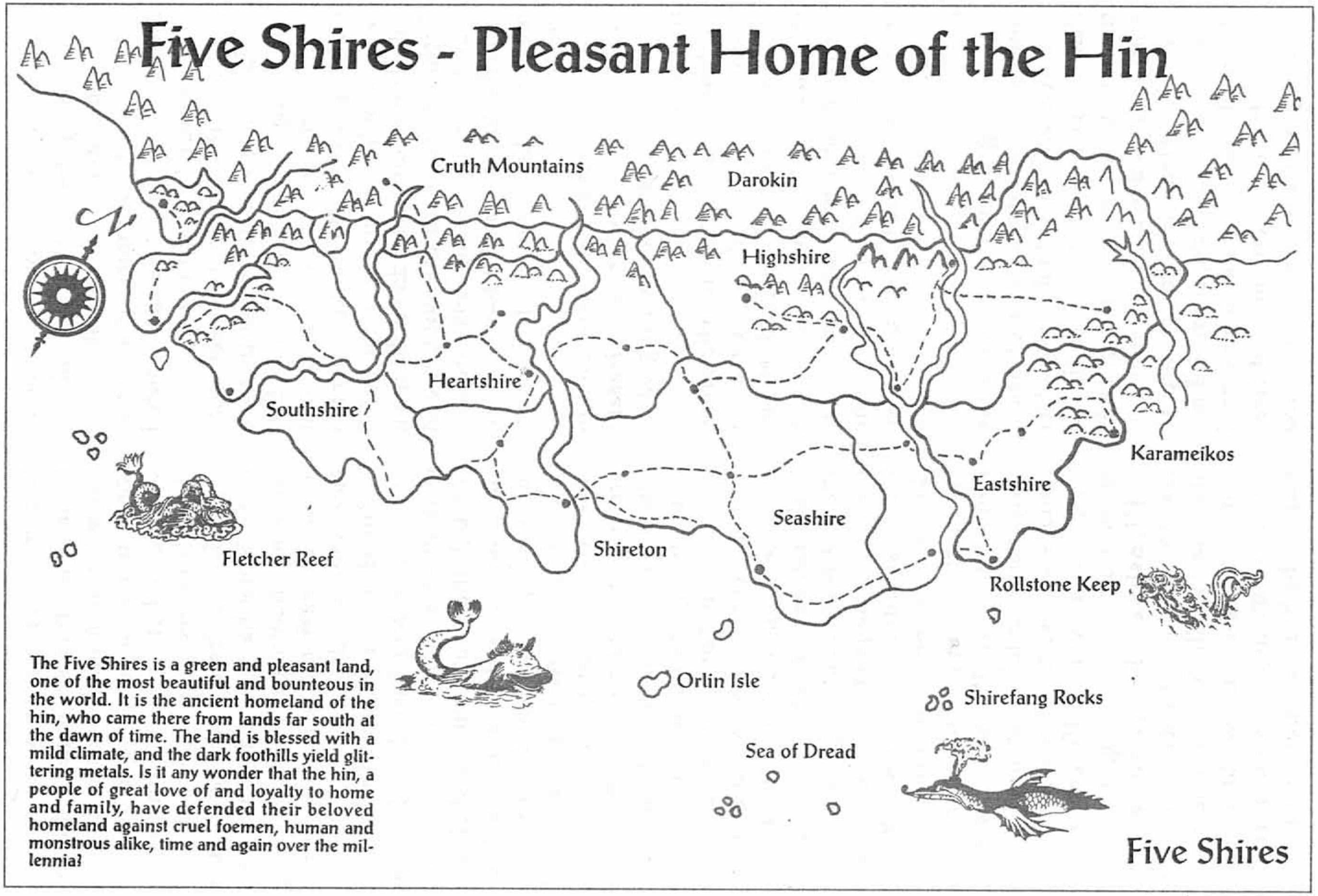
Heartshire, along with Highshire, is one of the two Shires that don't border on the Sea of Dread. Heartshire was once mining country, but its ancient mines and mining towns have long since seen their heyday. The small, dark Heartshire forests are also ancient, and some of the trees are primeval.

Traveling through the Heartshire forests is not for the faint of heart. The trees are old and tall, some older than the elves' history can recall, and the forests are overgrown and dark, with little underbrush and few animals. The Heartshire forests are always quiet, cool, and gloomy. It's not that the Heartshire woods are haunted or evil, but the overgrowth of trees prevents anything else from living beneath them. Strong warriors who do not blench at single-handed combat with dragons have nearly lost their minds passing through these woods, and claim that riding alone through Heartshire is akin to discovering that you're the last person left alive. Some have found themselves whistling, humming, or even singing loudly to break the dead quiet of the Heartshire woods.

But Heartshire is well-traveled, nonetheless. Merchants from Darokin pass into the Shires at the Mar pass through the Cruth Hills, and Heartshire hin are used to seeing all manner of folk pass through their towns.

Despite its ancient pedigree and quiet towns, Heartshire is a center of hin industry. Almost anything you can think of is made in Heartshire, with the exception of cloth. Heartshire hin are famed for their woodworking, cheeses, wines, but they are not above simple logging or farming. A fair number of elves live alongside the Heartshire hin, giving some of the towns a cosmopolitan flair and a jumble of architectural styles. (Now, I don't want to hear any of those sharp cracks about hin architecture being a jumble anyway. We have our own style that most folks just don't understand, and elves have their own style, too; they're very different if you know what you're looking at.)

Highshire, like Heartshire, does not front the Sea of Dread, but roads and the Wardle River connect this shire to the rest of the world. A fair amount of mining goes on in Highshire, which is not much on green,


Five Shires - Pleasant Home of the Hin
Cruth Mountains
Darokin
Highshire
Heartshire
Southshire
Fletcher Reef
Shireton
Seashire
Eastshire
Karameikos
Rollstone Keep
Orlin Isle
Shirefang Rocks
Sea of Dread
Five Shires

The Five Shires is a green and pleasant land, one of the most beautiful and bounteous in the world. It is the ancient homeland of the hin, who came there from lands far south at the dawn of time. The land is blessed with a mild climate, and the dark foothills yield glittering metals. Is it any wonder that the hin, a people of great love of and loyalty to home and family, have defended their beloved homeland against cruel foemen, human and monstrous alike, time and again over the millennia!

rolling hills, forests, or agriculture. Highshire's settlements are atypical of the pleasant hin towns of homey dwellings and the pleasant pursuits of farming, trade, and crafts.

Highshire and, in particular, its famous mines, have a gloomy, romantic reputation. Travelers buying an elderly local a pint at a Highshire tavern may be rewarded with a tale of lost mines in the nearby hills and of the ghosts of dwarves and worse that haunt the area. Travelers buying an elder a second pint may hear, behind a conspiratorial hand, that every year some hin disappear in the nearby mountains, accompanied by some wild conjecture as to the cause of the disappearances.

But there is very little for visitors in Highshire to do besides prospect for the unusually pure copper ores this region produces. Those to whom this sounds intriguing be warned: Hin don't care much for strangers prospecting in the mining areas. Dwarves, in particular, are unwelcome visitors in much of Highshire and may find themselves at sword's point just for passing through.

When in Highshire, be sure to visit the mines at Longflask. A nominal fee of one star (silver piece) per person gets you a ride in the bucket elevator that transports miners to their work. The elevator operator accompanies the ride with a brief description of the history of the mine. This ride is not for those who are afraid of heights or who tend to feel ill with forms of transportation that sway quite a bit.

Visitors to Highshire may also wish to visit the settlement of Ringrise in the western hills. Ringrise is named after the ancient ring of standing stones that crowns a grassy hill in the middle of town. The hill and stones are something of a mystery—legend has it that the monument foredates the hin themselves. Throughout the centuries, treasure-seekers and the merely curious have partially excavated the hill, hoping to delve its mysteries, but they never turned up anything more than dirt, stones, and a great quantity of ancient bones. In fact, some believe that the hill itself is a grisly monument to war and bravery, an ancient mound composed almost entirely of the bones of warriors fallen in a terrible battle on the site.

Traveler's Note: In order to preserve Ringrise's great national treasure for future generations, the Sheriff of Highshire has strictly outlawed any further excavations on the hill or any interference with the standing stones themselves. Punishments for infractions range from fines to forcible ejection, under guard, from Highshire.

Eastshire, the easternmost Shire (naturally enough), faces the increasingly modern nation of Karameikos. Nowadays, visitors entering our nation from Karameikos can take the overland route along the hills north of Achelos Woods (considered very dangerous until King Stefan granted this region to elf refugees). Such travelers, we find, have often been influenced by the traditional Traladaran view of hin as happy-go-lucky, thoughtless children—a stereotype often inflicted upon the native Traladarans themselves.

As Eastshire shares a border with the former Black Eagle Barony, many Eastshire hin are wary of travelers, particularly of those entering the Shire through the Achelos Woods. Most young Eastshire hin grew up with the Black Eagle Baron as their next-door-neighbor. As children, they lay awake in the middle of the night, listening for the next midnight assault of the Black Eagle's troops. Adult hin of Eastshire have spent much of their lives on alert. Many, particularly in the border areas, have defended their homes and their loved ones against Black Eagle troops more times than they care to recall. Eastshire hin have learned to be wary of humans, and who can blame them? Eastshire did not earn the name "Blackwatch" for nothing.

All of which is to say that although the Baron is no longer a threat to them, the hin of Eastshire are still a bit jumpy and tend to be wary of outsiders. Despite this tendency toward suspicion, humans may travel freely in Eastshire, provided they do not look threatening. (Going about in heavily armed groups, for example, constitutes looking threatening.) But the traveler who is open and friendly, and who does not hesitate to declare himself and his intentions if he happens upon a Fang patrol, will be welcomed at homes and hearths—and certainly at inns—throughout the Shire.

The traveler entering Eastshire from near the Achelos Woods will find himself in an area of bleak foothills, but will soon pass out of them into gently rolling, green farmlands, and thence to the town of Wereskalot. Thanks to the Black Eagle, hin homes in Wereskalot are more sturdily built than those in other parts of the Shires. Each home is a little fort, a roundhouse of brick and stone topped by a catapult. Such catapults are still often manned, particularly by older hin who have lived through decades of harassment by the Black Eagle's troops.

But travelers shouldn't be put off by the town's forbidding appearance. It is really quite a friendly town, provided visitors have no ill intentions. The traveling merchant may set up a stall at Wereskalot's Market Square and sell his goods just as easily as a hin merchant who's kept shop in Wereskalot for the last fifty years. A couple of the inns in town, the Human's Repose and the Marketside Inn, are designed to accommodate tall folks comfortably.

In Wereskalot, the hin are friendly toward visitors, sometimes friendlier than in other places in the Shires—partly because people here are used to travelers and can understand their strange ways and partly because they're still celebrating the Black Eagle's removal.

If you happen to be in Eastshire of a spring morning, take a walk along any farmer's field. Smell the brisk air, perfumed with the scent of freshly turned earth. Watch the farmer work his fields, driving his plow animals along or encouraging the "tendre croppes" to grow. Relax and enjoy yourself while you're in the world, for that is one of the secrets of life in the Shires.

The Islands: A number of islands cluster in the Dread Sea around the shores of the Shires. Two are worth noting, as they may be of special interest to visitors coming to the Shires by boat.

Toth Isle guards the entrance to the city of Tothmeer in Southshire, and it is a favorite haunt of pirates too cowardly to glide into Tothmeer harbor to unload their cargoes under cover of darkness. (Why the Navy has never stationed anyone on Toth Isle is beyond me, as with all those pirates about you'd think the Southshire hin would want some protection.)

Orlin Isle is said to be another pirate haunt; certainly none but the brave or the desperate would risk piloting a ship past the rocks and shifting sandbars that guard its coasts. But this suits the few inhabitants just fine, for those who have permanent homes on Orlin Isle are desirous of great privacy. The pirates that plague the Shires' coasts do certainly make their dens here, but a number of law-abiding hin also reside on Orlin Isle. And Orlin Isle is remarkably quiet, considering the number of pirates and retired adventurers and such-like that live there. Nobody bothers anybody else on Orlin Isle, each keeps to himself, so there's never any real trouble unless someone else sticks his nose into everybody's business.

Now I've told you a little bit about each Shire. But don't go thinking that that's all there is to the hin homeland, that it's a land of forests and farmers and miners and daring pirates and childlike hin who will let bigger folks walk all over them, because it's not. The Shires are full of little towns and villages, each unique and interesting in its own right.

To the visitor, Shire towns may seem quaint, as they have names like Longflask, Waymeet, Nob's Boots (which I have the honor to have been born in), and the like, that have made more than one traveler, particularly humans, think that we settled the Shires just to entertain them with our quaint, childish antics. Well, that isn't so. Remember that each town is home to many hin and that you can be run out of town by the local krondar just as easily as you can be run out of town by any other law officer in any other nation. Which brings us to a discussion of the people of the Shires and their temperament.

The People

It's true that we are a people much given to creature comforts, to the love of hearth and home and family. Most hin spend their lives in the town they were born and grew up in, among their families; they start their own families and ply their trades or tend the earth until they return to it. But that doesn't mean that we are a plodding, dull group of bumpkins.

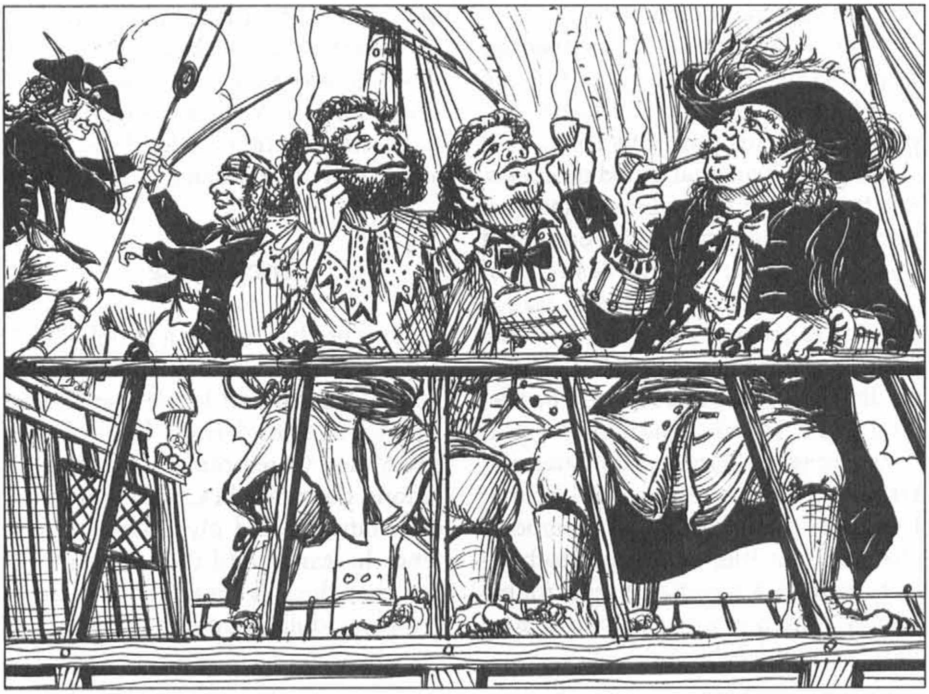
While many hin are content to stay at home farming, smithing, keeping inn, or whatever, others are not. These adventuresome hin are important figures, especially to hin who don't share their desires to see the world and make themselves famous.

For many hin, the craving for excitement and adventure manifests itself in the tradition of embarking on *Yallara,* called "wilding" or the "wild time." Yallara begins during adolescence, when hin become restless and eager to see and do new things. Yallaren hin pack their traveling bags and head off into the world, and some travel to the four corners of the earth during their Yallara.

Most hin grow out of their yallaren phase after about a year. The love of our land is strong, and we are almost always pulled back home to the safety and comfort of family and home. Some hin remain yallaren for several years. Others remain yallaren for most or all of their lives.

Which brings us to Heroes. Hin Heroes, unlike the Immortals of other lands, seem to become Heroes by accident, simply through prolonged periods of Yallara. That's one of the things that strikes people odd about hin—that a race of farmers, brewers, and shopkeepers can suddenly produce Heroes capable of dispatching a brace of beholders without stopping to think twice about it.

Another thing that strikes people odd about hin is pirates. Anyone who has sailed upon the southern Sea of



Dread may have been pursued by a hin pirate ship. Hin pirates love best to fall upon unsuspecting Thyatian vessels (better still, unsuspecting vessels of the Thyatian Navy), for the hin still remember the time, centuries ago, when Thyatis seized our ships and ports.

Hin pirates sail and pirate for the love of sailing and pirating, not solely for the love of ill-gotten gains or terrorizing innocent folk. They pick their targets with care, raiding only "enemies" such as merchants of ill repute (and Thyatian vessels).

And quite a sight hin pirate ships are, with their shabby hulls and their tattered sails, and the crew wearing any old thing they can get their hands on. Elidor Murtagh has told me many a green crew have lost their boats to hin pirates, for they laugh so hard that they can't defend themselves or their ship.

But clothing notwithstanding, the fierceness of hin pirates is not to be underestimated. For we have defended our homeland for more centuries than mighty Thyatis has been around, and hin pirates feel it's their duty to get a piece of the pie for all the hin who have gone before and who have gone with little.

After all, our nation was forged in the crucible of history; we were hardened by defending our lands, our homes, and our lives against wave after wave of would-be conquerors. It's only right that we take our place in the sun.

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Glantri

by Alasdhair MacCallum

What can one say about Glantri that hasn't been said a million times before? Everybody knows that it's a deep, dark land full of monsters and werewolves and vampires and mad wizards and even worse things. Everybody knows that Glantri is a land ruled by wizards for wizards, and that nobody else matters there. Everybody knows that halflings and dwarves are hated worse than monsters in Glantri and are driven out by the constabulary or made guests of by experiment-minded mages. And everybody knows that noisy clerics are burned as heretics.

Glantri is not the place for everyone. But for the experienced traveler, especially one with an interest in the arcane arts, a visit to Glantri will be well worth the time and often considerable effort expended in going there. Some of the rarest and most powerful spell components in the world are to be found in Glantri, and many foreign mages travel our lands in search of them each year—often running afoul of some creaky law or regulation and getting into all sorts of legal scrapes.

Scholars of less arcane lore will also find much to do in our nation. The different Principalities offer a wealth of delights for the student of human culture, and a single trip to the Parliament will provide even the dullest, most witless student with enough material for an incisive dissertation on political machinations and power struggles.

Since Glantri is such a mish-mash of independent, dissimilar little lands, I have taken the liberty of folding

A Night on the Town

by Alasdhair Maccallum

A glittering social life is the shining hope—nay, the raison d'être—of any young Glantrian wanting to improve his station. For a Glantrian, a successful evening is the equivalent of a muscle-bound adventurer finding a dragon's hoard. So, forbearing reader, allow me to guide you through the social intrigues of Glantri by night.

Any serious night on the town in Glantri City begins with a nap—for none but the most inveterate insomniac can remain awake and alert from night to dawn of every day, as the schedule of any serious socialite demands. At ten o'clock—perfumed, bewigged, powdered to a fashionably pale complexion, and dressed all in black, as current fashion demands—the night-owl hails a gondola and heads, whether invited or no, to that night's important party.

One of last summer's most amusing parties was held at the city man-description and travel tips into one item. The article finishes with the one sight to miss in all of Glantri. That said, let us embark on a whirlwind tour of the Principalities of Glantri.

Aalban's claim to fame is its ability to produce high-quality siege and other war machines, a fact that makes this Principality a popular destination for gnomes and others interested in intricate machinery. While it's fascinating to tour the machinery development and manufacturing locations, it may be dangerous to do so, as machines in development often go awry. Those seeking guided tours are asked to sign waivers promising to hold the manufacturer harmless in case of accident.

Aalban is also popular among those with fighting on their minds, as this principality is ruled by Prince Jaggar von Drachenfels, Commander of the Army of Glantri. Von Drachenfels' military prowess draws mercenaries seeking employment, and the Prince's lieutenants frequently recruit for the Army in Aalban's cities and towns. Emigrants of little magical talent often settle in Aalban, also, as much of the land is given over to agriculture.

Belcadiz is a land of elves who are, shall we say, not usually as tall as they could be. Their tempers are as short as their statures, and it's best not to annoy them by alluding to their physiques no matter how veiled the manner. (After this publication goes to press, dear readers, I expect that I shall have to defend myself against a number of hot-tempered, young hidalgos filled with typical Belcadizian overweening pride.)

The Principality of Belcadiz boasts metalworkers of great skill. The work of their masters fetches some of the highest prices in the Known World,

sion of Princess Carnelia de Belcadiz y Fedorias in honor of the summer debut of María Amélia de Salinas, a young elf maiden from a prominent Belcadizian country estate.

The elf-maid was due to debut at the stroke of midnight, so the guests had a good two hours to make social coups and enemies. Along with the usual hopefuls littering the Princess's courtyard were two bachelors of especial note: dashing Noussoir du Marais, Prince Malachie's younger brother, and Prince Urmahid Krinagar of the Principality of Bramyra.

Noussoir du Marais appeared in a hideous black-and-purple outfit—until 1013 it was not known that Sire Malachie had a younger brother, let the tongues wag where they may!—and bewitched the guests with his charming manners.

Prince Urmahid was rumored to be looking for a second wife who may produce an heir where his current wife has failed. Although a vacant principality makes for a fine game of musical dominions, princes do tend to enjoy knowing that the fruit of their loins will succeed them.

and Belcadizian metalwork takes enchantments superbly. However, Belcadizian metalworkers love to encrust their work with as much ornamentation as it will bear, and customers with specific requirements must take care to make these very clear when they place an order. One mage commissioned a sword of a Belcadizian smith, and was distressed to learn that the hilt had been carved into the shape of a naked Belcadiz maid. Merchant and mage were in court for years. The mage was unable to finish his enchantment in time to perform what he conceived as of his life's work, and he died of a broken heart, a penniless, pathetic man.

Also much prized, particularly by merchants, is the famous Belcadiz black lace. Wags wonder how much of the mystique of this lace is generated by Princess Carnelia, who regularly smothers herself in the stuff at public appearances. These days, much of Belcadiz's lace is made with magic to speed production and to enhance its fineness. But some purists cling to the old ways, producing the lace painstakingly by hand. (A word to the particular: Handmade lace is more expensive but it can take an enchantment, which the magically produced lace cannot do as readily.)

Bergdhoven is best known for the rarity and delicacy of its local flowers, which are much prized in the making of perfumes, rare oils, and alchemical ingredients. Also popular with casual tourists, for reasons opaque to many, are Bergdhoven's large round cheeses which can weigh upwards of 25 pounds. Producing these cheeses and shipping them around the world forms the basis of a great trade.

The ancestral abode of Juliana Vlaardoen, Princess of Bergdhoven, is also a popular destination in that Prin-

The usual tiresome attendees of any worthwhile party also littered the princess's courtyard. Many middle-aged swills, now out of the running for the interests and cash of well-to-do, bored women, were bellied up to the princess's supply of refreshments. These former fops still sadly cling to the fashions of their lost youth—or, more sadly, slavishly follow the fashions of today. (There is nothing more grotesque than a middle-aged man or woman of naturally expanding waistline and sagging features who has squeezed into current fashions designed to be carried on a lithe, young frame. Face powder, nail polish, and the day's slang cannot disguise a fading bloom.)

Here a young noble attempted to cement a friendship with this month's rising political star. There another young noble basked in the flattery of his flock of fawning retainers—marked for all to see by the blue stars tattooed on their foreheads and well paid, no doubt, as retainers almost always are. There a mage tried to impress giggling young girls with fireworks and illusions. All jockeyed cipality, as many young men of good family and untarnished name are desirous of making a good match by winning her hand. So far, the Princess has appeared more eager to establish her ability to rule than to saddle herself with a too-eager consort.

Say the name **Boldavia** in a crowded room, and most people will think "vampires." The Principality is rumored to be rife with undead, and is a popular destination for high-minded and muscle-bound itinerant mercenaries whose goal lies in bringing glory upon themselves by killing people whom they haven't met but have heard lots of nasty gossip about. How much better off we'd all be if we could just confine ourselves to killing the people we actually know who annoy us immensely!

Indeed. Prince Morphail Gorevitch-Woszlany, the Glantrian Prince with the most interesting last name and teeth, has pronounced upon several public occasions his desire that tongue-waggers who spread unwholesome gossip about Boldavia would either rid Boldavia of its rumored legions of undead or keep their peace.

Boldavia is justly famous for its wild, rocky landscapes and sheer cliffs, its thunderheads that pile up suddenly against the sky and whose fury drives the unwary to shelter, and its general air of angst-creating romantic gloom. It is also well-known for its caviar, which goes for next to nothing within the Principality but fetches exorbitant prices elsewhere. Boldavia also exports great quantities of salmon, and salmon fishing is a popular activity amongst visitors. The businesses of many reputable guides, any of whom can arrange a quite satisfactory trip for the sport fisherman, dot the Glantrian rivers.

for social position, watching each other out of the corners of their eyes, as Glantrians do at parties.

But this party escaped the disasters that often strike Princess Carnelia's events. (At her final party of the 1012 season, a panic ensued when one of the guests accidentally set himself on fire and ran throughout the mansion, spreading flames as he went.)

The elf-maid debuted at the final stroke of midnight, suddenly appearing to the pealing of bells and in a pink puff of smoke at the second-story entrance to Carnelia's private apartments, then magically floated down the curving, carved wooden staircase that leads to the courtyard.

The girl was rather pretty, although it was difficult to discern this, as her outfit, in typical Belcadiz fashion, was rather gaudy. The unfortunate lass was draped in a gown of complicated Belcadiz lace in uncharacteristic pink-and-cream. It did not enhance the poor thing's complexion, although it *did* match the decor of the Princess's palace, an architectural confection of pink marble and carven wood, quite splendidly.

Visitors may also like to view the ice manufacture that goes on here. Mages teleport chunks of ice carved from the glacial moutaintops to various destinations around the Known World. Every once in a while the ice miners unearth something interesting. Last year they discovered a huge, ancient beast trapped in the ice. The mages at the site naturally resurrected it, and it trampled a number of people before it was brought to bay and made safe for study.

Enfeoffed in 1003, **Bramyra** is little more than a political entity designed to buffer Glantri against the Ethengar Khanates, and is of little interest to any save the warlike who wish to cause trouble by goading Ethengar border scouts. Prince Urmahid Krinagar (Prince Jherek's brother-in-law) is of Ethengar descent, a fact that makes many old Glantri families nervous.

Another popular destination for do-gooder, busybody mercenaries is the Principality of **Erewan,** which is currently overrun by humanoids. The Erewan elves, whose Principality it is, are practically besieged within their own dominion. The city of Erendyl is the only area still safe from humanoid harassment, and it is currently more of a garrison than the city it once was. Erendyl's scribes and artists (whose talents used to draw many to the city) have, for the most part, fled the hostilities, and the paper factories, once so popular, have been closed down during the uproar.

Enfeoffed in 1010, **Fenswick** was granted to Dolores Hillsbury after she impressed the Council of Princes with her dragon-slaying and irresistible charms. There is little in this Principality except mines and timber, prospectors and loggers all trying to get rich quick. Nothing of note has

Everyone behaved well until the girl and her duenna retired, one decorous hour after the debut. No doubt the poor thing cried herself to sleep, as her hour was anti-climactic. The eligible young men to whom she was introduced were not at their best, having taken a bit too much of the Princess's liquid refreshments. (Carnelia's parties experience recurring problems with drunken, rowdy guests, a problem no doubt exacerbated by the courtyard fountain's inexhaustible supply of strong white wine from New Averoigne.)

The most interesting introduction the poor girl had was to Prince Malachie du Marais, who arrived shortly after midnight, upstaging his mysterious younger brother. The prince was dashing in his purple and black clothing, which looks much better against his colorless complexion than it does on Noussoir. Although the prince was the epitome of gallantry—and, unlike most of the young lady's introductions, sober—she was bound to be disappointed in him also, as he is already spoken for by his wife, Dame Diane.

been developed or found here as of yet, and Princess Dolores appears to be content for the moment to build her domain's wealth from these resources rather than to attract settlers and build infrastructures. The comely Princess seems also to have little interest in securing a suitable consort.

Dear, dreary **Klantyre** is my own homeland, dear reader. Little of note ever happens here, and, unless you fancy sheep, I can not recommend it as the destination of your travels. Aside from the sheep, Klantyre's great claims to fame are its lumbering industry and its exceedingly bad weather—it rains a good four-fifths of every year here, and it's overcast most of the rest of the time. One of the more interesting and unusual things a visitor could do in Klantyre, although I truly can't imagine why one would want to do so, is to have an audience with Prince Brannart McGregor. Those sufficiently interesting to the Prince to be granted an audience are usually high-powered mages who, one would think, would have better things to do.

Krondahar is a slightly more civilized Principality than most. Much of the land is given over to the cultivation of the mulberry that feed the worms that produce the fine Krondahar silks. Indeed, Krondahar silk is perhaps the best in the world, and it is much less costly here than anywhere else. Numerous manufacturers will produce silk to the specifications (weight, color, weave, and so on) of anyone who cares to order a certain amount.

Visitors important enough to rate the invitation may enjoy visiting the court of Prince Jherek Virayana. Prince Jherek's entertainments at court are both lavish and delicate. He also

As the saying goes, "Though the time be after one, a noble's work is never done." Once the debutante's hour was up, the guests immediately began to drift away, as did the better of the princess's more portable liquid refreshments.

A significant portion of the pretty people swished into the fleet of gondolas waiting outside the princess's mansion and headed for the home of Federico Fortescu, a young man newly arrived from Boldavia. Bear in mind, patient reader, that we were not merely eager to make Federico welcome in Glantri. Rumor had it that Averoignian wines and Boldavian caviars were to be freely available at the after-hours soirée. And, of course, any new arrival's taste in apartments and furnishings—and, thus, his wealth—must be carefully assessed before Glantrians can decide how to receive him in society.

Federico's apartments were on a quiet street that had had its heyday more than a decade ago. This choice of a formerly fashionable street did not bode well, and many waggled their heads knowingly at it. But once enjoys arranging wild monster hunts for himself and for guests. As several of my burly friends tell me, there's nothing like bringing a mountain tiger head home to hang on your wall. In Jherek's hunts, the brave soul who actually kills the beast is rewarded with such a trophy.

Morlay-Malinbois is the lair, if you will, of most of the werecreature population of Glantri, a fact tacitly rather than openly acknowledged throughout the land. (Prince Malachie du Marais's dominion is also known as the "Principality of Free Wolves.") Eager hunters should not plan to annihilate the werecreature population, however. The weres are said to be highly organized and are protected by many laws of the Principality. Indeed, killing a werecreature is considered murder, a capital offense.

That having been said, there's little of interest in Morlay-Malinbois, unless one is a werecreature. The land is rough and hilly, of interest to wolves and artists perhaps, but to few others.

New Kolland is currently the most intriguing Principality in Glantri. It is a blasted land of rock and desolation run, quite ably if the rumors are true, by one Prince Kol, a kobold-mage—of all things!—who appends XIV to his name. This small, wizened creature (who appears quite harmless, even amusing, to the casual observer) managed to wrest control of this area from the vicious orc leader Thar a few years ago, went on to consolidate his power, and successfully petitioned the Council of Princes for princely status for himself. (Kol has commissioned Elenarra Simmka, one of Glantri City's most famous artists, to create a portrait of him making his successful petition before the assembled Princes and Princesses in the Hall

within, the sheer brilliance of Federico's choice nearly took one's breath away.

Federico had played upon the pre-winter mood of increasing gloom to create a perfect Boldavian retreat in the midst of glittering Glantri City. Small, mundane oil lamps dimly lit the scene; the windows, walls, and overstuffed furniture were draped in dark velvets. Here a book lay discarded on an occasional table, there sat forgotten a half-drunk glass of blood-red wine next to a browning cut pear on a tarnishing silver salver. The whole ensemble produced a thrill of elegant decay, of boredom with the world's pleasures, of ennui. The guests, entranced by the effect, moved among the rooms whispering and brushing their fingers along the velvets. (One hapless fop earned the contempt of the crowd for spoiling the effect when, in an apparent effort to draw attention to his cleverness, he downed the half-drunk glass of wine, wiped his mouth on his lace cuff, and giggled shrilly at his own antics. He has since received no invitations.)

of History. There is a hot dispute between the artist and the patron as to the correct way to gauge Kol's height in the finished work.)

Young people of adventuresome spirits are caught up in a new trend—sneaking into New Kolland, usually in disguise, to tour the area. (I plan to give in to this urge and attempt the same by the end of this year, dear reader—look for a New Kolland travelogue if I live to write my memoirs.) Those who have made the trip say that the enormous meteor that obliterated Blackhill and Caurenze (New Kolland now partakes of their former lands) has completely cooled. Numerous travelogues of these jaunts have been printed and circulated through Glantri City and other Glantrian capitals, fueling people's desire to attempt the trip. These travelogues tell of monsters living together in primitive bands, their ferocious customs and rituals designed to weed out the weak and celebrate the strong, and sometimes of the extremely unpleasant ends to which they put humans they unmask within their ranks.

Nouvelle Averoigne is one of the best Principalities for the traveler to visit in search of rest and relaxation. It is famed for its cuisine, and its chefs are said to be the best in the world. Many of the finest entertainers and actors in the world are trained and work here, and the Principality's population nearly doubles during theater season. Make sure to book early—at least a year in advance—if you would like a season's pass to any theater in Nouvelle Averoigne or tickets to a particularly popular play.

Sablestone, ruled by Harald of Haaskinz, is one of the least important Principalities, and has little to commend it to the visitor. Sablestone is a political entity much like Bra-

Federico soon appeared from an inner chamber. Dressed all in black and powdered white as flour, he welcomed the guests to his new home with a flourish of his cape. At a gesture (he is evidently a well-respected wizard in Boldavia), tables of sweets, caviars, and wines appeared. Federico mingled as his guests devoured his refreshments.'

Federico is now the darling of the night-owl set. He is invited simply everywhere, and his ethereally thin and romantically dangerous presence draws a mesmerized crowd wherever he goes. He hosts once a month, and his apartments bulge with guests. Federico has set the current fashion for Glantri, a coup unknown by a Boldavian since the last century, when Count Igor Polyani began the trend of dining upon cuts of raw meat dripping with blood. And becoming the darling of the social set on the night of one's arrival party is unheard-of. Federico managed to capture Glantri's current darkening, romantically despairing mood. But Glantri's love of a trend is fickle. Who knows what will be next?

myra, and was enfeoffed in 1004 to serve as a buffer between the kingdom of Sind (the land the Master of Hule's troops invaded from), the Northern Wildlands, and the rest of Glantri. Only war-minded visitors intending to crush monster or Sindhi scout skulls will choose Sablestone as their destination. (Prince Harald of Haaskinz, who was granted Sablestone, is perhaps more than he pretends to be. To all appearances a frail, elderly man, Harald nevertheless is Grand Master of the Great School in Glantri City and an able ruler of this difficult principality.)

Glantrians and Their Customs

Glantri is a land of wizards. It is run for the benefit and betterment of wizards. Wizards of all stripes are welcomed in almost any Principality of Glantri, provided they don't stick their noses too persistently into other peoples' business, and they come with reasonably peaceful intentions.

In recent years, clerics have been cautiously welcomed for the healing benefits they confer—the plague nearly devastated Glantri—but smart clerics visiting Glantri will be demure of manner and quiet of proselytizing. While it is no longer a crime to be a cleric in the Principalities, it *is* a crime to preach religious beliefs.

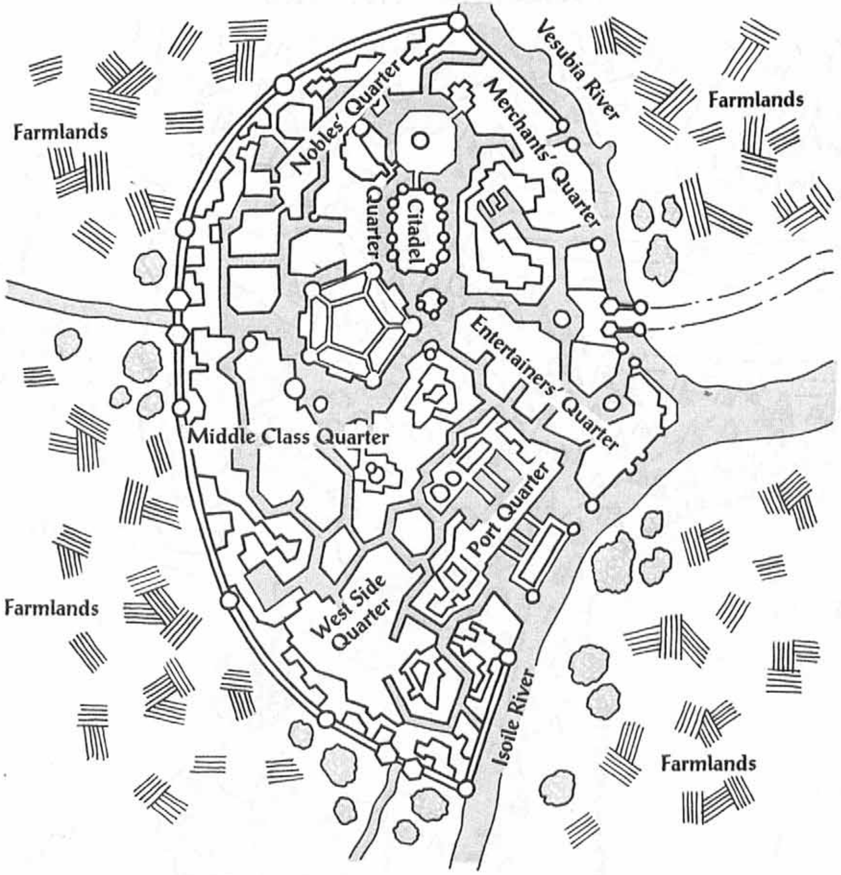
The Glantrian love of intrigue is well known, and visitors wishing more than brief, casual stays in Glantri will find themselves right at home if they share a similar interest. Foreigners favoring blustery, plain speech will find themselves frustrated at every turn when dealing with Glantrians and will often be in contention with anyone with whom they come in contact.

Do Miss

I will mention one thing to *miss* when in Glantri City. No, it's not being challenged to a magical duel to the death or being called to the office of the tax collector—although both are quite possible, have their own entertainment value, and can certainly lead to ruin.

When in Glantri City, *do* miss being out and about at sunrise, especially if you've been drinking. As is well known, the towers of Glantri City are sheathed in brass, which is kept meticulously polished by the town fathers. The sun's first rays on all that newly-shined brass trigger a terrible and immediate headache in someone who's had quite a lot to drink. On mornings after important social events, the shrieks at sunrise are loud enough to wake the dead—and they leave the stricken as helpless as vampires. In fact, City guards have begun a sunrise gondola patrol to rescue those stricken senseless by the sunrise who have fallen into the canals.

Glantri, City of Wizards


Vesubia River
Farmlands
Farmlands
Nobles' Quarter
Merchants' Quarter
Quarter
Citadel
Entertainers' Quarter
Middle Class Quarter
Port Quarter
West Side Quarter
Farmlands
Isoile River
Farmlands

The Nobles' Quarter is the home of the nobles' mansions. This Quarter is thick with the shops of goldsmiths, jewelers, tailors, and artisans.

The Merchants' Quarter offers the Open Market and shops offering tame monsters, spell-ready wooden and metal items, and luxuries from around the world.

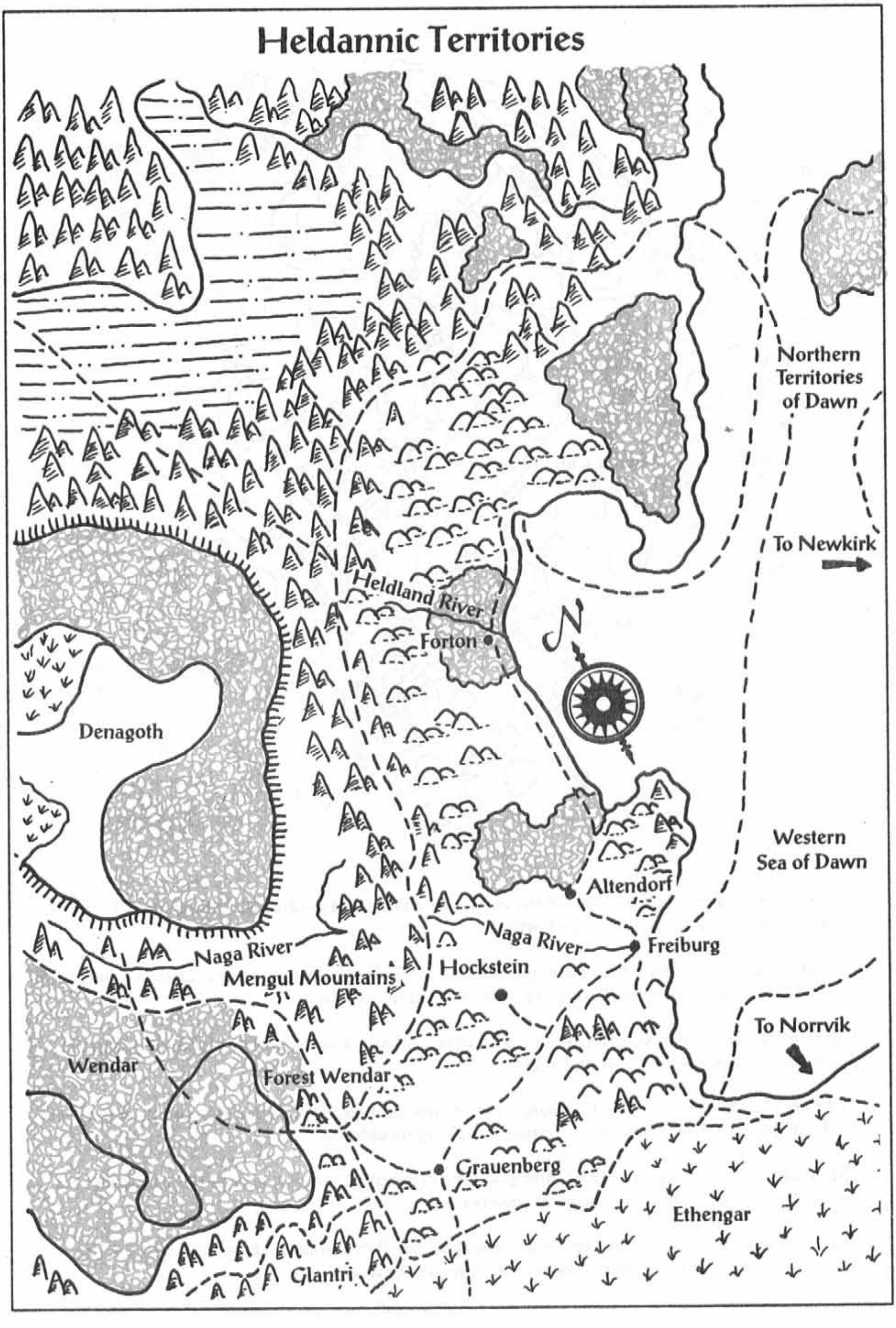
The Entertainers' Quarter boasts inns and hotels, and street spectacles or elaborate theatrical performances are popular day and night.

The Port Quarter brims with stevedores, merchants, and couriers. Not a tourist attraction, here are businessmen making deals and drunks making trouble.

The Middle Class Quarter is the home of Glantri's scholars, mages, and alchemists. Here are homes for rent as well as any magical services.

The West Side Quarter is even less reputable than the Port Quarter. These slums house the most desperate and dangerous Glantrians. Travelers beware.

Heldannic Territories


Heldannic Territories
Northern Territories of Dawn
To Newkirk
Heldland River
Forton
Denagoth
Western Sea of Dawn
Altendorf
Naga River
Naga River
Freiburg
Mengul Mountains
Hockstein
To Norrvik
Wendar
Forest Wendar
Grauenberg
Ethengar
Glantri

Heldannic Territories

by Astrid Ragnisdottir

"Woe to him who tramples underfoot the poor, the defenseless. For him will I crush, and there will be no hope for him."

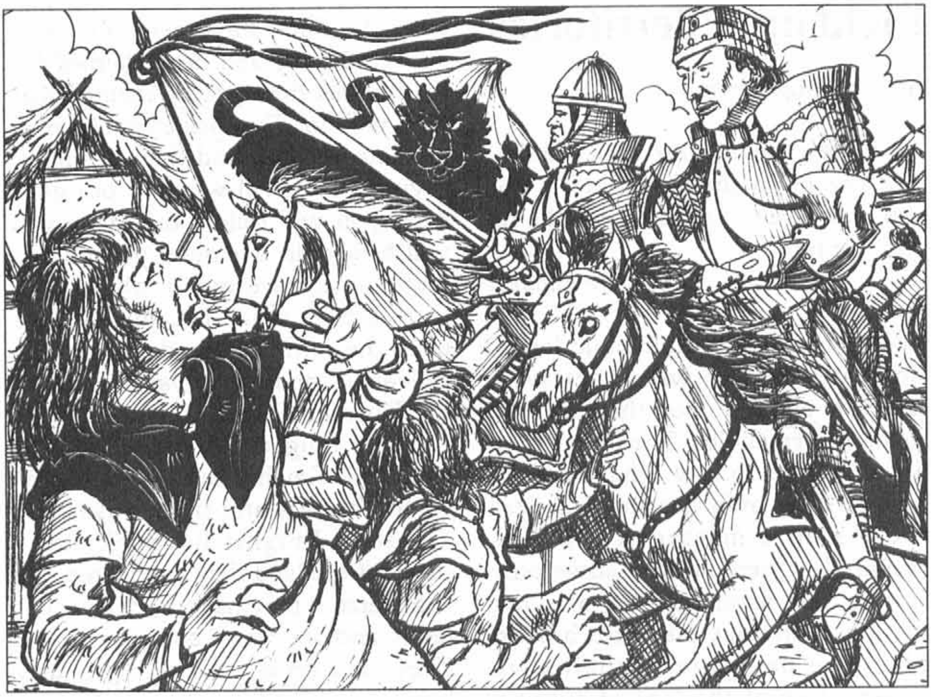
—*Runes of Odin, the Allfather*

Woe betide the Heldannic lands. Gone are the days when they were called by all men upon the earth the Heldannic Freeholds. Then were men there free to follow what seemed best in their own hearts, then was every man a master of his own household. Then did men strive only against cruel nature and her minions, the monsters that the earth breeds. Then did men live in their own houses, free of the fear of soldiers who break down the door and despoil their few possessions, free of the fear of speaking their minds, speaking their minds freely. Then were men free to worship the true gods, Odin and Thor and Frey and Freya, as they would, even the god Loki, the trickster god.

But now dark times are come upon the Heldannic lands. Now the Knights are come, Thyatian conquerors from far to the south. They and their goddess have stolen men's lands, men's freedoms, men's lives. They have walked upon the Heldannic lands and trampled its people under their armored feet. They have set themselves and their goddess above the freemen and their gods who have lived in the land for longer than men can tell. They have set their laws above all men, and have claimed for themselves the right of saying what men will do. They have robbed men of their freedom and their destinies, saying, "You will worship our goddess, you will follow our laws, you will believe in our right, you will be under us and we will be above you, to rule over you." Let all who live upon the earth rue the day when the Heldannic lands were vanquished by the Thyatian Knights.

These Knights call themselves the Heldannic Knights, but let no man be fooled by this and their ways. The Thyatian Knights have taken the name of the land they conquered, yet conquered it they have, they have not let it and its ways conquer them. They have no love for the land, they have no wish to love it. The Knights have no love for the people who have lived upon the land and they do not care for them.

Ancient towns have the Thyatian Knights conquered and torn down, and cities have they built for themselves in the Heldannic lands, fields have they burned, justice have they swayed, man's blood have they shed. They seek to bind all to their ways; let no man stand in their path lest he be hewn down like stubble in the fields, like a dead tree for firewood. The blood of the people is on the Thyatian Knights' hands, and the Heldannic people cry out for surcease. Slaughtered are the Halvardson family, ancient rulers of the Heldannic lands, slaughtered by the sharp swords of the conquerors.



Yet may the Heldannic lands and people regain their freedom, for the gods are just, the gods do not forget their people. Men now say that one Halvardson escaped the bloody net, the sharp swords of the Heldannic Knights, escaped to the countryside to bide his time and to grow strong and to plan to reclaim his people's lands from the bloody hands of the conquerors. Men whisper also of other hopes. The Heldannic people whisper that a brave man, whose name I will not speak, also escaped the nets of the conquerors, that he also grows strong in another, nearby land, the interests of his true land never far from his heart and mind, his plans to punish the conquerors never far from his mind and sword.

Strong and well-fed are the Knights of Vanya in Heldann. Well-fed, for they live upon what little bounty that land will bring forth, they take food from the mouths of those who have grown it. Strong are they also, for they have a strong faith in their goddess to sustain them.

Oh, that men who follow their patroness so fervently would understand her precepts more rightly. For surely it is truth that no goddess whom men may worship openly, without fear of men reviling them, would wish her followers to prey upon the weak in this way. For it is well known that men who worship gods who seek evil upon the earth must worship them in secret lest honest men fall upon them and kill them.

Yet the Knights worship Vanya openly, preaching her precepts and committing atrocities in her name. Warlike though she may be, patroness of conquerors, surely it is not Vanya's wish that the conquered be trodden underfoot like offal fit only for the fire, like animals led to the slaughter.

It is a true thing that the Heldannic Knights are cruel conquerors, it is no exaggeration. The Thyatian Knights came in treachery, slaying the land's ancient rulers, the Halvardsons. They slew all who opposed them, they rode upon their horses throughout the length and breadth of the land, saying to the people there, "We are Knights of Vanya and you are less worthy than we. You are now our servants, fit to be ruled by us. Our patroness and our heritage gave your land to us, your gods and hands have lost your land for you. We are mighty, and you are our servants."

The Knights set themselves over every man in Heldann, but the Knights' own laws do not rule the land. The Knights rule themselves with their own laws, and rule the Heldanners with their own mouths. Cruel masters are these, who rule according to each man's whims. In other times, each man in Heldann ruled himself, and men ruled their village. Few laws were there then. Now are there oppression and cruelty, depredation and despair.

Men who cling to the old ways are sought out and punished. Men who worship the ancient gods are sought by the Knights, for the Knights have said that no gods but the Lady Vanya are worthy of worship. Men who speak of the days before the Thyatian Knights came, who speak aloud that the Knights should depart or be made to leave are sought by the Knights. Woe to Heldann for men are listened to with keen ears by their own brothers, and are given unto the Knights as traitors.

Men who speak against the Knights and their goddess are brought into Freiburg, the ancient capital of Heldann, now the playground of the Knights. Such men are brought into their Star Chamber in Freiburg, a mighty hall, a monument to the Knights' justice, a hall built by the Knights' hands and by the hands of the people they conquered. No man knows what happens in that hall, how the Knights determine truth or mete out sentences there, for none returns from trial there. Let those who hear of the Star Chamber fear. Knights who have erred may escape its cruel grasp, but Heldanners do not return. Such is the Knights' justice.

And yet the Knights have not themselves corrupted the land, for its destruction was begun before the Knights came there. For the Knights, who are soldier-priests, know the wisdom of persuasion, and they sought to lure men to their ways even as they sought to conquer them with the edge of the sword. "Believe in Vanya," the Knights said as they conquered, "and you will be spared and favored by Vanya and by us. Vanya and we, her servants, will ensure that you prosper if you turn to her ways."

And many Heldanners turned from their ways and from their fathers' ways and from their gods' ways to follow the Knights' and Vanya's precepts. For many saw the Knights were favored, for how else can a man succeed, unless his god favors him, and they sought Vanya's protection.

The Knights said also as they rode through the countryside, blooded swords in their hands, "Believe in Vanya and you will be as one people again. Vanya knows, and has told us, that you were one people once, and long to be one people again, as in the days of your heroes, as in the days of Heldann the Brave, who united your fathers on their homesteads and, with them, beat back your enemies. Believe in Vanya and be ruled by us, and we will be one people as were your fathers. Believe in Vanya and be ruled by us and you and your land will prosper."

Thus were many Heldanners swayed by the Knights, whose tongues are smooth, but whose hands hold cruel death for all who would oppose them. Thus was the land lost, for many gave their own land up, eager to turn from their fathers' ways and to be ruled by other men from distant lands. Empty was their dream of a united land, for their dream led them to betray their land into the hands of their enemies, though they knew it not. For the land is not as one land, though the Knights rule all of it.

For the Knights wrought divisions upon the Heldanners, and made them two people. To those men who believed the Knights, the Knights gave privilege and power. They say to those who believed them at the first, "You are like us, Vanya has chosen you. You will be ruled by us, but you will be as we are in all other things. You will prosper in your land."

Yet to those who did not bend to the Knights' will, the Knights said, "You have opposed us, who are the instruments of the Lady Vanya's will. You are not worthy to be counted as men, you are as dogs that cannot understand right from wrong. You are not as men in this land, you are our servants. If you persist in your stubbornness, we will smite you in the name of our Lady Vanya."

And so the people of Heldann gave themselves up to the conquerors, despite the strong arms and lifeblood of those who strove to keep the Knights from their lands. So it was that the people of Heldann were not worthy to keep their lands and their freedom, for they had forgotten the lessons their fathers had learned when the Freeholds were formed not so many generations of men ago.

The men of Heldann have forgotten that a man makes his own destiny, hand in hand with the gods, and that no man can make another man's destiny. The soft-minded and greedy among the Heldanners gave themselves and their lands and their family's and brothers' and neighbors' lands to the Knights, giving their lives and the lives of all the men in the land into another man's hand. They turned from their fathers and from their fathers' gods' ways, and they have fallen; they have fallen low.

Heldannic Territories

Though some Heldanners prosper, they are as dogs under a lord's table. They feed greedily upon the scraps their masters give them, licking their chops and crying that they are well fed and lack for nothing. Yet they depend on their masters' favor, and wait upon their masters' words, and take no action for themselves, as men should do. They obey their masters' commands, they fear to disobey, they fear their masters' swift and sure punishment should they err. Woe to these men, for they are as lost men, they are as dead men. They have believed their captors, that their captors are their true allies; they have forgotten their freedom, all their thoughts are of how to please their masters, the Knights; they have lost their own free thoughts and will, which even a prisoner in the deepest dungeon in an enemy lord's castle may keep.

And woe unto those who fought against the Knights and yet were spared the Knights' swords. For these men are not even as dogs at their master' tables, they are as slaves, who labor for their masters and yet are not given the scraps from the tables. The Knights rule these men with an iron hand, they daily remember their resistance. The Knights punish these men for their fathers' rebellion, for it is now more than a generation that the Knights have ruled the Heldanners and their lands.

Woe unto the Heldanners, for they have no recourse and no succor. Their fathers' gods do not hear their prayers, though they worship them after the old fashion, keeping their hearts true to the lands' and their fathers' ways. Their lips may confess to belief in Vanya, confession bought at the price of dignity, but a price that buys life and preserves hope in men's breasts that one day true men of strong and loyal heart may yet retake their fathers' lands.

While true Heldanners bide, they work the land as their fathers did. Men fish in the cold waters of the sea and struggle to bring forth food from the grudging earth there, more stone than soil. Men wait in hope for the day that the Knights may be expelled from the land.

The Knights fear no man, a fierce joy is in their hearts at their victory and their power. The Knights believe themselves in the right, for the holy book of the order of their knighthood claims them to be and their lips recite from this book hourly.

The Knights have made Freiburg, heart of the ancient land of Heldann, their own. Fortifications have they built there and troops in multitudes live there, the Vanyan soldiers make the city their own. The streets are black with them as the passage of many locusts or ravens blots out the sun, blackening the earth.

Lords are the Thyatian Knights of all they see, surely their lady Vanya favors them. Yet is the pride of the Thyatian Knights enormous; they may forget their lady and her precepts and her aid that they have relied upon for so long. They walk among the Heldanners and know that they are conquerors. They know that another peoples' land is theirs.

Ierendi

by Elidor Murtagh, as narrated to a scribe of Port Lucinius, Thyatis.

Three days' sailin' outta Minrothad port on Trader's Isle be the easternmost islands of the Kingdom of Ierendi.

Now, most land-folk hearin' tell of Ierendi hear 'bout the special accommodations and attractions the Ierendis set up fer folks tourin' the Islands fer fun. Like them big parks on Safari Island, or them fancy inns what charge more'n a seaman makes in a year fer one night and a comp-lee-ment-ree sweet all laid out on a lily-white pillow, soft as sea-foam.

But 's far 's I'm concerned, the best parts of Ierendi ain't them fancy-schmancy sight-seer places, nor any o' them showy estates what rich folks build, then let folks gawk at what pays a coin or two fer the privilege. No, the best parts be where the rubberneckers never go—and prolly wouldn't never think o' goin'. An' where's that? you be wonderin'. Well, sir, let me tell you, the best parts of Ierendi be underwater.

Y'see, the ocean shelf all 'round the Ierendi Islands be shallow, and don't be droppin' off into the deep ocean 'til you get south of Roister Island. And the water here's warm and so clean and clear the sun shines down right easy. Tribes of merrow *[These creatures are more commonly called merfolk. Ed.]* be here, and here they've been fer more centuries than even an elf can remember. The outer world don't bother the merrow, and few land-folk even know they're there.

Now merrow are dif'rent than tritons, who love a regulated life and feel themselves civilized. And they're dif'rent agin from the Aquarendi *[A race of aquatic elves who live underwater; not to be confused with the Meditor Water Elves of Minrothad, who are seafaring rather than sea-dwelling elves. Ed.]*, who're so rightly fond o' their lovely coral city-home of Airandal beneath the waves.

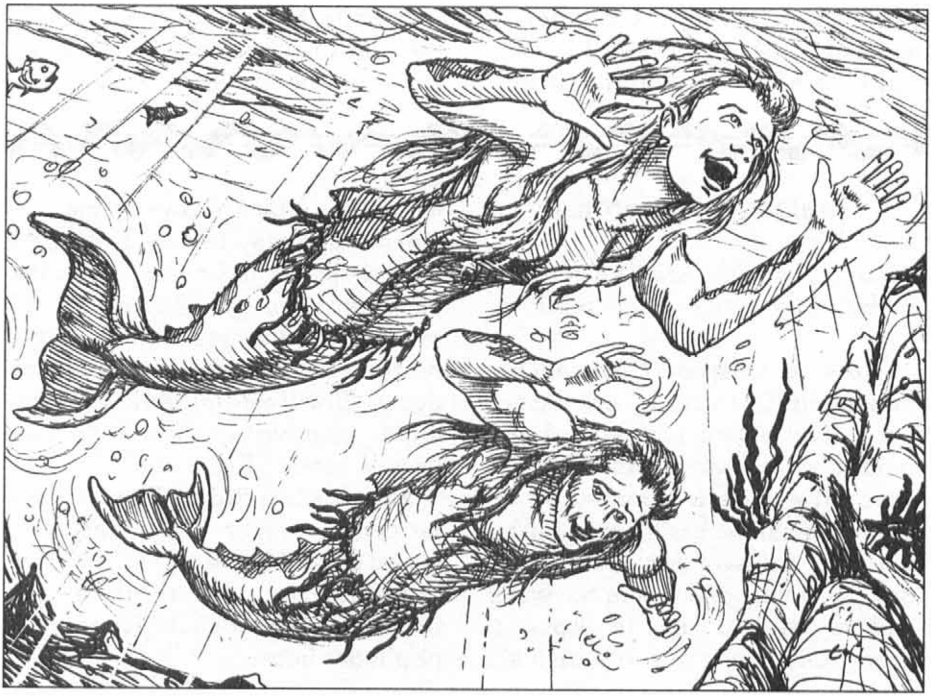
Merrow, fer those of you who don't know, have elflike *[Or hinlike, humanlike, or dwarflike, as the reader prefers. Ed.]* heads, arms, and chests. But from the waist down, they've got the bodies of large fishes with split tails. They've got gills and lungs, so's they can breathe water and air. The merrow of the Ierendi waters are merry, free, wandering folk. They don't build no undersea cities nor say some places are theirs and no others'. They roam the sea floor with their herds of whales and sharks, and they harvest the sea kelp that grows aplenty in the warm waters.

There be two things what Merrow love: their freedom and their sport. The young 'uns race each other through the warm waters. A school of 'em can spend a whole blessed day marking out a racecourse. Then they race, twisting and turning through kelp beds and around boulders, doubling back and shooting forward, their blue-silver scales flashin' through the water and their long hair streamin' behind. The young 'uns love to play at hunting, too, and the youngest take long fronds of seaweed and play at stalking the slow sea turtles with their "weapons." But the merrow play their games when they're older, too. They love to raid other tribes' schools of fish, and the others raid back just as readily.

Merrow pick pretty shells and stones to wear fer modesty's sake. They have an odd knack o' trainin' a living frond of seaweed to grow all 'round 'em. The seaweed don't hinder 'em, the way they make it grow, and they use it sometimes just like we use pockets and belt-hooks. A merrow can look like the hull of an old scow encrusted with barnacles, he's got so many tools of shell, bone, stone, or coral dangling from his "belt"!

But fer folks what don't like the idea o' goin' underwater, there's plenty more to see. Go fishing off Roister Island, where the swordfish are bigger'n sea serpents. Or fer quiet-minded folk, there be plenty o' quiet places to visit, 'specially 'round where the Makai live. In some Makai villages, the food pract'ly falls on their heads from the trees, so they have plenty o' time to take it easy, to relax and think. And elderly Makai love ta regale guests with stories o' the Makai gods or of their youth.

And fer a real-life adventure, ask a Makai fisherman to take ye as he paddles his dugout canoe on the ocean on a rough day. That'll get yer heart pumpin' 's well 's any pretend encounter with a dragon at a park!



Atlas of the Known World

Karameikos

by the Editor

As Karameikos is my adopted homeland, I have reserved for myself the pleasure of describing it for you. I may seem to exaggerate as I tell of its beauties and its advantages, but I assure you that everything I write is true, and I have not let undue pride in this land creep into my words.

Karameikos is a young, vibrant nation. Its population has grown by several tens of thousands in the last few decades, mostly due to immigration. Merchants and traders have sought wealth in Karameikos's booming, growing markets. Adventurers have sought glory and excitement in slaying the monsters that infest Karameikos's wilderness. Elves fleeing blighted Alfheim have sought refuge and built new homes in the nation's deep, primeval forests. And now young men and women seek knowledge and skills in the new School of Magecraft, a superb school that already rivals the Great School of Magic in Glantri.

In Karameikos, the present and the past tug in different directions, and it is this dynamic tension that renders the nation so vital and energetic. Ruins of settlements from before the dawn of time are scattered throughout the land, ruins built by an unknown race many sages believe to be inhuman. And yet the nation itself is new. Then-Duke Stefan founded the Grand Duchy of Karameikos forty years ago, and now that it is a true kingdom he rules it as a modern nation of citizens, not as a nation of taxpaying peasants.

Despite King Stefan's quiet rule, the humans of Karameikos (humans are by far the dominant race here) are

Traladaran Remedies

As explained to the Editor by an elderly Traladaran woman, one Ilka Lorescu.

How to Destroy Cockroaches and Beetles: To catch cockroaches, put a quart of water sweetened with molasses in a basin or smooth bowl. Set it in a place frequented by the bugs. Around the basin put an old rag that they can have easy access to the top. They will go down in the water, and stay till you come to dispose of them. Or, take the roots of black hellebore, which grows in marshy grounds and may be had at the best herb shops. At night, strew it in the places infested by cockroaches and other beetle-like vermin. They will be found in the morning dead or dying. *[Ilka claims hellebore is effective against giant beetles as well as the more common variety. –Ed.]*

How to Get Rid of Rats: If a live rat can be caught, and a small bell placed around his neck, and the rat is then released, the rat and all his brother rats will soon depart to a neighbor's house.

still two peoples struggling to become one: Thyatian conquerors and Traladarans of ancient descent both strive to maintain the traditions of their parents and their homelands. And yet they see themselves as one new, united nation of Karameikans. The strength of the nation lies in its variety and in its ability to meld these ancient differences into one new whole of great fortitude.

The Land

Karameikos encompasses a great swath of land rising from the coast of the Sea of Dread in the south toward the mountain ranges that tower in the north. Thick, primeval, and often dark forests cover much of the nation. Indeed, if one were to fly over the breadth of the land, one would see little but the tops of trees.

Which is not to say that this is an empty land. Villages and towns are scattered throughout the nation. While many of these settlements have existed for hundreds (or thousands) of years, much of Karameikos is still a wild frontier land. Many villages are little more than a cluster of households nestled in the forests, home mainly to farmers and loggers.

Karameikos is not as heavily populated or as intensively farmed as its neighbor and ally, the Five Shires; nor is it as heavily developed and industrialized as the mercantile nation of Darokin. Indeed, one could imagine that Karameikos is as Faerindel appeared to the first hin: a land of deep, primitive forests and unknown dangers, but a land that is home.

King Stefan has spent considerable time and money improving old roads and building new ones. But traveling through Karameikos still leaves one

How to Keep Cistern Water Clean: Place a number of minnows and small catfish within the cistern, and worms and mosses and algae will soon be gone, leaving the water crystal clear.

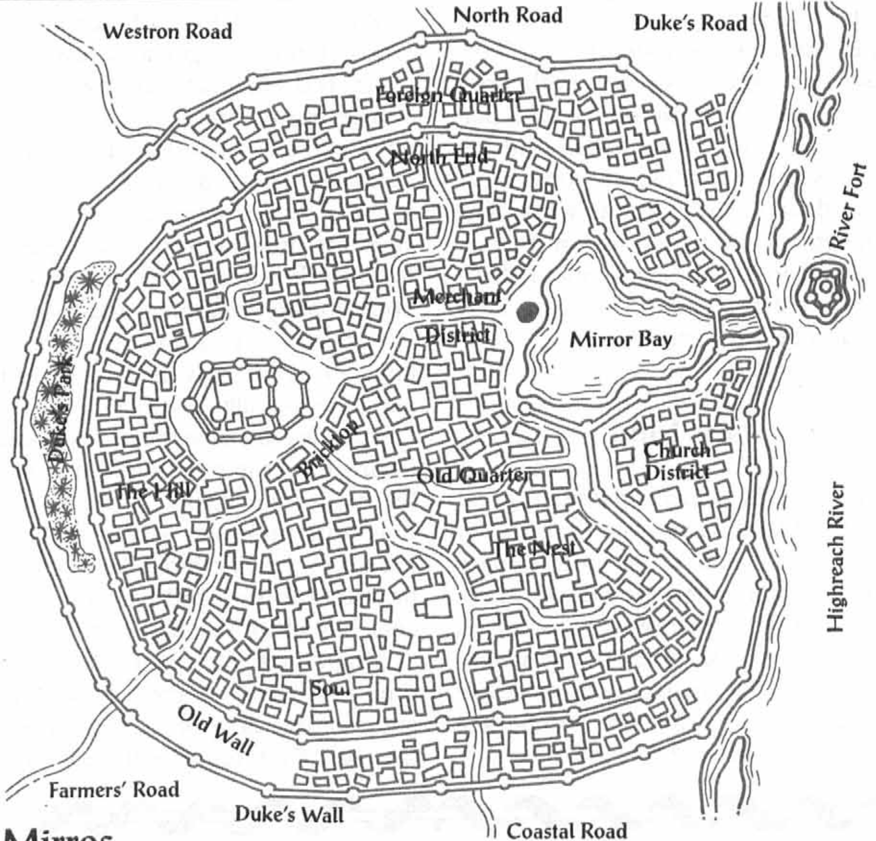
How to Treat Insect Stings and Bites: Smear the affected skin with fresh earthen clay. For bites over the whole body, bathing in warm water with baking soda and salt will help relieve the stings.

How to Remove Warts: Gather enough dry cobweb to make a ball large enough to cover the wart without touching the surrounding skin. Lay it on the wart, ignite it, and let it be until all is burnt up. The wart will turn white, and in a few days come out.

How to Treat Slight Wounds: A poultice of catnip steeped in water and mixed with fresh butter and sugar will promote healing.

How to Treat Burns: Put the burned part in cold water, milk, or other mild fluid. Then cover the burn completely with wheat flour to a depth of half an inch, and bind the paste in place until healed.

Mirros, Capital of Karameikos


Westron Road
North Road
Duke's Road
Foreign Quarter
North End
Merchant District
Mirror Bay
River Fort
Duke's Park
Church District
Bricktop
Old Quarter
The Hill
The Nest
Highreach River
Sou
Old Wall
Farmers' Road
Duke's Wall
Coastal Road

Mirros

- A well-to-do community, Bricktop boasts large, well-kept homes and businesses.
- Foreign visitors feel most at home in the Foreign Quarter, where elves and dwarves have made their homes alongside Ylari merchants and Glantrian mages.
- The most desirable address in Mirros is The Hill, where the most powerful Karameikans make their homes.
- The Merchant District never sleeps; inns, taverns, and even shops cater to customers no matter how late the hour.
- Small crafters and servants make the North End their home; it is a quarter of small houses and crowded apartment buildings.
- The Old Quarter's winding, narrow streets and tightly-packed buildings mark it as one of the oldest parts of Mirros.
- The South End is a sleepy residential district of quiet families and retirees.
- Stronghold is another ancient section, one of the original walled towns that later became Mirros.
- The slums called The Nest are the most dangerous area in the City. Even the Guard will not patrol here.
- New Thyatian-style temples were built on the ruins of ancient Traladaran temples in the Church District.

with the impression that the villages of bright, welcoming houses and inns are pearls strung on an endless necklace of narrow dirt roads that are little more than trails. And despite diligent efforts on the part of the King's men, these roads are occasionally threatened by brigand or monster bands that disrupt the peace.

Indeed, the rivers of Karameikos provide a more convenient and time-honored mode of travel than the King's roads. Traladarans traversed the rivers long before Thyatians and their love of public engineering projects came to this land. One does not have to travel far along any major stream before encountering a place where one can get a ferry ride, rent a canoe or barge, or even buy a large, rivergoing boat complete with crew.

Mirros (formerly Specularum), the Karameikan capital, is a busy port city. Merchant vessels dock and depart daily, unloading cargoes of manufactured goods such as tools and weapons—as well as adventurers seeking to make a name for themselves—and filling their holds with lumber from the hills and metals from the mines. Indeed, many a pleasant pipe can be smoked of an afternoon, sitting in the sunshine on a bench at the docks and watching the comings and goings.

Hin visiting Mirros will be most comfortable at a hostel or inn inside the Foreign Quarter. While establishments in other areas of the city welcome hin, the Foreign Quarter boasts several inns owned and operated by hin. These establishments are more comfortable than those designed for the big folks, and staying among one's fellows makes for a more enjoyable visit in a strange land.

Kelvin is the only other true city within Karameikos. Adventurers are better off journeying to Threshold, a friendly town nestled between the Wufwolde Hills and the Black Peak Mountains. Ruled by Patriarch Sherlane, the Baron Halaran, Threshold is clean and well-kept. A word to the wise: Don't look for trouble in Threshold, or you'll find yourself quickly bustled into prison.

The People

Although humans outnumber all other races, Karameikos is also home to hin, elves, dwarves, and gnomes. Many races of monsters lurk within the borders of Karameikos as well, and travelers are encouraged to be wary and well-armed when near the wilderness. Dens of orcs and goblins are continually being exterminated in the Karameikan hills, but more of these nasty monsters always crop up.

Demihumans enjoy equal citizenship and freedom from persecution in Karameikos. Gnomes have their own mining community, Highforge in the Wufwolde Hills, which they share with a fair number of dwarves. Highforge is quiet, industrious, and peaceful. Humans passing through this gnome community rarely cause any trouble and in most cases simply buy a load of ore or finished products and go on their way. (Much as we hin find human-sized buildings and furniture uncomfortable, humans find the gnomish lifestyle difficult and are eager to leave Highforge simply to find a more comfortable chair or bed.)

Communities of Callarii and Vyalia elves have lived in Karameikos for centuries, usually choosing to keep to themselves in their own towns. Many Alfheim refugees have sought refuge with their Karameikan cousins, and the Karameikan population of elves has grown significantly since 1006. King Stefan granted Achelos Estate and Radlebb Woods to groups of Alfheim refugees in 1011, and these new communities show the promise of becoming prosperous—if a bit insular, as elves tend to be. These new settlements of Alfheim refugees seem *not* to contain young hotheads who complain strongly and long about the loss of their homeland and stir up trouble among the elves. Perhaps all the young hotheads have settled in different areas of the world and are causing trouble there, but if this is the case, I have as yet heard nothing of it.

Karameikos is also home to a significant number of hin, although these immigrants have chosen to live alongside humans rather than to create their own communities. Hin are to be found in villages and towns throughout Karameikos.

Allow me to say a word or two to hin travelers. The human attitude toward hin can sometimes be patronizing and annoying. Some humans, particularly in isolated rural commu-

nities, seem to think that we are somehow like human children. Humans unfamiliar with hin may view us as not as smart or capable as full-grown humans. Well-meaning humans laboring under this delusion may chuck you under the chin or pinch your cheek and say things like "What a clever little man it is!" or "Would you like a sweetie, my dear?"

While I am not averse to having sweeties or to humoring kindly, well-intentioned humans, this sort of thing can become wearisome. The best thing to do is to remain patient, and not try to correct them, as this most often confuses and irritates them. Politeness will always win out in such situations. Making a beeline for the nearest city or large town will allow one to regain one's perspective on humankind and to relax a bit after being coddled for so long.

No hin I know visiting Mirros, the capital of Karameikos, has had any problem whatsoever with this attitude. Hin requiring even more of a retreat may wish to patronize certain hin-run establishments in the capital, of which three are described below.

Martina Blossomheath runs a pastry stand in the Lesser Merchant District. Martina's family is originally from Eastshire, and her dumplings are without peer. The dumpling filling varies according to the season of the year and to the shipments of produce that arrive from various lands. However, Martina has entered into negotiations with a merchant-mage to supply her with several types of apples year round, and early in 1014 she will open her own bakery restaurant in the Bricktop district, where Ylari coffee as well as her dumplings will be served.

Hin visitors to Mirros who find that their pipeweed pouches are empty may wish to visit Jockle Rumbottom's Pipe Shop, which is located on Crooked Street in the Foreign Quarter. Jockle has contracted with Hin farmers from each of the Shires to supply him with commercial quantities of pipeweed. While no one in his right mind would be foolish enough to claim that any commercially-produced pipeweed could be superior to a true pipeweed carefully grown in a hin's backyard and lovingly seasoned according to family recipe and individual taste, hin far from the comforts of home have found Jockle's offerings to be quite adequate. Each "Shire" of pipeweed, as Jockle calls them, partakes of the particular character of its home Shire, and each makes for a pleasant smoke.

Jockle carries a range of smoking and fire-tending paraphernalia imported from around the world, and Karameikan and foreign wizards are often to be seen at his shop, seeking some oddment or curio for use in their arcane and mysterious spells—or simply looking for a new clay pipe to replace the one their pet bear had accidentally sat on and crushed, as the wizard from the new Karameikan School of Magecraft I most recently met there was doing.

Hin who are tired of human-sized buildings and furniture may wish to stay at the Cozy Burrow, an inn run by Camilla Turnbuckle in the Foreign Quarter. Camilla accepts only hin as guests, and specializes in pampering them. Everything in the inn, if it has not been imported from the Shires themselves, has been crafted by hin living in Mirros from materials imported from the Shires. And Camilla's superb chef, Adria Quimpole, will prepare for the weary traveler the traditional food of any home Shire. Hin of consequence visiting Mirros often choose to stay at the Cozy Burrow, so it's possible to meet with quite important personages here at almost any time of the year. The Burrow also draws the best of the wandering hin bards, and these talented performers entertain the homesick hin who fill the Burrow's public room every night. Due to the difficulties and cost of continually importing foodstuffs and other necessities from the Shires, rates at the Burrow run five times the cost of the usual rates for room and board at any other fine establishment in Mirros. But for the homesick hin who can afford the cost, the price of the stay is well worth it.

Customs

Most people with even a passing familiarity with Karameikan traditions will have heard of the Shearing, when Karameikan youths embark on journeys both real and symbolic of their passage into adulthood. But few have heard of a traditional Traladaran holiday, the Day of the Straw Men. This is a holy day for the Church of Traladara, and the celebration of this day, Klarmont 1, is an important event for Traladaran Karameikans who belong to that Church.

The Church of Traladara offers a simple faith to its followers: Do no harm to others. Most of the religion's followers find this teaching easy to follow. Roughly 70 percent of human Karameikans belong to the Church of Traladara, so followers have a dual civic and religious duty to protect each other and to help correct others who may stray from goodness—often by reporting them to civil authorities for civil punishment.

But people aren't perfect, and the Day of Straw Men helps to assuage burdened consciences. On this day, celebrants reflect on their actions during the past year, weighing whether they were good or bad and trying to bring to mind any sins they may have committed. The faithful carry little straw dolls with them on this day, and as they recall their sins of the past year, they whisper these sins to the dolls so that no one else can hear.

In the evening, the faithful gather at a fallow field or another large, empty area and build a huge bonfire. One by one the straw dolls—and the year's sins—are thrown into the blaze to be consumed and forgotten. In some communities, particularly in rural areas, the people join hands and dance around the bonfire after the straw dolls are consumed, and while they dance they join in song, usually the Song of Halav. On this feast day, Halav's destruction of the king of the beast-men and the Traladaran army's subsequent routing of the beast-men army is viewed as especially symbolic of the destruction of people's sins.

Members of the Church of Traladara do not necessarily view this as an intensely private feast-day. Onlookers who do not belong to the Church are welcome to attend the celebration. They may also be invited to share in the singing and dancing following the ceremony, and to raise a mug in the local tavern afterward. However, onlookers are expected to behave themselves as they would at any other important ceremony.

Many other Traladaran customs and holy days continue to be observed in Karameikos, particularly in rural areas. The Day of the Beast Men is another colorful tradition, complete with costumes and parades.

Don't Miss

If you are in Karameikos for any length of time, one of the most interesting stops you can make is the School of Magecraft in the town of Krakatos. A tour of the new Karameikan School of Magecraft is simply not to be missed. Although the school is for private students and is in session most days during the months of good weather, interested visitors may take a brief tour of the School.

The tours are given by students, who receive some measure of credit toward their tuition in return for services they perform for the school. The tours usually include visits to the library with a brief discussion of the vast collection of books it holds, to the large lecture hall (if magical effects or skills are being demonstrated at the time, the visitor may sit down and watch the lecture), and finally to the observatory for the view of the countryside (and of Mirros on an exceptionally clear day). The tour guides have been trained to point out all the interesting sights.

Important visitors receive more thorough tours. Visitors such as foreign representatives, ambassadors, rulers petty and high, and mages (especially mages of consequence) are guided through the classrooms to view classes in progress. They are offered the opportunity to view any type of magical demonstration or experiment currently underway, and spend an evening dining and socializing with the Deans and the headmaster, Terari.

Visiting mages of unusual or great powers may be requested to conduct a special demonstration in the great hall for the faculty (including the postgraduate students who have stayed on at the School). These demonstrations take place in the evenings, so as not to unduly disrupt the students' schedules, and are usually followed by a formal dinner in the visiting mage's honor. Neither undergraduate students nor visitors of insufficient skills in magic are permitted to attend these functions.

But by far the best way for the average visitor to tour the School of Magecraft is as a potential student.

Applicants to the School of Magecraft receive the "important personage" tour rather than the standard one.

Someone I know who toured the School as a potential student got to see the students' magical fair in the School's great hall, at which student contestants showed off their newly-learned spells. The student judged best by a panel of three Deans would win a prize purse donated by an anonymous wizardly benefactor. (Most students at the School are penniless and must work day and night at the School or in town to earn their room, board, and tuition, so a prize purse is a valuable thing indeed.)

The competition involved nearly 50 first-year students, and was held in the great lecture hall. For once the hall was packed, as all the students in the school crowded in to cheer on the competitors—and no doubt not to miss anything really exciting, like a nervous student blowing himself up. The competition took most of the day, as the students cast their spells one at a time, rather than concurrently. Each contestant stepped to a table on the lecturer's dais, laid out the necessary components for one spell and one spell only, explained the nature and method of casting of the spell he had prepared, and cast it. The three Deans were seated in large, comfortable chairs arranged around the dais so that among them they could see every angle of each student's presentation, and they watched each student like hawks to make sure that the students kept to their game plan and didn't try to cheat.

There were a few failed spells—none of them produced the spectacular or disastrous results the assembled crowd might have hoped for, as the Deans quickly acted to squelch any ill effects. Most spells went off without a hitch, and a few went off quite elegantly, as my source reports. The Deans judged the contestants on the complexity of the spell they attempted, the thoroughness of the preparations before casting, the accuracy of the casting itself, and, naturally, the quality of the resulting spell.

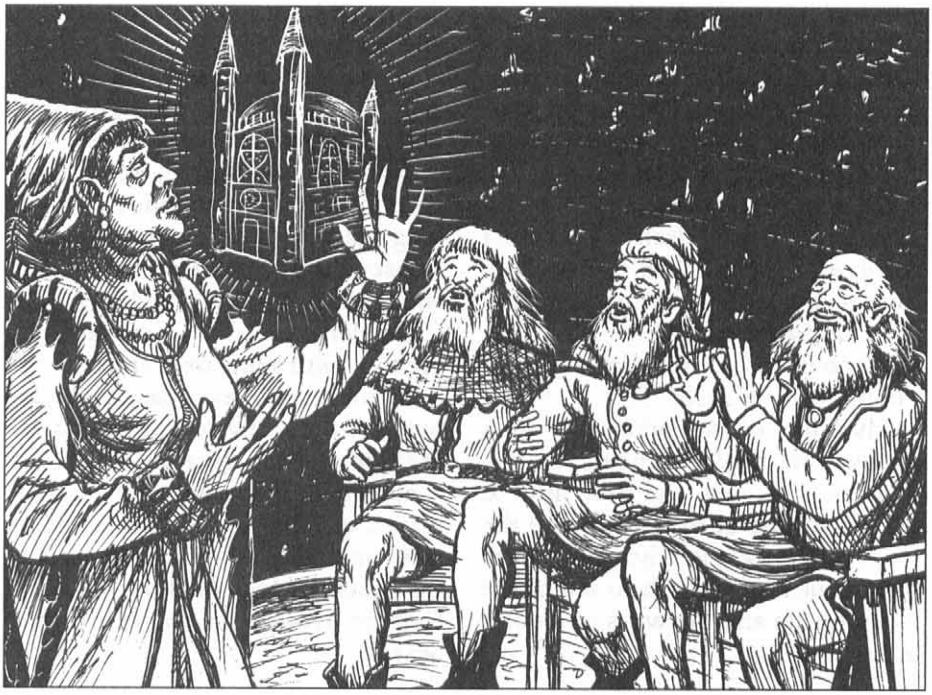
The usual collection of first-level spells were cast (the Deans had strictly forbidden dangerous spells such as *color spray* and *magic missile*), and some students predictably included showy additions—many of which failed miserably, simply sputtering out upon casting. Most students chose to cast spells with obvious effects—*audible glamer, change self,* and *ventriloquism* were among the favorites. Probably the most-cast spell was *cantrip*, and the audience soon grew bored of predictable tableaux such as loading the demonstration table with phantasmal food for a holiday feast, a brief passage of a traditional ballad by single instrument or orchestra, and the like.

Sadly, the student who cast the best spell (according my source) did not win the contest. This student cast a *charm person* on one of the three judges, which the remaining Deans didn't take to at all well—after all, students playing practical jokes at the School of Magecraft could turn out to be quite a dangerous thing, indeed—

and, even more important, the Deans don't like the students making them look silly. Not only was the student immediately disqualified from the competition, but he was suspended from school and confined to his room for 10 days. (Rumor has it that he was also made to endure a long lecture on civility to one's elders and the high duties of practicing magic by the oldest, most ill-tempered, and most long-winded Dean.)

The student who won the prize was a young human woman from, of all places, Rockhome. She cast a lovely *light* spell in the shape of the School. The spell was not as well-cast as the disqualified spell, and the effect vanished within seconds. But it was good enough to draw gasps and a light smattering of applause from the assembled audience, and one of the Deans clapped in surprise.

In any case, visitors to the School should try to do so as applicants—it's a much better show, and a show is what you naturally look for when visiting a place such as the School of Magecraft. But a word to the wise—and the foolhardy! Visitors who merely *pose* as potential students may be in for a rude surprise. The Deans often request a display of magical capability from student applicants. If no such display is forthcoming, the Deans are wroth, and will not only immediately eject the visitor but will notify all their colleagues throughout the Known World to be watchful for this person.



Minrothad Guilds

by Elidor Murtagh

[Editor's Note: Although he can write, Elidor has very little patience with it. He narrated his description of Minrothad to a scribe in Port Lucinius. I have retained the scribe's duplication of Elidor's accent in order to give readers who are unfamiliar with Minrothaddans the flavor of their speech.]

So, ye be wantin' ta hear tell o' the Guilds, as my good friend Joshuan Gallidox writes me. Well, I hope my tale ain't too late in the reaching of him, for 'tis a long time fer letters and suchnot to find a sailor at sea, longer to write a story of a whole nation as Joshuan be askin', and longer still fer it to find its way back ta him.

Now, let me tell ye 'bout meself 'afore I speak o' Minrothad, that ye know who tells ye. I be Elidor Murtagh, Alfasser *[a water elf of the Minrothad Guilds—Ed.]* of Guild Elssan. I've lived 'pon the sea since I were a lad. Trained by Guild Elsan as a sailor I were, an' I've worked my way up from scupper, with a bit o' trainin' by the Guild here and there. And First Mate now am I, of the *Callista* out of Minrothad City itself.

My tellin' o' Minrothad may be a strange tale for landlubbers, as I've spent my life asea, and have little to tell of the land of the Islands and the ways of the people who never leave shore. But I have much to tell o' the seafaring life and the ways of a sailor born.

If ye will stand fer that, then let me begin my tale and I'll follow it as true as I can until I get to the end of it.

The Land

I'll tell ye first of the lands of the Minrothad Guilds, as I know most folks spend their lives upon the Island shores and thousands live 'pon the wide mainlands, though fer the life of me I can't tell why they do it or how they stand it.

There be six Minrothad Islands deemed big enough to count. But the The seas hereabouts are broken by hunreds 'n' hunreds o' tiny islands, so many of 'em that no one, not even a Thyatian sage—they're known ta love that what has to do with countin' and listin' and 'splainin'—has counted 'em all. Some of 'em's real, honest-ta-goodness islands that nobody's bothered ta live on yet. Though sometimes a shipwrecked sailor's been able ta swim his way there, and live off spring water and coconuts. It be a long wait for a shipwrecked sailor. Those islands be out o' the shippin' lanes, and nobody can find 'em in the fogs. Many of 'em be nowhat but a big rock with a few trees and a nest of birds on it, maybe a goat that swam over after a shipwreck. And many's the shipwreck in the Minrothad Seas. 'Cause lots o' rocks knife up outta the waves, quick to gouge a ship's hull, or stave in a ship's bow as she sails in the mists and fogs. And the mists and fogs be always on the Minrothad Seas.

Minrothad Guilds

It's no wonder what Minrothad ships need merchant princes what wield their weather magics. It's bad sailin' in the Minrothad Seas most times. The seas breathe out thick mists 'most all the day and night all times o' year, and ships' crews can't see the sun nor stars to steer by, and in the fogs the winds don't blow to fill the sails. Without no merchant princes and their magics, there'd be no sailing in Minrothad, the ships would sit at dead calm for days, waitin' for a breeze to blow by and ease the crews' hearts.

It happens, too. Foreign ships, o' course. They try ta sail in ta Trader's Isle without hirin' a Minrothaddan pilot, think they can cheat Guild Elsan of a fee and make that much more profit. But without the weather magics or a pilot, their ship can't sail. No wind fills her sails and she drifts out o' the lanes, no wind for days. The crew runs low on food and water, they git crazy from the heat and not knowin' where they be nor where they be goin' and not seein' their hands in front of their faces in the fogs.

If the ship don't drift back into the lanes where another ship finds 'em, or get found by pirates, or fetch up on a rock and sink, the crew goes crazy from the misery and, often as not, destroys each other and the ship. Any Minrothaddan sailor with his sealegs has seen his share of foreign shipwrecks with a crew sud'nly all gone mad from drifting through the fogs for weeks, mad enough to riot and burn the ship under themselves.

But I recall to mind I'd set out to tell ye of the Minrothad Isles, as most people have an interest in land they can stand steady on, not in an old sailor's tales of ships and men and the fates they come to upon the sea.

Trader's Island be the grandest of the Minrothad Islands, and there be plenty o' room on Trader's for them as lives on that land. Landlubbers likes big houses with big rooms if they can get 'em, and they like big pieces of land if they can get 'em, 'specially in cities, to show how much money they have.

Now sailors respect money for the uses and comforts it brings, most of us have no love of it as land-folk do. O' course, there're captains what sail their ships to make theirselves rich, but I count 'em as different. They loves the money, and the big house at the end of their sailing, not the life of the sea itself.

A sailor true-born loves the sea and the ship he sails in. He loves sleepin' in his hammock and havin' just enough what fits in a rucksack or a small sea trunk. He loves the months with just the sea and the ship and his mates to keep him company. He loves the ocean and watchin' her change day by day, and sailin' and livin' 'pon her and seein' what she shows him—fishes and sea people and passin' ships to hail and storms to weather and pirates to fight off and even new lands to visit a bit just to see what the people are like there.

Sure, a sailor loves a little coin in his pocket, to buy hisself a fine meal and drink and night's entertainment and a soft bed in a new port or old. But a sailor loves the sea more than anythin' else, more'n even his family that he leaves to go to her.

But I be off again, spinnin' me own thoughts 'bout landlubbers and sailors and not tellin' you o' the Isles.

Trader's as beautiful an island as can be found in the Seas, a balm to weary sailors after a long voyage and surely a balm to those what live upon it. Black sand beaches come down to meet the sea, and palm trees grow upon its two mountains. Minrothad City port's deep enough to take the biggest ships of the lanes, what offload at the port, loadin' their goods on smaller vessels what sail up the Lithwillow River to Minrothad City. And built right under the city, at the base of the cliff, is another port, what shelters the Navy vessels. Ships dock here, and goods offloaded are hauled up into the City with clever water-powered "elevators," as their dwarf makers call them. Fact, dwarves built most all of Minrothad City, built it out of stone they quarried and bricks they made.

Ye need never be far from sight of water in Minrothad City, though it be only the Lithwillow what circles the city. City guards be used ta visitin' sailors joinin' 'em 'pon the City wall of a night, lookin' at the River out toward the Sea, though the Sea be too far fer the naked eye to see.

All the things for sale in the world be found in the city. Minrothaddans love little gew-gaws, and their shops be full of the newest things from all the lands of the wide world. All the things a sailor could need be here, too, fer a long voyage or to send to loved ones back home. And anythin' what's needed aboard a ship, or to repair her, can be found in the City or its port. Even ships for merchants who want to make a go of it for theirselves are bought and sold at Minrothad Port, and a single sailor with any skill or an entire crew is easy to come by. Those what trades or buys only has ta be sure ta pay the right taxes! Minrothad City runs on politickin' as well as tradin.' In all my years roamin' 'round the world there's one true thing I've found, and that's that government wants its taxes regular and in the right amounts and punishment is swift and certain if it don't git 'em!

But let me tell ye about the Guild Master, what makes his home and his government in Minrothad City, afore we sail back down the Lithwillow.

Oran Meditor of Guild Elsan is rulin' Guild Master of all Minrothad. A canny, shrewd one he is, too, just right to rule over the sharpsters of the Guilds and to lay down enough law to keep 'em from cuttin' each other's throats but not so much law what would rile up too many folks.

Kitrina Meditor, Oran's dam, was killed while Oran was too young to rule, and the Guild leaders were fast to step in as regents, doing whatever they wished for nigh on twenty years. But once Oran came of age, he swept the feet out from under all the Guilds, and they'd had Minrothad all nice and safe in their pockets for a long time, let me tell you. He opened Minrothad to outside trade again, though it was his own mother, Kitrina, what closed it, cleaned out the corrupt Guildmasters and regulated Guild craftsmanship and trade, and set the Guild heads agin' one another ta worry each other instead of the Minrothaddan people.

Now he rules just like any land's king, hostin' 'portant foreigners in Meditor Hall, makin' laws, decidin' what the Guilds will and won't do. Land life on Minrothad is easier for most since Oran took over.

And now let's sail in our pretty little Seahome schooner, fast she be and light, over the Minrothad Seas to the isle of **Blackrock,** what be a near-deserted rock of an island, with Halfpeak volcano at one end and a few fishermen and their village at t'other. Sailin's tricky 'round Blackrock Island, as you go by Halfpeak, and now 'n' agin' the volcano spews rocks and ash out to sea. (That's how Halfpeak got its name; the seaward side blew itself off many a year ago.)

Few ships dock at Blackrock fer long. There's little there 'sides the volcano and the village. But more crews than you might think brave the voyage, for the fishermen catch strange sea creatures what live in the warm waters, heated by Halfpeak. Many's the merchant-prince's made his fortune, or a second one, sellin' those to some wizard or t'other. One I know of has made the voyage every year for the last three years now, and he'll be needin' to make it fer four years more—a brood o' seven daughters he has, each one a year apart and each one needs dowryin'!

Let's quick sail away from Blackrock, 'afore Halfpeak blows its top agin, and make fer **Alfeisle,** our third stop 'round Minrothad, and the best, to my mind. Alfeisle's the second grandest island here, and it's the only island 'sides Trader's what's directly in the lanes. Though Minrothad was settled by humans and took their name long ago, elves outnumber humans on Alfeisle. Alfeisle's the home of the two elf family Guilds, Elsan and Verdier.

Guild Elsan is my Guild, the Guild of water elves what roam the seas. Elsan manages all the shippin' services ye can think of. We build the ships, repair 'em, pilot 'em, and train sailors up from scuppers to captains. Elsan fishes and harvests sea kelp, sells 'em in markets, and makes and sells art-goods out o' shells what's sold all over the Known World.

The oldest tales tell Calitha Starbrow created us water elves first of all creatures, an' named us Alfasser, and led us to the Isles. It was she what taught us ta sail the sea and live by what it gives us. Fer my part, I can't ken Elsan elves who live 'pon land. But it's true you can't build a ship at sea, so someone has to live there. And I'd rather it not be me, and there's many an Elsan elf as would say the same thing were you to ask.

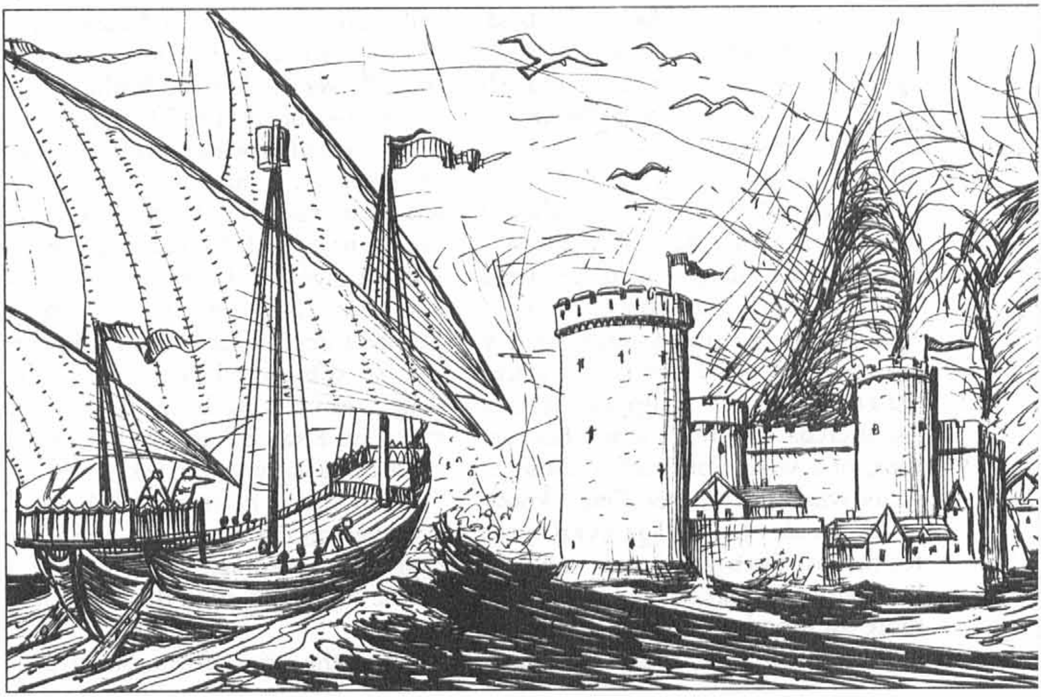
Elsan shares Alfeisle with Verdier. We lives on the north end, with our capital at Seahome, while they lives on the south end, with their capital at Verdun.

Of all the cities of Minrothad, Seahome is next in size to Minrothad City itself. And I must tell ye I takes pride in hailin' from 'er, fer Seahome is the most beautiful city ever I've laid eyes on.

Folks what come to Seahome fer the first time think to theirselves, "Well, those mansions on the rock pillars out to sea are nice, but there's no city here at all, just a few houses. Crazy as bedbugs, those water elves, life out aboard ships has turned their heads."

But ye got to look around yerself in Seahome, for the city is underground. Not like those little hin burrow houses, all closed-in tight tunnels—beggin' yer pardon, Joshuan—but a real city in two huge caves worn by the sea from the cliffs. Take one o' them little schooners—or a dinghy if that's all ye can get—an' boat into Seahome. Trees carved from the very rock hold up the cavern roof. Elves live in homes carved from the walls in the Seahome Grotto and Elsan Lagoon, tens of thousands of 'em livin' in the rocks like that. Beautiful it is, and the caverns cool and fresh all the time, like being aboard ship in the northern latitudes on a beautiful day. But sometimes I gets the chills just thinkin' 'bout so many elves livin' in there all the time, and water elves, too. But I know just 'cause you're a water elf don't mean you have to live on the water, and not everyone likes the same life.

Ah, I'm gettin' away from me work again and goin' on 'bout this 'n'

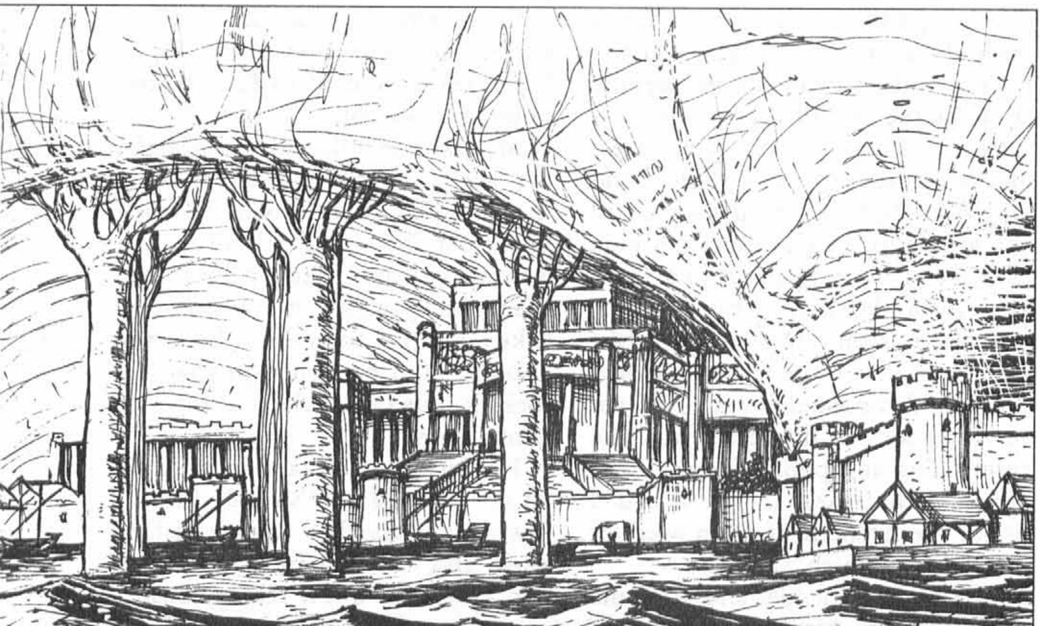


that. Back to Alfeisle.

It comes to mind that ye know now about Seahome but not 'bout the island itself. Alfeisle be a long island, her mountain spine bedecked with trees the Verdier elves be always cuttin' and replantin', never satisfied with 'em, always fiddlin' with trees. Too few here, too many there, got to plant some here and cut some there, that's a Verdier elf for ye.

The old tales say the Verdier elves, Alfund they call theirselves, were made second by Calitha Starbrow, 'afore she made the animals, the fish in the seas, and the birds; she made humans, halflin's, and dwarves last of all. Their city, Verdon, looks like most fine human cities, it's got a bunch of buildin's 'n' shops, an' it's got parks and paths all 'round it so's they don't feel crowded in. But the Verdier elves don't do much with the buildin's, they live up in the trees in their parks. They've built big platforms up there, and connected 'em with rope bridges. It's all right, 's far 's I can tell. Reminds me o' my younger days scrambling 'round in ship's riggin's.

The other Minrothad Isles ain't on the shippin' lanes proper, though they gets lots of traffic anyhow. The closest big island to Alfeisle is **Open Isle,** where the hin live. These folk claimed and settled the island a few hundred years ago, after their leader Quickhand revolted (they was slaves to the humans livin' on the Isles 'afore then). Reason they went to Open Isle was as nobody else wanted it. "Open" is a



good name fer it, it's nearly as flat as a tabletop, and the storms blow across it somethin' fierce. But the hin be as happy as can be with their isle.

The island's built full o' little, neat houses in little, neat fields. It's a wonder to me how they keep their houses so nice, for farmin' that island is backbreaking work. I be takin' a pint with one o' the farmers there, an' he said the soil is bad—there's not much of it and it's not fit to grow much. But I'll be durned if those hin farmers don't manage to grow some of the best spices and sugar and cork-oaks ever I've loaded in a hold.

And don't those spice fields and manufactories and warehouses smell fine, too! On days when the hin are dryin' and millin' spice, it smells like a king's kitchen. And if it's a calm day with a light breeze—a rarity on Open Isle—the scent wafts right over the island, and you can see the people smile as they smell it. The hin children sneak into the manufactories, and don't they just run underfoot and laugh like the little scamps they be 'til the grownups catches 'em and puts 'em out of doors again with a sugar cube and a spice drop or two.

Malfton is the town on Open Isle, and I'll tell you, those hin are not only the most determined farmers I've ever seen, but they be the best cooks. The restaurants and pubs in Malfton be some of the finest in the world. I doubt the kitchens of Oran Meditor hisself could match 'em.

The hin are friendly and welcome everyone to Malfton. Humans, dwarves, and elves lives 'longside the hin burrows and houses, and you can tell who lives in what Malfton house by the way it's built. Dwarves has built theirselves houses of imported stone and elves and humans lives in houses of wood and plaster.

Malfton is a Guildsman's city. It's divided into Guild districts, just like the biggest cities elsewhere in the Isles. There be a leather district and a fuel-maker's district, and the hin share the smaller industries with the humans. The new Prospect Hill has grown a lot, and the young, up-and-comin' hin who started buildin' on it ten or more year ago are now gettin' ta be middle-aged and respectable folk. But the best restaurants in Malfton are still in the old Malfton Rise section, where the parents of those younger hin live.

Our pretty schooner, quite a lady she is, nice and easy to a sailor's hand, takes us next to **Fire Island** 'round the Minrothad Islands. But we won't take our little ship too near, fer the island's rightly named. Sages call the mountain there Mount Thymas, but most folks call it Redtop, the Redtop volcano. Redtop built that island, and builds it still whenever it takes a mind to, which be often enough, and bad enough that the rocks it spits out can sink a ship near a mile away.

Fire Island be cloaked in mists; in all my years sailin' I've only heard a few sailors say they saw the island itself, and little but rock and mountain it be, only a few scraggy bushes as can stand the volcano when she blows her top. Guild Elsan forbids ships to go too near there for the danger to ships and sailors' lives. Fire Island be a barren and inhospitable land, of no use to any one, for the volcano be too mean.

And there be another danger near Fire Island, for pirates fall 'pon honest ships that sail those seas. It may be that the pirates' lair lies upon a small island nearby that be cloaked in mists and fog, for none could live upon Fire Island and the Guilds haven't found the pirates' landfall.

So let us rig our sails to catch the fresh sea winds and make for **North Island,** what were a torment to sailors for many a year. It be the closest to the mainland, though it be far from the lanes, even farther than Fire Island. It be a green and pretty land, with forests and mountains and water and big enough for folks to live on. But the waters 'round it be shallow, and naught but a dinghy can make the island. Sailors in trouble sometimes head to North anyway for water and lumber, for it be no picnic to fix a boat in trouble as she rides upon the seas. So the Guilds took North Island in hand and dredged a harbor and built a town 'pon her. And not just a town but a fortress, called Gapton.

Gapton be built in the gap 'tween two mountains, and it were built with not only sailors in mind but all of Minrothad. The town be stocked with grain and other supplies and with what they say are important Minrothaddan records (tax rolls like as not, if you ask me). The Guild leaders say if a terrible disaster struck at Minrothad, people could flee to Gapton on North Island. I don't know as disaster will strike Minrothad in any hurry, 'cept for the pirates what be always fallin' 'pon ships sailin' low and plump wi' their cargoes.

But if ye be a scholar or someone with a like for jawin', Gapton be the place to go. The town be filled to burstin' with scholars and priests with little to do but talk all day 'bout their work and readin' and writin' and theories 'bout odd bits o' things what've happened in the world.

And the Gapton militia is busy on North Island, too, mark my words, waitin' fer misery to come upon 'em at every moment. They be trainin' all day 'pon the trainin' fields and battlements in Gapton and their officers be plannin' what to do if this thing or that thing happened. The Gapton militia don't have much of a sense o' humor nor much of an idea o' what a sailor wants when he comes to a port, and they be always frownin' 'pon a man as he walks the streets there.

'Most makes me think what everyone there wants the sea to wash over Minrothad or a mountain to fall 'pon the Isles from the sky, as happened in Darokin a few year back, or as happened to Alphatia. Then they'd be happy doin' the job they's been trainin' for these many years. And Minrothad would get back some of the hundreds of thousands of cronas it spent dredgin' a harbor and buildin' Gapton on North Island.

What with all the scholars 'n' priests 'n' soldiers livin' 'pon Gapton makin' no money with the island, Gapton can't pay fer itself. Even the traffic what comes past takes on water and provisions and rests just a day or two 'afore heavin' off agin. Gapton's been a losin' venture so far, a worse buy than a Darokin insurance policy, as my captain says. Gapton be a quiet, serious town of thinkers and doomsayers, and if you take my advice ye'll be quiet and businesslike yourself if you make land there. And then you'll heave off again in a hurry.

Our last sail 'pon the sea takes us to **Fortress Island,** home o' the dwarves. Fortress Island be 'pon the western, Harbortown side of Trader's Island, and it be near to Trader's, but no one wanted to go near it for many a year. Fortress Island be like Fire Island, Mount Redtongue built it and builds it still. And Mount Redtongue be worse than Redtop, for it smokes all the time, and sulfur mists blow 'round the island's western end where it be. Fortress Island is misty 'n' foggy, too, like Fire Island, and it be a fair piece o' work to get a ship safely 'round in those waters, even for a Minrothaddan-born pilot.

For my part I can't think why the dwarves would pick to live on Fortress Island, but they picked the only way to live there. They tunneled and delved right into the sea cliffs facin' toward the eastern sea and away from Redtongue; and their city be Stronghold. You can tell it's a dwarftown, too, for they have no end o' clever work there. Stronghold be built at the end of a long fjord into the island, and those dwarves have been at work for many a year buildin' defense after defense along those fjords. No one's ever attacked Stronghold, but I doubt they'd manage to make it past all those defenses and all those dwarves. Strike me as determined folks, dwarves do.

They's built houses fer theirselves in Stronghold, too, when the tunnels weren't big enough or when they wanted to be out in the air—the sulfur mists from the volcano don't drift 'round to Stronghold, so there's no danger there. All the outcroppin's and shelves on the Stronghold cliffs be piled with houses of brick 'n' stone, all jumbled together any which way. Looks like some human cities, it do, in a way.

Stronghold dwarves don't keep to theirselves like other dwarves do. Their craftsmen be always takin' commissions from cities 'round the world. Master builders, the Stronghold dwarves are, though you'd never know it from lookin' at their jumble of houses. Can build a heavily fortified castle in a mucky swamp as easily as a neat stone house for a lordlin' in any capital city. They dig volcanic rock they call *tufa* out of their island and make some o' the best bricks in the world with it. They do a right sharp trade with Guild Corser in brimstone and sulfur and other alchemical supplies, too. Every few years a ship leavin' Stronghold will burn at sea when somethin' goes awry with a load o' alchemical supplies, but I've never heard of a captain turnin' down a cargo of the stuff, as it brings a handsome profit.

Minrothad Guilds

The People

The people of the Guilds be many, and they be of all races. Any Minrothaddan will tell you a man's only as good as his hands and mind make him—though it's true too that we thinks first of a man's Guild and rank, then mayhaps looks beyond to his mind and hands.

Minrothaddans welcome folks who have a little coin in their pocket for buyin' or something new to sell. We be a welcoming lot, as long as ye're pleasant and amiable and got cash, but a hard lot to get to know. The Guild setup makes us clannish, 'specially the short-lived folk.

The best way to a Minrothaddan's heart be through his purse. The next best way to a Minrothaddan's heart be through his purse. Hah hah, that be an old joke, Joshuan! But if ye do buy somethin' from a Minrothaddan trader or craftsman, ye make a friend —or at least ye win his goodwill for a little while! And when ye buy sommat, be ready to have a sip of the merchant's brandy or sherry—there's not a merchant I've heard of what doesn't like to toast business well concluded. If ye buys somethin' big, the merchant'll feed ye handsomely in his own home, a good dinner and an evening's pleasant conversation and entertainment.

Everybody's heard 'bout the Minrothad Guilds, as Guild traders travel to every nook and cranny—upon the waters, at least!—in the world, and there's many folks what trade with Guildsmen. But not as many folk have heard of the caste system in Minrothad. In Minrothad, ye start out low and can better your lot if ye're smart and talented enough. Caste be based on position and tenure in the Guilds, sure enough. Low-skilled workers or them just startin' out is lowest caste, *okeen.* Ordinary workers as has completed their training is *macau.* Them as has great talent at their work, master craftsmen, is called *evem. Dosan* be head craftsmen or Guild leaders. *Yulen* be the merchant-princes. And *Saneer* be the ones who rule the Guilds and the Isles (the nine Guild Masters, the seneschal of Minrothad City, and Oran Meditor hisself). A Minrothaddan's cheek tattoo tells ye not only which Guild he be but what caste. Tattoos be added as a man gains in experience and caste.

A word o' caution to those thinkin' o' visitin' Minrothad—conduct yerself well or ye'll find it's not all as fun-loving as ye might think. Laws are strict and mostly has to do with how a man spends his money. Ye can't gamble legally in Minrothad, 'less you buys a government lottery ticket—fool's tax if ye ask me, they take enough from yer pocket already. If ye sells—goods or services, bulk or not, whether to a merchant or anyone else—ye gots to pay an 18 percent tax to the government. And that's since Oran Meditor took power and lowered the taxes! Ye can't cast spells freely in Minrothad if ye be a wizard; ye has to get the Tutorial Guild's permission. There's lots o' rules 'n' laws 'bout sellin' goods 'n' usin' magic in Minrothad.

Don't Miss

If ye be of an especially adventuresome turn, ye might go courtin' pirates in the Minrothad Seas. It's easy enough to lure a pirate to you. Fill yer ship full of fat cargo for tradin' on the mainland—or better yet, be comin' from the mainland ridin' low in the water and lookin' like you've fine goods to sell back in Minrothad. Make sure your ship looks like she don't have enough defenses for her size. Furl yer sails and drop yer sea anchor as though ye have a few days of repairs to make. I can guarantee ye that by the second day of waitin' ye'll be set upon by pirates.

Ye'd be doing us a favor if ye dispatch a ship of these flea-ridden dogs, for the Guilds for all their money and power can't seem to do naught about ridding the Minrothad Seas of pirates that preys upon 'em.

And if ye're more the sight-seeing sort who don't wish to tangle wi' pirates, I'd recommend ye not miss the pleasure of a visit to Minrothad City. And bring plenty o' money, fer unless ye're a miserly skinflint, ye're goin' to want to buy things for yerself and your loved ones, as all the best goods of the world are in Minrothad.

The sail up the Lithwillow be a beautiful trip, 'specially in the mornin', with the sunlight slantin' 'pon the City's white stone walls and towers. The trip on the dwarf-built "elevator" platforms up to the City be breathtakin'. The underground lagoon spreads out around ye, lit by torch light that flickers 'pon the waters. Seeing the naval war galleys docked in the lagoon and the size of the cavern always makes a first-timer gasp or whistle in surprise, and it be a sight for a sailor's sore eyes every time he come to that port.

Sailors oft make a journey of many months and live upon little the while. Now any ship's cook can make a fresh fish taste all right, but it takes a fine ship's cook to make dried cod taste like a meal in a fancy restaurant after an elf's been livin' 'pon the blasted stuff for five weeks in a row. The *Callista's* cook, Salinasha, gave me this recipe, which was his grandmother's, for a salt cod dish she used to call Salt Cod Jumble. It needs only a few ingredients, can be made for many or few, and is tasty 'nough to eat several days at a clip.

Salt Cod Jumble

Soak a whole salt cod in fresh water fer three 'r four days, dependin' on how strong you like it.

Set the cod in a flat-bottomed pot and cover it with fresh, cold water. You may have to cut the fish in half lengthwise. Simmer the cod for a short while, makin' sure to cook it right through. Take the fish from the water and let it cool down, then break it into big flakes.

While the cod is coolin', fer each pound of salt cod ye're using, slice up

The elevator lets off at the Upper Market. If ye be lookin' for somethin', an' it be made anywhere in the world, it be here in the Upper Market. Nice shops, all lined up neat with their goods laid out neat in them.

And while ye're in the Market take a look at Meditor Hall. Ye can't miss it, it takes up nearly a quarter of the City. Meditor hall be one of the most glorious palaces in all the world. Dwarf and elf work it be, sturdy and clever beyond all imaginin', and elegant and timeless, I hear.

But few folks're invited there, so make yer way to the Hammerspan Bridge in the northeast. Fortified the bridge be, like all else in the city, but walkin' it be like takin' a tour through Minrothad history. Statues line the bridge, and there always be someone 'round what needs a quert or two to tell you who's who and what they did for Minrothad.

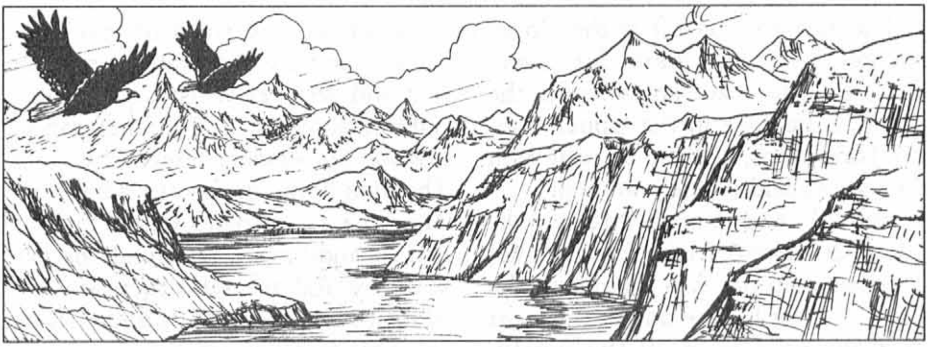
When you're tired of trampin' 'round the City and want to rest yer feet and wet yer whistle a bit, head right back 'cross the Hammerspan to Elwood's in Trader's Street. Elwood is Thyatian-born, an' knows what's up. There be a nice patio where patrons can sit and have a bite while people walk by and see who they are and what they's wearin'. Indoors, they serve big meals of any type from anywhere in the world, and people from Meditor Hall often eat there and talk business. There be private dining rooms, too, if he be willin' to spend lots o' cash. Elwood's is just about the pleasantest place to be. If ye just got off the ship and smell of fish and the sea Elwood's 'll take ye as quick as ye were a spendthrift Thyatian merchant spillin' his coin left and right—'though if ye do be smellin' of fish, they'll take care not to sit ye too close to anybody else if they can help it!

* * *

a small onion and six to eight cloves o' garlic. Put 'em in a bowl large enough to hold the salt cod, and add two handfuls of dried parsley leaves, 'n' two bay leaves (Salinasha says that dried herbs takes up a lot of room, but that they sure are tasty and worth the space). Then ye must add the juice of two lemons (Salinasha says that lemon juice is proof against the scurvy and other diseases), one cup of olive oil (it won't spoil no matter how long it's on board, Salinasha tells me), and some ground pepper.

When the cod has cooled down, flake it with a fork and put it in the large bowl with the other ingredients. Stir it all 'round 'til the oil and herbs and spices coat the fish, then put a cover on the bowl. Store the bowl for another day in a cool place, like the crow's nest, where the breezes blow through, or just above the bilge line in the bottom of the ship's hull.

Serve the Salt Cod Jumble to yer hungry crew with bread, plain or toasted. If ye do it up like Salinasha, there won't be none left.



Northern Reaches

by Astrid Ragnisdottir

No glittering word-hoard have I,
Not like the treasure hoards of skalds of old
Who lived when heroes walked the earth.
Then, as stories tell in their bright word-paintings,
Were the heroes' arms as mighty as the oaken tree trunks,
Their swords as sharp as the cold pain of death,
Their minds as keen as the winter wind
That blows through the stoutest house wall,
Bringing all within it the thought of the cold grave.
In those days of might were words for the heroes' deeds
As many as snowflakes from the winter sky.
But in this time the strong arms and quick minds of heroes
Are gone from the earth, their bones are long earth's dust.
Now boastful men drink heavy mead
And stretch themselves upon their lord's benches,
Speaking much of their own deeds.
Now is honor fled to far lands,
And now are greed and gluttony the bright goal of the warrior.
But the world is yet alive,
And as the cold death of Winter that lies upon the land
Retreats from creeping, green Spring,
Yet may a new age of greatness come upon us.
Of the sights that I have seen
In walking up and down the world will I,
A wanderer living in the old days of the world,
When honor and might are fled from the minds and arms of men,
Tell you in the spare words that are her lot in these thin times.

Northern Reaches

The Land

The lands of the Reaches are three, Ostland, Vestland, and Soderfjord. Mighty **Ostland** is a sea nation, and warriors' long ships sail from her shores, warriors who fall upon others with the edge of their swords, slaughtering and laying waste, taking their blood-goods away with them. The skies ring with their hollow laughter, with their empty boasts of greatness.

Their homes and lands do not delight these warriors, for their long ships sail the seas, the cold gray swan-roads, to many lands. They search for new lands to plunder, they seek to grow fat upon the trade of other lands. Some forsake the way of blood entirely and search for the way of money, of exchanging gold. Some sell their sword-arms for the bright gold, their honor for money.

The land these pirates come from is as barren as their souls, sheer sea-rocks rising from the cold ocean waters, and on this land tall pines frown from their great height upon the people below. In the high lands of grass woolly flocks graze, from them honest men keep their livings, gathering their strong, warm milk and shearing their white wool for a poor man's blanket upon a cold winter's night. Upon the rivers here live also men and women of harmless intent, raising crops from stones and seeking the cold fish of the cold, gray sea.

At the royal court of the land, in the city of Zeaburg, are also many men of empty words and cunning deeds. Without a king, the land suffers. The young queen Yrsa did guide the land after her husband's death, and there was no end of new ideas with her. But now the young prince Finn has taken his father's place, and prepares himself truly for the task ahead. The Brothers of the King sharpen their sword blades, waiting to serve him. They pace the King's Hall, the blood of war hot in them, wishing to let fall their war-axes into the bodies of the King's foes.

In Zeaburg also Asgrim, Godi of Odin, called the High Priest by others, reminds the people of their ancient, unchanging duties to the Immortals. He reminds the people of their past, and of the eternal wishes of the Immortals. His wishes for Yrsa and her son are whispered of behind cupped hands, his intentions are suspect for his pride is high. The king's Ravenguard, men tall and strong, their talk brave and their armor bright, walk the streets of the city, and all must step from the road before them, none may hinder them or face their wrath.

From Zeaburg also is many a death-boat of jarls launched to make the long journey over cold seas, the swan-roads to the hall of Odin All-Father, who welcomes men and women brave and true to his great hall. There the dead feast in joy with Odin, hearing tales of the great deeds of gods and men and drinking the sweet mead of victory.

Soderfjord is a wild land, a land of many hardships. The land there is changing and men desire all that is new, they seek to abandon the old ways. But the wild land is barren there, stones are the bounty the earth brings forth there. Men traverse its wild borders, seeking wonders, seeking riches, but warriors whose strength is in their tongues will find death here, death in the mountains and in the forest lands. Some seek the riches of the hill tribes, hidden hoards of beast-creatures cursed by the Immortals, creatures of evil countenances and crooked bodies. Trolls, giants, and gnolls, eternal foes of man, dwell among the hills here, in filthy dens dug into the bowels of the mountains by unknown hand more years ago than men can know.

Mindless beasts are trolls, that know no fear of sword or fire or death. They hunger unceasingly and prowl about, devouring all that comes before them, mighty warrior and child of the town and ignorant beast of the fields. Their hungry mouths are lined with jagged teeth, their eyes are sunken in their heads, their limbs are long and thin yet strong as whipcord, their long, clutching fingers drag a man down to cruel death.

The bones of giants that stalk the land are made of stone, for they are born of the earth itself. Rock-hurlers are they, and skalds sing ancient tales of their strength and cunning. Pale skin have they, pale as death, and their axe-blades are notched from breaking the skulls of innocent karls and from shattering the door-posts of men's homes. The slain bodies of men they stuff in their filthy sacks,

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slinging them over their shoulders as though so many dead men were potatoes to be carried. Gnoll bands also skulk in the mountain lands, dog-men that go about in packs, like hounds.

In the mountains also are tribes of little beasts, raiding the hill villages. Men and women hunt them, jarls under King Ragnar and free men and women who love the fierce joy of war. Hides have these little beasts, and scales, and tails like rats', so that they are neither as crawling beasts nor as walking beasts. The warriors that have fought them say the stink of their dens is terrible and men faint from it. They are small, but the craftiness of their fighting is wondrous. Kobolds, they are called in other lands. Surely they are the spawn of the goddess Hel, sent by Odin's foe to punish and torment the race of men.

In Soderfjord is a wonder, carved upon the sea-cliff, the tall cliffs where the land meets the iron-gray sea, beneath the mouth of the Angesan where the fish-grounds are. Here are ancient runes carved by an unknown Immortal. No man now living knows the meaning of the runes upon this cliff, this standing mountain stone, and none can guess their meaning. Let him who would be wise take heed.

A new wonder has arisen in Soderfjord, that the noisy jarls are newly joined under one king. Ragnar is his name, and he is a loud warrior, called the Stout. People say that every night the king conquers his mead-horn, a thing of beauty it is, made by a dwarfman of nimble fingers and bright with silver and gems, but that the king cannot conquer the little monsters from the hills that plague his people, which are as a pestilence and so numerous that they are uncountable. Men say that even the dog-headed monsters laugh at the King within their filthy dens, saying "no king is he, he has no warrior's arm, his heart shrinks within him when he sees us and our ways, and he cannot best us."

The people groan under the jarls' threats and wars in Soderfjord, and the king has not yet made the jarls his own men. It is whispered that the jarls grumble against their new king. "Let us bring back the old ways," they say to one another. "Let us have no king over us again, and each rule his own land. But let us still aid each other against the enemy if we will."

Vestland would become a land like many others. New buildings are there, and new ways of men. The men there care little for faith in a man's word or a warrior's arm, they put the law between themselves, and they make many laws for themselves. They bring dwarves from Rockhome to build for them buildings of stone that they may boast of their wealth and the strength of the stone houses that surround them. Sea winds blow in Norrvik, city high atop a sea-cliff, as her buildings watch the boats sail upon the sea and watch the sea change from green to gray upon the storm. In Norrvik is a university, where there is no end of talk and writing. But the land itself is old there, and the people do not yet forget their past.

Customs

Let him who would travel the Reaches know this, that they are a wild land, a land made bare by the winds that scour it, a land made cold by the ocean that laps its shores, a land of cruel monsters that break the bones of its people, a land of people who turn to modern ways, people who scorn the gods themselves.

But let him who would travel the Reaches also know this, that they are a land of mighty heroes of old, of a people who might once again take up the arms of their forefathers and become great, of small houses with bright hearth-fires upon the dusk, a land where burns a fierce joy in the heart of the true warrior. Let him who would gain prowess in arms come to the Reaches, let him cleave the skulls of the foes of men until the ground is black with their blood.

Loyalty has not perished utterly in these days, and a warrior still swears a shield-oath to his jarl and before his shield-brothers. The love and honor of family is still strong in our weak hearts, and even the worst warriors, though drunk in their mead-cups each night, rush to avenge an insult or wrong to their own. Men still form blood brotherhoods, still take joy in forming pacts with one another.

The foreigner must know that insults or injuries to the least one of us are repaid with like. The cold blade of justice that is called vengeance still lives among us, so that if one insults or injures another, the injured one's family and clan and shield-brothers will rise up against him and will not leave off until the debt is paid in blood. A traveler may not hope for release by fleeing, for he will be followed unto the ends of the earth. But if a judge of men hears the case at the Place of Judgment *[on ground made sacred to Odin, found in every community. Ed.],* he may decree weregild, and the injured man may be avenged by payment of gold given to the family. Beware that ye stint not of weregild, and make the payment truly and with good heart, or justice will not cease from pursuing you to the very gates of hell.

If a traveler asks for shelter at any home, be it the strong, stout-walled hall of a jarl built by the jarl's true men or be it or the widow's cold-hearthed hut in the bleak mountains, he will be sheltered gladly from the biting cold wind, the weariness and hunger of the road, and the fear of the darkening wilderness. Let the traveler understand that stories and tales of greatness, of cunning, and of men and their silly deeds will make the heart of his host joyful and glad, and make him a welcome guest.

Know also that the host's home is haven for the pursued, for the honest host will take up arms against his guest's enemies, though they be his own brothers. All who enter a man's home to do ill, men who would drag the guests screaming from his hearth to spill their blood and slaughter them, are spurned by the gods. These are lawless men, no room for them is there upon the earth. Let all who violate the peace of a house, who violate a host's generosity, be hunted down and killed, such is the will of father Odin, who set the desire for peace in men's hearts.

If a traveler sees a standing stone with skald's runes carved upon it, let him honor it, for it is sacred to the gods. Let him know that the stones tell of the honor and glory and evil that men and gods do, and let him who can understand the runes learn wisdom from them. Let him who would be wise know that a skald or priest humble and true will interpret the runes of Odin for all who would seek their wisdom. Know ye also that father Odin despises all who dishonor a standing stone, and will send his true warriors and shield-maidens upon desecraters to punish them.

Hearts truer and more pure than those withered hearts of men today have scattered shrines to the gods upon the lands of the Reaches. If a wanderer finds a shrine, let him honor it and the god whose it is with a small gift. Let him make the gift of something that is dear to him, not of a trifle held in low esteem. Those who would have hearts true and pure before the immortals will not take what is the gods', they will not take the goods from these shrines, unless they be in great need. The punishment of the gods will descend upon him who pillages a shrine, who scorns the will of the gods and laughs at their power and the laws they have decreed for men to follow, that there may be some peace upon the earth.

Norwold

by Astrid Ragnisdottir

A bleak land is Norwold, far north and scoured by the cold winds of the icelands. Its lands are unsettled, they do not know the hand of the farmer, clearing trees and planting grain for men and tame beasts. Ancient trees, tall and straight, ever green and strong, able to withstand the strong cold winds, are more numerous in that land than are people, making the land their own, scattering themselves over the land. The people there struggle to live upon the land in this far northern wilderness.

The king there is Ericall, the son of the vanished queen Eriadna is he, she of the land of the mighty scepter and of great and powerful magics, yet vanished from the face of the earth, her dominions swallowed up by the mighty ocean that devours men and ships, it is ever hungry, and woe is upon them that go down to their death in its black, cold deeps. Ericall is king in the cold land of Norwold, yet his crown sits lightly on his head. The lands of Landfall and Leeha and Oceansend scoff at him, saying "no king of ours are you." They scoff at the king since the strong hand of Alphatia has gone from the earth, swallowed by the raging sea for its pride against the gods. The king in Norwold, Ericall, has no strength of rulership in his arm without the arm of Alphatia, that perished nation of proud wizards.

Yet under this king in the land called Alpha, the people prosper. Their city lies upon a bay, and they prosper on their farms and by their trade upon their Green Bay; they live together in the peace that is borne of gentleness and that brings with it prosperity.

Halflings, short men yet with the minds of children, live in Leeha. *[The Editor of this* Almanac *will take the opportunity to repeat that he is in no wise responsible for the opinions of his correspondents, which are strictly their own. Ed.]* There every one follows his own desire, each thinks the way he desires, and they quarrel with one another when they wish to come to an agreement. *[Despite the long and proud history of the* thing *in the Reaches, the writer appears to have little understanding of other cultures' varieties of democracy. Ed.]*

Elves, that fair and long-lived race, also live in Norwold, in a land of their own, set apart, that these folk call their Foresthomes. Gentle are the elves there, that came here many ages ago when they would not submit their necks to the yoke of an elf-king of dubious intentions.

The Knights of Vanya rule now in Landfall, it is no longer under King Ericall's command, and they oppress the people with their ways and their beliefs. "Follow Vanya or she will punish you," they say, bullying the people and making them afraid. No true priests are they, that force their patron's worship rather than letting its truth be revealed that men may desire to come to it.

Norwold

The port of Oceansend, once claimed by the king of Norwold, spreads about the land in all directions, and its people take the sea-roads; their boats laden with goods for trade sail to many other nations. Their people once prospered, they were once proud, and would take the sword in hand if you offended them, and would fight all who wished to conquer them. But the Knights of Vanya came, and all their brave words and braver deeds were to no avail, and the governor of that city did submit to the Knights and rules now in their name.

In the land of Norwold also is a mighty wonder, a thing unknown in the world. In the western mountains of Leeha, high in their icy reaches, wreathing their ice-covered slopes that reach high toward the cold skies where a man cannot breathe, is a wonder. There two volcanoes spout fire, a great stream of fire that flies through the sky for farther than a man can travel in three days. The heat of the great stream of fire is lost in that land, it does not warm the air, nor does it melt the ice upon the mountain slopes. No man now alive understands this thing, this wonder. Many travel there through the hard land every year, seeking to understand the stream of fire in the sky. But it is a wonder, understood only by the gods, and it is not given to man to understand it.

Those who travel to the northern land of Norwold are few, and find little there but the tall pine trees and empty lands. Know that some homesteads will welcome the traveler who comes in peace, offering the weary one the comforts of the home and hearth, of hot bread and good ale at the end of a long, empty day. These homes hunger for the news a traveler brings, of men's comings and goings in the world, and of what is new in it.

Yet know also that some homesteads are wary of travelers, and will not welcome them, will say to them "go from us, we do not know you." Pass them by, traveler, and seek your comfort elsewhere. Let the traveler know that a homestead with children is the most welcoming in the land of Norwold, and the most pleasant after a day of travel. The guest who entertains his host's children with tales of his travels and of the ancient heroes who brought glory to their strong arms and their names in ages past, who plays games and music will find his heart happy within him and will find welcome in the cold, northern land.

Rockhome

by Alasdhair MacCallum

[This narrative is taken from the travel diary Alasdhair kept while on his visit to Rockhome—it consequently meanders a bit. As I learned after he had accepted the assignment, Alasdhair had never before traveled outside Glantri, and his feelings of being out of his element show through quite clearly. Ed.]

Visit Rockhome? As though it were any other nation? Tour around? See the sights? Me? A Glantrian?

Well, it seemed like a bit of a bad idea, but when my editor Joshuan spoke, I had no choice but to listen—particularly when the assignment would pay off a few creditors I had acquired while wooing a young lady of, as it turned out, far lower expectations that I had originally been given to understand. So I packed my traveling bags, assumed my disguise of a Darokinian merchant, and set off for Rockhome. Herewith, a tour of the dwarven homeland.

Travelers' Alert

These days, Rockhome is not a nation for the casual traveler—or for the fainthearted—to visit. Rockhome is struggling to regain its equilibrium after its recent civil war, which was promptly followed by a war with the shadow elves in far-off Oenkmar in the Broken Lands. The entire nation is now more or less an armed camp, as the dwarves appear to live in daily expectation of an invasion by shadow elves or their former allies in an effort to break them of their desire to gain Oenkmar.

After their allies in the Western Defense League would not support their expansionist maneuvers in the Broken Lands, the dwarves of Rockhome cried betrayal and withdrew their membership. All foreigners currently in Rockhome, even members of former ally nations, are suspected of being spies, and military patrols stop and question any travelers within Rockhome. Furthermore, the population is at unprecedentedly low levels after the war, and the Rockhome government has requested that all Rockhome dwarves living in other nations return home (the number of male dwarves has dropped so alarmingly that some scholars wonder if the race of dwarves will last long on Mystara).

All that having been said, indulgent reader, let us begin our tour of the dwarven nation of Rockhome.

The Land

With the exception of the Broken Lands, the nation of Rockhome is one of the most consistently cheerless places in the Known World. Almost all of the nation consists of a bowl of mountains ringing two large bodies of water (Lake Stahl and Lake Klintest). This mountainous terrain seems to suit the dwarves just fine, as they like nothing better than to dig and delve endlessly among the cold, wet bones of the earth. In fact, most Rockhome dwarves dislike the surface of the planet and belittle those who choose a surface-dwelling existence. Some dwarves do live on the surface, mostly farmers of the Wyrwarf clan. (Although these surface-dwellers struggle continually against the miserably thin Rockhome soil to feed their proud, rockbound brothers, they are almost universally despised by the other dwarf clans.)

Entry into the nation of Rockhome is currently guarded and difficult, and is available at only three recognized points: into Fort Denwarf along the trade route leading from the Ethengar Khanates, into Evekarr Fort from the trade route leading from Rhoona in Vestland, and into Karrak Castle from the town of Warqa in the Emirates of Ylaruam. However, entry into Rockhome is also to be gained through many unrecognized, although not unguarded, mountain passes.

But there is one more path into Rockhome. Although the dwarves believe this route to be more or less a secret, it is certainly an open secret to many. I speak of the Darokin Tunnel that cuts through the Altan Tepes mountains into the area near Lake Stahl. The Darokin Tunnel is highly guarded at this time, as its Darokin entrance is near the former nation of Alfheim, now the territory of the dwarves' new mortal enemies, the shadow elves. Rumor has it that the dwarves have been busily at work over the past several months, refortifying and reengineering the Darokin Tunnel, creating new pitfalls and other deadly traps to stop any would-be invaders.

As would be expected in such an underpopulated, inhospitable land, Rockhome is infested with enclaves of monsters. Indeed, even recent maps of Rockhome are full of quaint legends such as "Here there be goblins" and "Sasquatch Territory" (I think this means *yeti*). The dwarves, never ones to shirk their military duties, seem to be able to keep the monsters contained in the border territories. Monsters only infrequently raid into the populated areas of Rockhome. However, the settlements of the surface-dwellers—as opposed to the most populous dwarf towns and cities, which are underground—most often bear the brunt of monster attacks. Predictably, this state of affairs is generating yet more friction between the Wyrwarf clan and the rest of the nation.

As the dwarves are currently less interested in containing monstrous aggression than in bolstering and maintaining their army and promoting national security against their many perceived enemies, they are currently trying to attract mercenary bands interested in dealing with the monsters. (Mercenary band applicants are currently being recruited and screened by the garrison commanders at Fort Denwarf, Karrak Castle, and Evekarr Fort.)

Traveling in Rockhome these days is a dull business, although I suppose that it was never very exciting—a land of rugged foothills and high mountains doesn't make for the best camping, even at the best of times. And in late winter, camping out is an even worse business than I expect it is at more pleasant times of the year. Add to this the dwarf patrols that continually burst out of the very rocks upon innocent travelers, and you have an unpleasant situation designed to drive off any but the most avid or foolish travelers.

In Rockhome there are no friendly inns or hostels to welcome a tired traveler at the end of a day's journey, as there are in more civilized lands. In recent memory, the Rockhome dwarves have been insular and not welcoming of foreigners, and visitors are particularly discouraged these days. Indeed, it's difficult to find shelter in the home of any surface-dweller, as the army patrols have taken to making spot "inspections" of any and all households, particularly those nearest the borders, on the pretext of ferreting out nests of spies. I found it impossible to find shelter with any surface-dwelling dwarves during my entire stay in Rockhome. And only occasionally were human families willing to take me in for the night, even in return for a good sum of money.

One family of humans allowed me shelter one night when a sudden blizzard had sprung up in the mountains. The family, a husband and wife, their two strapping teenaged sons, and their donkey and three goats all lived in a small, two-room house—the people in one room and the animals in the other. The family looked thin, pinched, ragged, and dirty, but eager enough to see someone who was not from a military patrol of dwarves from the Torkrest Clan.

They shared their pottage with me

A Visit with Dwarf Scouts

Rockhome patrols and guards have become more numerous, more suspicious, and more heavily armed since the wars, and they crop up every few miles. These patrols typically take a dreary, confrontational, militaristic approach to examining travelers' credentials. A typical exchange with a Rockhome patrol of captain and five soldiers is transcribed below.

"Halt! Show yer traveling papers." [The traveling papers required of everyone, dwarf and nondwarf, traveling in Rockhome these days are several sheets of parchment stating the traveler's name, race, homeland, occupation, and destination. They must be dated and initialed by the captain of each patrol. Insufficient quantities of dates on traveling papers are often enough cause to detain a traveler in a garrison dungeon for several days—or longer.]

"Here they are."

[Examining the papers.] "What are you doin' in Rockhome, boy?"

"Offering my wares for sale. I am a merchant from Darokin, Thellannas (my food had become sodden thanks to an overly hasty repacking of my saddlebags after a search by the most recent patrol) and allowed me to sleep closest to their fire that first night—for which I was profoundly grateful, as I was miserably cold and wet and quite worn out from traveling.

Although the man had promised me one night's rest, the family sheltered me for three as the blizzard raged outside. Freed by the storm from fear of the omnipresent patrols, the family grew quite talkative over the next three days. They apologized profusely for the pottage they served, but said that that was all they had to live on all the rest of the winter, as about six weeks ago the local garrison had commandeered half of the stores of every household for miles around.

And the soldiers came to search for "spies" about once a week—the family supposed that they had not been singled out, but that the soldiers made the rounds of all the nearby homesteads. Probably to give the soldiers something to do, the husband thought, as the commander who always came with them seemed to have a hard time commanding the soldiers' respect.

The soldiers always turned everything upside down during their "inspections," bursting suddenly into the house and thoroughly searching everyone and everything in it. The family were always questioned as to what they had done during the week. The first time the dwarves had come, the two sons had told them to get off their farm, and had tried to back up the demand with their pitchforks. The predictable scuffle ensued, and the two boys were imprisoned in the garrison's dungeon for two weeks "on suspicion of harboring treasonous

Estavar by name, as you can see from my papers."

"Just you and your mule?"

"Yes, as you can see."

"Don't see many Darokin merchants all by themselves with a mule. Usually come in caravans. Got separated from your caravan, boy?" [At this point the captain began to look quite suspicious, and the soldiers scowled and fingered their weapons.]

"I got a little inheritance from my father, a smith who died a few months ago. I decided to leave my employer, a Darokin merchant, and to set out on my own. I hope to do well enough to have a small staff next year."

"Hmph. What're you sellin'?"

"Small trade goods— I can't pack much on a mule. Household tools, notions, some small luxury goods."

"Sounds all innocent, don't it, boys. [At this point the soldiers guffawed, elbowed each other, and generally attempted to look quite superior and clever.] Household tools, eh? No weapons or magic goods or spy tools, eh? Why don't we just check your packs, boy?"

thoughts"—and, no doubt, simply on suspicion of not being dwarves. The boys were finally released unharmed and have since learned to acquiesce and hold their peace when the soldiers come.

The family naturally wanted news of the outside world and were eager to know what other nations thought of the goings-on in Rockhome. Even the most interesting and hopeful stories I could think of sounded drab and dreary in that place. Although the family were kind and bright enough people, the situation they were enduring cast a pall of misery over everything. While I stayed with them, my most fervent hope was that the weather would clear and that I would be able to leave before the next patrol swept through the area.

Naturally, when I was finally able to leave, I paid them as well as I could afford for sheltering me. I learned upon being searched by a subsequent patrol that they had used the gold I had paid them to buy back a portion of their own food that the local garrison commander had taken.

The People

The dwarves of Rockhome are currently inward-looking and suspicious of everyone and everything, almost to the point of paranoia. The scouting patrols look alternately as if they expect you to sprout battle axes instead of arms and slay them on the spot or to be a spy somehow able to betray them and engineer the destruction of their entire nation if they were to find nothing wrong with you and let you go.

The surface dwellers have the tired, frightened look common to Alfheim refugees a few years ago. They com-

[At this point a soldier searched my person while the other two unpacked my backpack and the saddlebags on my mule, carefully fingering every item and occasionally glaring at me suspiciously for good measure. This procedure took about fifteen minutes. The captain looked triumphant when presented with my traveling spellbook-cum-journal, and I was once again grateful that I had taken the time to encode my spells before I left and to write the notes of my journey in code.]

"What's this, boy? I can't read it fer nuthin'. It wouldn't be spy codes, would it now?" demanded the captain, thumbing through the pages and eyeing me savagely. Two of the soldiers moved closer and leveled their weapons at me.

"It's my account book and journal; I'm learning Minrothaddan and I use it for practice. They're big traders, Minrothaddans. Can't afford to ignore them if you're going to be in trade. [On my journey I encountered no Rockhome scout who could speak, read, or write Minrothaddan, so this was a safe enough story.]

plain that the government is expecting them to produce huge harvests, to beat back by themselves the recurring monster raids (the surface-dwellers have always depended on the manpower of the underground settlements to repel these raids), and generally to hold the nation against the army of spies and slayers sent against it by the unrelenting tides of their enemies.

The city dwellers safe in their rock fortresses are no less suspicious, and many now watch each other as they pass. A few city dwarves have become obsessed by fear that outsiders will destroy their nation. They can stand for hours running their hands over the rock walls of their cities, talking to themselves and to the very rock itself of its great age and of the great love the dwarves bear for it.

The small groups of humans and halflings who have made their homes for years in the nation of Rockhome are suddenly being viewed as interlopers, or, worse, as potential spies. Many humans and halflings are watched carefully, often by their own neighbors, sometimes by the militia posted in their town (and no settlement, no matter how small, is now without some nearby garrison). Some humans and halflings are accosted and bullied in the streets by the army and by civilian dwarves who are their neighbors—and who were formerly their friends. Many humans and halflings have fled the bullying before it becomes persecution, and many more are planning to leave soon.

Neither are the dwarf clans on the best of terms with each other. The recent wars seem to have exacerbated the frictions and tensions that have plagued the dwarves for centuries. The Wyrwarfs, in particular, are being harassed by the military patrols that

"Here," I began to reach for the journal and assumed a helpful, friendly expression. "I can show you my accounts on my yard goods if you like." [This ploy always worked well; the dwarves, to a man, seemed to have no interest whatsoever in accounts of yard goods.]

"Huh, no. I can see that they're figures now. Where you headin', boy?"

"To Greenston and to Evemur after that." [Here the captain retrieved a small writing set from one of the soldiers' packs and wrote my stated destinations on my papers, then wrote the date and the time and signed his name.]

"You're free to go, boy, you look clean enough. But don't be getting any ideas about changing your route, or the next patrol will be down on you like a hammer on iron in the forge, and that's where you'll wish you'll be."

[The patrol moved off, leaving me to pick up my "trade goods," which the soldiers had left strewn upon the ground. I knew better than to argue with a Rockhome patrol about their treatment of me or my belongings.]

scour the surface of Rockhome. The Wyrwarf clan leader has spoken out several times in the Senate, saying that if the unjustified harassment of his clan isn't stopped, they can make it stop by not planting in the spring. Since most dwarves regard the surface and the effort of growing food with such disdain, the Wyrwarfs have a real stranglehold on Rockhome—if they stopped their work, the nation could starve.

The isolationist Hurwarfs have become more vocal since the civil war two years ago, and there are ugly rumors of a Torkrest-Hurwarf alliance forming to wrest power from the Everast clan. Were that to happen, it would be a very bad thing for Rockhome. The nation doesn't need any more unrest than it's already had. Closing Rockhome to the world would bode ill for the surface-dwelling Wyrwarfs and nondwarf races—any increase in the intensity of the power struggle between the surface-dwellers and the dwarven military would probably have unpleasant and long-lasting results.

Perhaps the worst thing in Rockhome lately, worse even than the Torkrest militia that stalk the countryside, is the Hammer. Over the last few months, many farmers' houses have been burned down in the middle of the night and the family driven away as they run from the house by this secret society of dwarves clothed entirely in black, their faces and identities hidden.

For most dwarves, though, life seems to go on as usual despite the recent unrest and strife. They still do their work every day, go to their guilds, worship their dwarven immortal Kagyar, and go home to their families at the end of the day. The civil war touched few beyond the Everast and Torkrest clans, and the dwarves seem eager to put the recent war in the Broken Lands behind them and get on with their lives. They may be especially eager to forget about the war for Oenkmar because so many lives were lost.

Unless you're a Rockhome-born dwarf, a mercenary of provable loyalty, or suicidal, the dwarven nation is not a good place to go right now. Half the population seems bent on rebuilding and using Rockhome's military might for various causes and the other half wants to forget all about the events that the nation and its people have just endured. Rockhome is still a powder keg with a short fuse. And any match could set it alight.

My advice for would-be travelers is to go to the Northern Reaches instead. The Northern Reaches are just as mountainous as Rockhome and its people are just as naturally unwelcoming as Rockhome dwarves. And you're far less likely to be killed or to become embroiled in dangerous events.

Don't Miss

To the eyes of a Glantrian—or any other foreigner—there is surely no greater sight within the forbidden nation of Rockhome than the city of Lower Dengar—and there is surely no greater danger or excitement to be found anywhere in Rockhome than in visiting that city. Upper Dengar is an interesting city, although it is only a city like so many others on Mystara, full of trade and goods and people eager to make either a living or good money. But Lower Dengar is the true Rock Home of the dwarves, and its splendor is inconceivable to one who has not been there. But beware: The dwarves do not take kindly to outsiders intruding uninvited upon their great underground city.

Five enormous caverns make up Lower Dengar, and although I am not sure the dwarves can live there indefinitely without outside goods, the caverns can protect and sustain the dwarves during a long siege, and that is one of the dwarves' main goals for Dengar. The city has a source of fresh water and cleverly excavated shafts to supply fresh air, and the dwarves grow a type of fungus for food.

Perhaps the most startling—to a surface-dweller like me, at least—and omnipresent feature of Lower Dengar is its lighting. A phosphorescent fungus is carefully grown along many of the cavern and building walls and ceilings, and it provides a permanent twilight. Although the dwarves supplement this lighting with oil lamps, cressets, and the occasional globes enchanted with continual light, it is this twilight that pervades Rockhome. It only enhances the feelings of awe and insignificance one gets from standing in any of the caverns, seeing their immensity, and imagining their ancient origins at the hands of dwarves, dead centuries ago, who carved them and of their descendants who still make this place their home. Indeed, it will be the rare visitor who isn't jostled by dwarves in front of whom he has suddenly stopped, awestruck.

Dwarfheart Cavern is the heart of Lower Dengar, which is the rock heart of the dwarf homeland. Dwarfheart is immense—it is probably nearly two miles long—and the dwarves live and work there in many tall buildings carved out of the living rock itself. The ceiling is immensely tall and thick with stalactites. The light of the sun dances into the cavern through veins of remarkably clear crystal that run all the way from the surface, and the cavern fairly glows during the day. (Ventilation shafts bring in fresh air.)

Of the other caverns of Lower Dengar, only the Singing Chambers comes close to Dwarfheart cavern in sheer excitement. The Singing Chambers are at the heart of the city's ventilation system, and the winds that scour the mountain outside tear through the shafts and down into the cavern, producing a variety of singing and whistling noises. Standing in the Singing Chambers makes one feel a little like they were standing among sirens in the middle of a storm. It's eerie and unsettling and quite possibly dangerous, although it somehow pulls at a man's heartstrings until it's all he wants to do.

Sind

by Ursula Bremen

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to submit my report of the ***[censored]*** mission ***[censored]***. The mission's purpose was to determine the stability of Sind in general and of several Sindhi states of particular interest to Darokin. Toney House has taken substantial losses since the war with Sind, and it was deemed desirable to explore the possibility of normalization of trade relations with parts of Sind if such is not yet possible with the country itself.

Background Information

Sind borders Darokin near Akesoli, and, although the war in 1005 interrupted peaceful relations, merchants have enjoyed prosperous trade for centuries. Hulean troops still surround the capital city of Sayr Ulan, and the self-styled "Master of Hule" remains in control of the nation. However, the deposition of the Master of Hule's puppet ruler of Sind (Kiritan ul Nervi, see Attachment A ***[censored]***) and restoration of the former rajadhiraja, Chandra ul Nervi (apparently as a means to prevent wholesale rebellion by the populace), have given rise to hopes that normalization of trade relations may be possible, since the Master of Hule has made no attempts to tighten his stranglehold on Sind in the past few years.

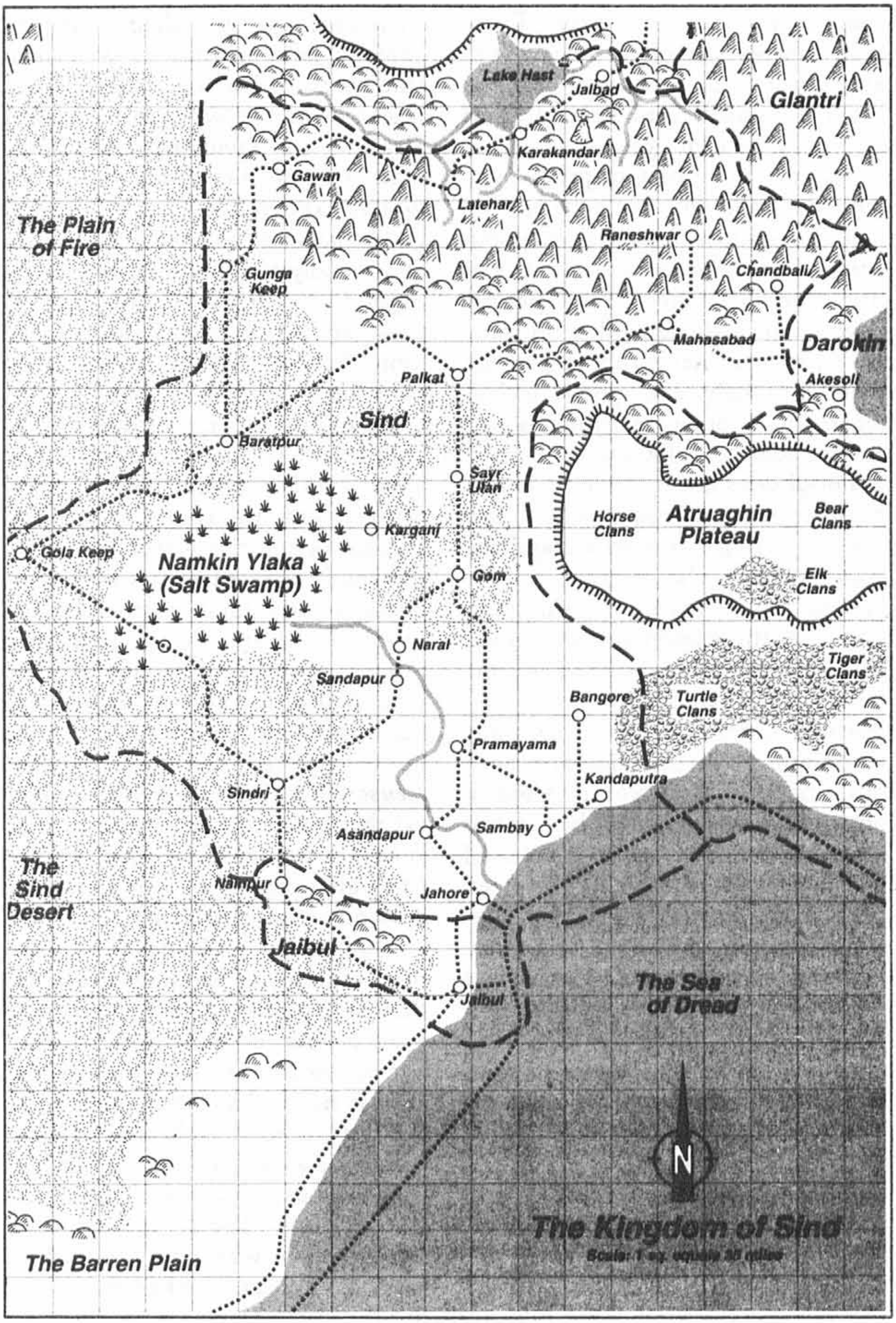
Overview of the Sindhi Provinces

There are eleven provinces (called *mumlykets* in the native tongue) in Sind. Each is a more or less independent kingdom, although each king *(raja)* owes fealty to the "king of kings" *(rajadhiraja)* who rules from Sayr Ulan in the province of Sindrastan. Another, independent, nation called Jaibul is usually considered a part of Sind proper, although its ruler does not owe the rajadhiraja fealty.

The province of **Azadgal** fronts the Asanda River (the only major river in the entire nation) and is well off by Sindhi standards, which are generally low. Farming is rich along the river and active mines in the western reaches of the province offer considerable wealth. Before the war, Toney House enjoyed robust trade with Azadgal, which spent a great deal of its mineral wealth on goods such as silks, teas, and luxury goods. The rajah of Azadgal habitually fielded large numbers of loyal and superbly trained soldiers of the noble caste to guard his silver mines; since the war, the rajah has had difficulties finding suitably trained loyal troops, and Darokin may wish to supply such troops to the rajah.

In the province of **Baratkand,** indeed the entire western reaches of Sind, there is little of economic interest to Darokin. Due to its poverty Baratkand has always had difficulty defending itself. Consequentially, it is not inconceivable that, should relations with the country of Sind be-

The Kingdom of Sind


Lake Hast
Jalbad
Glantri
Karakandar
Gawan
Latehar
The Plain of Fire
Raneshwar
Gunga Keep
Chandbali
Mahasabad
Darokin
Palkat
Akesoli
Sind
Baratpur
Sayr Ulan
Horse Clans
Atruaghin Plateau
Bear Clans
Kargani
Gola Keep
Namkin Ylaka (Salt Swamp)
Gom
Elk Clans
Naral
Tiger Clans
Sandapur
Bangore
Turtle Clans
Pramayama
Kandaputra
Sindri
Asandapur
Sambay
The Sind Desert
Naimpur
Jahore
Jaibul
The Sea of Dread
Jaibul
N
The Kingdom of Sind
Scale: 1 sq. equals 30 miles
The Barren Plain

come normalized in the future, Darokin would wish to offer some form of assistance to Baratkand in order to bolster its ability to defend itself against future incursions.

The province of **Gunjab** is also quite poor and does not have enough natural resources to provide its population with many of the necessities of life. Gunjab's king and his people have in the past depended on trade with Darokin merchants to provide them with many basic goods, including grain and other foodstuffs as well as basic tools and clothing.

Jaibul does not count itself as part of Sind; it is instead a magocracy ruled by a single, powerful mage (the "Black Rajah") who comes to rule by besting contenders in magical duels. Although this nation exports slaves, gold, and rare alchemical oils, for the most part it exhibits an isolationist posture. Jaibul does not encourage trade and political relations with other nations. However, it is worth noting that escaped slaves have taken refuge in the hilly country in Jaibul and raid caravans traveling between Jaibul and Nainpur. The outlaws subsist on stolen foodstuffs and trade goods, but they apparently hope that these economic disruptions will throw Jaibul's small economy into enough disarray that a more congenial government can be established. These freedom fighters may also be aiding the underground resistance in Sind. (See Attachment B ***[censored].)***

The southerly province of **Jalawar** is bounded by the Asanda River and the Sea of Dread, and boasts three significant ports, including the port of Sambay. Jalawar formerly welcomed traders from Darokin, Minrothad, Ierendi, and the western nations of Slagovich and Yavdlom and the Davanian coast to the south; before the war it exported many agricultural goods. Jalawar has always been open and friendly to the world, and seems eager to to get back to business as usual and to welcome traders once more. Indeed, trade has picked up in the main sea port of Sambay.

Jhengal is a large province comprising little but desert, badlands, and a salt swamp. Nevertheless, many Sindhi caravans traveled through Jhengal before the war. Due to this province's remoteness and poverty of resources, it is unlikely that Darokin would have any direct economic interest in it, but the value of trade with Sindhi merchants who would then trade with Jhengal is not to be underestimated. (See Attachment C ***[censored].)*** The only Jhenghali product that is of any conceivable interest is kaji, a tranquilizer of great potency (it is also prized as a poison—see Attachment D ***[censored]).***

The province of **Kadesh** is known for fielding excellent warriors, although the ranks of its military have been decimated by the war; the number of warriors trained and fielded appear not to have recovered since the war. (See Attachment E ***[censored].)*** Kadesh's most valuable natural resource is wood, but this resource has little value outside of Sind. Kadesh was little affected by the war, and only token forces are kept at the capital of Latehar and Gunga Keep on the western border.

Nagpuri borders Darokin and was formerly engaged in lively trade, exporting spices and silks in return for payment in precious metals and gems. The province was devastated during the war, however, and its rich agricultural lands are only now beginning to resume their former productivity. Hulean troops have currently little presence in Nagpuri, and since the province is slowly regaining its former economic health, it would appear advantageous to attempt to reestablish trade relations. (In addition, Nagpuri's ruler is a powerful wizard, and most of his personal purchases consist of spell components, unusual objects, and other magical supplies. Since the war, the rajah has turned to Glantri for his supplies, but it it would be to Darokin's ***[censored]*** and economic advantage to regain its position as the rajah's main supplier.)

The economic base of the province of **Peshmir,** which borders Glantri, is agricultural trade with Glantri and distant Wendar. Although Peshmir's farmlands and fishing grounds are rich and plentiful, there appears to be an imbalance between the revenues generated by these industries and the amount of wealth the rajah and the province in general enjoy; the rajah may have a private source of wealth. (See Attachment F ***[censored])*** Due to its slim public economic profile, Peshmir did not hold the interest of the Master of Hule and is currently only lightly occupied by Hulean troops.

Putnabad is well situated along the Asanda River and the Sea of Dread and enjoys some of the best farmland to be found in Sind. However, its capital, Jahore, termed the "Pearl of Putnabad," is a squalid and apparently ill-managed city. The province's ruler, Jalil Ashupta, is perhaps less competent than might be desirable: the noteworthy activities of his rule appear to have consisted of acquiring the rajadhiraja's permission to call himself maharajah ("great king") and styling himself "khan" after a visit by an Ethengar diplomat some 20 years ago. Ashupta has apparently been unable to capitalize on his province's natural advantages, although it appears that Putnabad could easily be a fierce competitor of the province of Jalawar, which is located directly across the Asanda River (see Attachment H ***[censored]).***

The province of **Shajarkand** produces a modest but steady supply of subsistence agricultural products (salt, goat's milk, hides, and the like), but more importantly it has the only tiger preserve known to exist in the world. Before the war, the rajah of Shajarkand personally handled export of a small number of tigers to other lands (as pets of rulers and the wealthy, as combatants in Thyatian coliseums, as "monsters" for the Ierendi safaris, and so on), but this trade has ceased since the hostilities. A small but significant tiger deficiency has developed in these markets since the war, and it is likely that export of these animals, which have grown relatively numerous in the preserve during the last decade, would generate sporadic but handsome revenues.

The nation's capital, Sayr Ulan, is located within the province of **Sindrastan.** The capital was originally a trading point between Darokin and the western nation of Slagovich, but the development of the northern caravan route 20 years ago allowed Glantri and Wendar to become dominant in Sindrastan's trade relations. Although there is much to be gained from attempting to restore open diplomatic and trade relations with Sindrastan, the fact that Hulean troops are numerous and influential in this province—in effect, control the capital city—prevents resumption of relations for the foreseeable future.

Attachment B–1: Mission Diary

My instructions directed me to travel in the guise of a mystic of the Shehid order: while this disguise presented the possibility of personal danger, the advantages it offered for traveling as freely as possible and of meeting many people, including personages of considerable power, far outweighed the inherent dangers.

I entered Sind in the guise of a merchant traveling with a caravan along the trade route from Akesoli to Mahasabad in the province of Nagpuri. Once in Mahasabad, I left the caravan, remained in hiding for several days ***[censored],*** then assumed the Shehid disguise and began my mission in earnest.

My route brought me from Akesoli into Sind by way of Mahasabad, then I followed the trade route through Palkat, into the capital city of Sayr Ulan, to the fortress of Gom, to Pramayama, thence across the Asanda River to Asandapur.

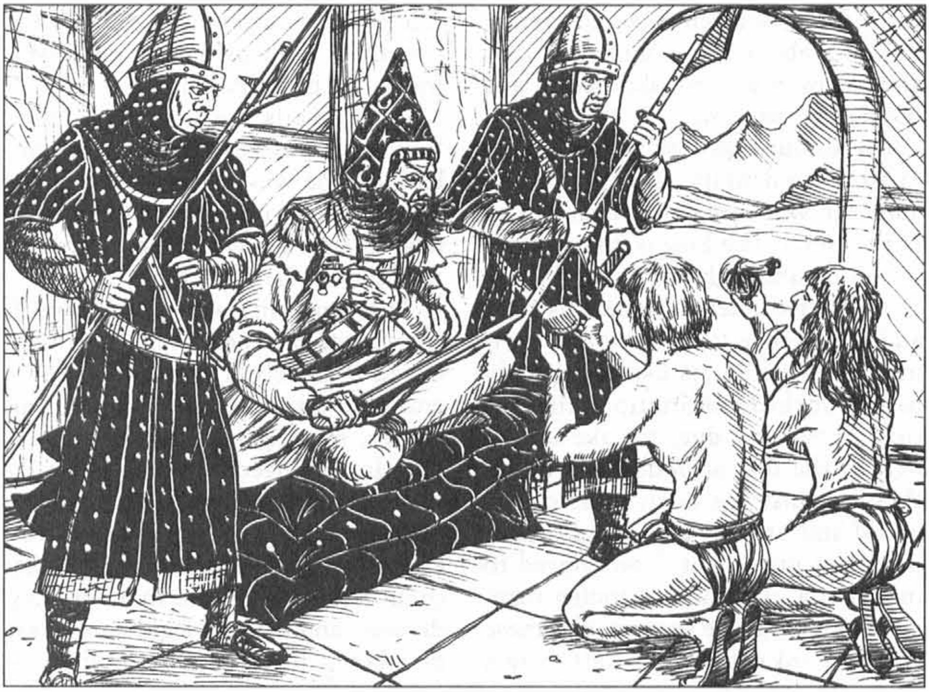
In Nagpuri I studied a family of goatherders in the mountains. The war seems to have affected them little. As is usual with people who live in isolated areas, they were eager to trade stories of goings-on in the world. Hulean troops have not been seen roaming Nagpuri for the last year and a half and the province seems to be relatively stable, both economically and politically.

[Section censored.]

The most unusual event of the mission was my audience with Jalil Ashupta, rajah of Putnabad. The rajah, now a man of 70, appears to wish to cut a dashing figure of a great ruler. He receives visitors while sitting cross-legged upon a large velvet cushion placed upon a fine carpet. He also cultivates an eccentric personal appearance with great gusto. He paints his eyebrows with black kohl to form a perfect, shallow V over his eyes, and the eyebrows extend up under his headdress. His eyes are likewise outlined in black kohl, which gives him a fixed, though attentive expression. His black beard (probably the result of dyes or magic) is forked like those of the Northmen, but elaborately combed so as to fan out to either side; his thin mustaches are likewise combed straight up and outward. The desired effect appears to be that of a lion's mane, but the actual result falls short of its objective. He wears a high conical hat of red felt, highly embroidered and ornamented. His robe is pure white, with long sleeves that extend to his wrists and many skirts that he takes great care to spread about him to best effect. He wears a number of military-style decorations, a great deal of jewelry and other ornaments (necklaces, bracelets, and ornamented sashes at his waist and across his chest) and rests one hand lightly on a sword of office that lies across his knees.

Although somewhat imposing in appearance, maharajah Ashupta seems to be entering his dotage. Several times during the audience, the rajah looked toward the ceiling and extended a pale finger skyward, then began to recite poetry (evidently of his own composition). After a few moments of this, the maharajah would invariably cease his recitation, look around swiftly, resume his former posture, and intone in his thin, high, voice "and what of the tigers?" as though nothing had happened.

The rajah is currently without heir, and his province, although of little economic interest, is located so as to be an attractive target should the Master of Hule decide to attempt a second attack on these lands. It may therefore behoove Darokin to ensure Putnabad's future political stability by selecting and grooming a suitable protégé for the rajah to name as heir.



[Section censored.]

Visiting the city of Sayr Ulan proved most difficult. The humanoid troops stationed around the capital are ill-trained and loutish but eager to make their presence and strength known. They bully passersby of all social ranks and professions, and the people privately grumble against them in their homes and in quiet corners of public places. I fell afoul of one patrol of Hulean humanoid soldiers, who demanded to know why they hadn't seen me before. (The soldiers have been posted in Sind long enough to be familiar with many of the traveling Shehid mystics; they were clearly interested in bullying rather than controlling the populace.) Unsatisfied with my answers, they put me in their military prison for six days; the prison remained constantly full with about 20 Sindhis of all ages and castes who were shuffled in and out during that time.

My disguise as a traveling Shehid mystic eventually allowed me an audience with the Rajadhiraja, Chandra ul Nervi. The king is just entering his fifties, although the war and stress of the recent internal upheavals have added a decade to his face and bearing. The Rajadhiraja listened quietly to my Shehid exhortations that, as ruler, it was his duty to take up the part of the downtrodden and to aid them against the difficulties of the world and of men who would trample them underfoot. I attempted to maintain a mild, understanding manner throughout the sermon, and these efforts paid off, as the Rajadhiraja invited me to his private quarters after the audience.

Once in his quarters, the Rajadhiraja asked me, as a Shehid, to guide him in a prayer to Himayeti (the protective manifestation of the Sindhi patron Immortal) that he would be able to guide his nation and his people through these dark days. That done, we shared a cup of wine and talked of recent news and made light conversation. The Rajadhiraja appears to be a kind, fatherly man wholly dedicated to freeing his nation from the yoke of foreign tyranny and, failing that, to protecting his people as much as possible from the depredations of war and of foreign soldiers.

For my part, I dropped veiled hints during the conversation that many powerful nations nearby must surely fear for Sind's safety as surely as they feared for their own. Through statements such as "perhaps the days of Sind's travails are numbered" and "Himayeti watches Sind and her troubles, and he will not forget her in her hour of need," I attempted to intimate that foreign aid would be offered to Sind should the opportunity arise.

The Rajadhiraja responded with complaints of rebels in the hills who called themselves freedom fighters and who attacked patrols of Hulean troops, causing uncertainty and fomenting insurrection, and generally inviting oppressive reactions from the Master of Hule. I responded to the effect that the Immortals would repay them richly, after the manner they deserve, and that the legitimate rulers of a land, if they are deserving, are rewarded by the Immortals with a long and fruitful rule.

[Section censored.]

One of my last stops in the nation of Sind was the new monastery of Sitara Rohini. After this woman and her monastic companion, Anand Brishnapur, were driven from the city of Karakandar in Peshmir in 1012 by the Sindhi clerical caste, they founded a monastery in the mountain lair of a dragon they had killed and followers have since flocked to them. Sitara is a remarkable woman with a magnetic personality and a quiet manner: it's little wonder that she draws people to her. Her followers are hard-working, good-natured people, and it is a pleasure to watch them tend the sick and talk with those who made the arduous trip in search of enlightenment.

Sitara and Anand are enlightened, discerning people; I believe that they quickly saw through my Shehid disguise and guessed my mission, but they have no love of the Hulean troops and I have no fear that they would betray me or any Darokinian agent who visited their country ***[censored].***

Summary: The nation of Sind longs to be free of its yoke of domination, and it appears that Chandra ul Nervi and others of political power welcome offers of aid. The Hulean presence is diminishing in Sind, as that nation is both quiescent and unprofitable, and the interest of the "Master" of Hule wanes daily. Sind could soon be a suitable and profitable ally and business partner for Darokin once more.

A Note from Ursula Bremen

Dear Joshuan:

I apologize for having to submit such dry reports, but I have been unable to make the time to write any articles for you from scratch. I hope these reports will be of some use to you (sometimes our censors go a little overboard in releasing such documents for publication). As amends, please accept the following words on Sind, which will perhaps be of interest to your readers.

For the truly adventuresome adventurer or traveler, remote and occupied Sind offers a number of attractions. The easiest to find and most challenging of all activities is baiting the Hulean troops stationed throughout the country. Individual duels or skirmishes with patrols are both likely possibilities.

Those who survive this attraction may wish to undertake the arduous trek to the monastic enclave of the new Immortal Gareth, led by the prophet Sitara Rohini. The trip itself is quite exciting, as the traveler must brave the dangers of the climb itself, of the elements, and of the monsters ranging freely throughout the mountains. The monastery offers little in the way of creature comforts, but the views are spectacular; Sitara, Anand, and their followers are pleasantly cheerful; and the atmosphere is refreshing and restful. The visitor will suddenly find that nearly a week has gone by without his noticing and and he is happy, relaxed, and reluctant to leave.

The Empire of Thyatis

by Favonius Viator

Mighty Thyatis, jewel of the world,
Great is your glory, strong is your arm.
Lasting millennia, long lives of men,
Gen'rous your mercy, kindness your strength.

Yet majesty leaves us, for Thincol is gone,
Taking the dark road all men must tread.
Darkling the world, our life slips away,
Thyatis dies too as our sun sets.

Mighty Eusebius, scion of strength,
Saddened by loss but willing to rule.
Take up the sceptre, crown'd be your head,
Guide us, your people, lead us ahead.

Life comes again, and now we are healed,
Sensing the brightness, seeing new life.
A new sun arises, born of the last,
A new day is dawning, morning at last.

Verses upon the Ascension of Eusebius Torion
to the Imperial Throne
—Adrianus Sescenti Verbi Vilii,
Third Underpoet to the Imperial
Court at Thyatis City

Thyatis is the oldest empire, the oldest nation, in the world. For a millennium the Empire has enjoyed the most stable government known. Thyatis has, at one time or another, conquered most of the now-civilized world. All the civilized nations of the world speak our tongue. The governments of many nations are based on the Thyatian model. Thyatis is at the hub of the world's trade routes. Plays written in Thyatis centuries ago are considered classics, and are

The Emperor

by Favonius Viator

Emperor Thincol's long and vibrant reign ended in sadness and fear. The Empire seemed to sicken as he did, prey to plague, war, and seemingly to the wrath of the fickle immortals, and many feared for a while that the Empire would also die with him. However, it is fervently hoped that a newly strong Thyatis will soon take her place in the world again with the ascension of our new Emperor. Thincol's firstborn, Eusebius is a relatively young man with many years ahead of him.

Prince Eusebius assumed the Imperial throne after a long period of decline of both his father's and the Empire's health. But he showed his strength and ability to rule immediately upon ascending the throne. He first cleaned his political house, beginning a purge of the bureaucratic vermin that had grown fat and lazy by preying upon the Empire and its people fot as long as his father—and the nation with him—had sickened.

Emperor Eusebius has withstood the all-too-predictable subsequent at-still acted throughout the civilized world. Thyatian sports are also played world-wide. The military troops of distant nations train according to Thyatian standards and deploy in formations developed by Thyatian generals. With the passing of our ancient enemy Alphatia, drowned by the Immortals beneath the oceans for its decadence, we are the only true empire now left.

So perhaps you will forgive us our "Thyatian arrogance," for we simply know that we have earned our place in the world. Thyatis is a cultured city and nation. We are tolerant and open-minded—even our common footsoldiers, who are posted throughout the world, are educated and cultured by means of their upbringing, their military training. We have, in many ways, made the modern world, but we have also learned from it.

Thyatis has been a conquering nation, that is true. The world has benefited from this, both in culture and cohesiveness. Thyatis is now a mature nation, willing to leave the hotheadedness of youth behind her and turn to the more mature pursuits of governing and regulating her growth. So do not judge Thyatis harshly, do not condemn her out of hand. Study her ways and learn for yourself what we and our nation are like.

The Land

Thyatis is a peninsula thrusting into the waters where the seas meet—the Sea of Dread to the south and the Sea of Dawn to the east. Our ancestors, the three brothers Thyatis, Kerendas, and Hattias, ended their long wanderings upon the earth when they found this land. These three brothers' descendants settled the land and prospered. From their new homeland they began to

tempts on his life, each of which has merely redoubled his efforts to root out the villains.

Many Thyatians, both at home and abroad, are pinning their hopes for future prosperity on Emperor Eusebius. And they are right to do so. Eusebius is strong, intelligent, and shrewd, a fitting match for any enemies of the state. He is also popular among the citizens and even with some of the senators and noblemen. You can hardly go by a public house in Thyatis City—or, I imagine, in any Thyatian land on Mystara—without hearing people toasting the new Emperor and claiming that he will bring a new age of glory to Thyatis.

Old women and others given to superstition have taken to wearing the Emperor's likeness (usually in the form of a pendant bust) and calling upon his name whenever they are in need. Some Thyatian nobles and senators—particularly those who feel themselves in precarious political positions—are following suit. A sort of personality cult? Certainly. But one that won't hurt the Emperor or the Empire a bit—at least not for the short term.

spread outward, and less civilized and less capable peoples fell under their sway.

The history of Thyatis has always been one of strength, learning, tolerance, stability, and wisdom. At the death of her husband, the first Emperor of Thyatis, Empress Valentia, called the Justicar, developed the laws and society we still live by. In seven years' time, by decree of Emperor Eusebius, the millennium of those proclamations will be celebrated throughout the Empire.

Though the lands Thyatis can call her own are not as many as at the height of her glory, they are still numerous.

The county of **Actius** is a small island of farmers who can coax little from their land. Poverty keeps them rooted to this unproductive region. Only the ship-builders of Actius earn a fair wage, as they labor to produce ships for the Thyatian Navy.

The Barony of **Biazzan** lies in a rich river valley sheltered by steep hills. Despite the barony's small size, it prospers—many traders pass through on their travels between Thyatis and Ylaruam.

Baron Biazzan's capital city has benefited from its prominence as a stopping point, for the University of Biazzan has become one of the finest in the world. Faculty and students alike benefit from the continual flow of people and knowledge through the barony and from the peaceful, protected surroundings.

The protectorate of the island of **Borydos** is a miserable rock that serves the Empire well as a prison colony. Borydos is a grim and cheerless place. Prisoners no doubt wish desperately to leave, but the chances of that are slim indeed. The island's vegetation is cut so that escapees have nowhere to hide. Specially bred sea monsters are raised from birth to swim around the island and trained to eat any people they find in the waters there. The soldiers who must spend a tour of duty as wardens of Borydos are eager to leave—none has asked for a second posting there.

The Barony of **Buhrohur** is a small, mountainous land of dwarves. Like the famous Rockhome dwarves, the Buhrohur dwarves are lovers of gold, peace and quiet, and more gold. Makrast is the only city of note in the Barony, although it is a typical dwarf city. Only about one fifth of the city lies above ground; the dwarves have excavated most of their city out of the earth itself. Any visitor who is not a dwarf must be accompanied by a dwarf; the city is closed to non-dwarves between dusk and dawn.

Another thing exceptional about Makrast is the mountain it is named for—the western face appears to have been sheared off by a great force in some event lost to memory long ago.

The protectorate of the island of **Carytion** is a retreat for wealthy nobles. The palatial estates of the rich are built here, each surrounded by its own village. The estates enjoy beautiful views and the protection of the naval base also on the island.

The County of **Halathius** is a rocky, mountainous land known for its gold—and brigands who wish to steal said gold. Although Halathius is one of the larger Thyatian counties, Goldleaf is the only community of note there. Multitudes of goldsmiths, government officials, merchant shippers, and those who supply their needs live in Goldleaf. A fair warning to all those who would visit Halathius in search of riches: Miners must be licensed by the County; all unlicensed miners are considered brigands and dealt with accordingly.

The island and county of **Hattias** was settled by one of the three founding brothers and bears his name, but his descendants have besmirched his name and their own reputations. Many centuries ago the Hattians rebelled against the Empire, wishing to establish their own independent kingdom. The rebellion was crushed, and the Emperor punished the Hattians by stripping them of their status and imposing restrictive laws—such as the one, still in effect, that forbids the fortifying of towns.

The island of Hattias lies south of the Thyatian mainland; Vanya's Girdle separates the two. The largest of the Thyatian mainland dominions, the island has little in common with the motherland. Hattias is mostly hill country, fit only for grazing skinny goats and sheep. Vines grow well in Hattias' dry climate; indeed wine is Hattias' most notable export. Fishing and dirt farming are the only other productive occupations available to Hattians.

Many Hattians engage in one more occupation, less profitable—and less honorable, many feel—than fishing: membership in the Storm Soldiers, an illegal society of warriors bent on regaining the position and power Hattias once had in Thyatian affairs.

On the whole, the Hattians do not subscribe to the ideals of tolerance, fair play, and open-mindedness that have made the Empire so great. They are a narrow-minded lot who view themselves as superior to all others simply because they have never mixed with people with different beliefs and traditions than their own.

As disruptive and destructive as the Storm Soldiers can be (and some have taken a liking for terrorism), they're a better lot than the Knights of Vanya, intolerant sons whom even the Hattians could not tolerate. The Hattians ejected the Knights of Vanya several decades ago, and the Knights have run roughshod over the lands they have since settled—primarily the Heldannic Territories and Norwold.

The **Hinterlands** are Thyatis' newest colonial area, on the northern coast of the southern continent of Davania. Until we began colonizing, the red-haired barbarians living in this jungle land lived in tiny, independent clans in their own territorial lands. Thyatian soldiers and settlers are now bringing civilization to these people. The barbarians are intelligent and teachable, and they happily adopt Thyatian customs. However, they still do not quite understand the benefits of forming a single people with agreed-upon goals, and they stubbornly continue to live in small clans within the jungle.

Those with an adventuresome bent may find their place in this wild frontier land. Raven Scarp is a thriving colonial city and Thyatis is willing to grant lands in the Hinterlands to any who will tame them.

The **Isle of Dawn** is an enormous island east of the mainland in the Sea of Dawn. It has for centuries been a bone of contention between Thyatis and the Alphatian Empire, and many areas of the Isle have changed imperial hands over the centuries. With the sinking of the Alphatian Empire several years ago, Thyatis has been able to strengthen her hold on the Isle of Dawn, even in the face of the burgeoning New Alphatian Empire.

The Isle of Dawn is a patchwork of small provinces held by Thyatis or the New Alphatian Empire. Those held by Thyatis are the Barony of Caerdwicca; the Counties of Kendach and Redstone; the Grand Duchy of Westrourke; the Kingdom of Helskir; and the Provinces of Dunadale, Furmenglaive, and Septentriona. In fact, Thyatis now is denied control of only four provinces on this island: Thothia, the City-States of Ekto and Trikelios, and the Province of East Portage. The Great Escarpment is also claimed by Thothia.

The Isle depends on agriculture, fishing, and trade, and exports much food to Thyatis. Emperor Eusebius has initiated a strong colonization program here.

Kantrium is a small Thyatian duchy, but also ancient. Granted to an ally of the first Emperor, it formed the border with Ylaruam for centuries before Tel Akbir was won. Sadly, Kantrium's days in the sun are gone. It is of little strategic importance now, and the thin strip of farmland at the foot of its mountains does not produce enough to make it important.

The Duchy of **Kerendas** was named after one of the three brothers who founded our race and nation. It is a rich, lush swath of grasslands and light forests, the heart of western Thyatis. Much of the Empire's food is grown here. The duchy is justly famous as the breeding ground of the Empire's horses and of the best-trained cavalry in the world.

Kerendas city is devoted to the Cavalry—by law, no crops may be grown within two miles of the city walls, ensuring the Cavalry ample room for training and maneuvers. Kerendas is a military town, and while the military people there celebrate prowess and skill, they require discipline in all things. Visitors to Kerendas city should obey the law scrupulously at all times.

The County of **Lucinius** is a mountainous peninsula, home mainly to goats, sheep, cattle, and other hill-dwelling chattel. However, its citizens are justly proud of Port Lucinius, an important naval post. Port Lucinius is called the Shield of the East, for it fronts Vanya's Girdle, guarding the approach to Thyatis City itself.

The Duchy of **Machetos** was formerly the rich ancestral holding of Duke Stefan Karameikos; he traded it four decades ago for the province of Traladara to the west, which he subsequently declared a sovereign nation.

Machetos is now a poor province, although the present duke strives to restore it to its former position. The duchy's income comes from logging, farming, and traders passing through. Foresters in the area take it upon themselves to protect the pristine beauty of unspoiled forests and to keep deer from being poached.

Despite its long stretch of coast on the Dread Sea, Machetos has no notable port. The only significant settlement is the city of Machetos, crowned by the duke's ancient, but still formidable, castle.

The island duchy of **Mositius** is a popular vacation spot for the young, well-to-do rich who have nothing better to do than to spend their family's money. The rich stay on Mositius for a week or more at a time, hoping that the volcano there will shoot forth its steam, which has the power to set at ease all who experience it.

Mositius depends and thrives on tourism. All businesses, by law, are open all day and all night. Visitors can expect a wild debauch, whether or not the volcano mists appear.

The Duchy of **Retebius** is justly famous for the beef cattle that grow fat upon its lush grasses and for the fleet horses that are bred there. It is also famous as the northern guard of the Duchy of Thyatis, and as the home of the Retebius Air Fleet.

Only a little younger than the Empire itself, the Retebius Air Fleet is a select cadre of knights that trains to fight on flying beasts—pegasi, rocs, griffons, hippogriffs, and dragons. These highly skilled fighters have maintained Thyatis's air superiority for centuries, and have swayed more than one battle to Thyatian victory.

About half of the city of Retebius is devoted to the needs of the Air Fleet. In times of peace squadrons of the Knights will enact public displays at which they fly in formation, engage in mock battles, and the like.

The tiny island of the Protectorate of **Sclaras** is a property of the crown. This rolling, forested island perched high atop sea cliffs, remote from the mainland, has for three centuries been a haven for wizards. Those who live here wish little more than to keep to themselves and to practice their arcane and dangerous arts in peace, away from prying eyes. None may visit Sclaras—and certainly none may enter a wizard's estate—without permission of a wizard. To my mind, and no doubt to the mind of any sane, sensible person, it's best to stay away from the place altogether.

The Duchy of **Tel Akbir**—also called the Tel Akbir Peninsula—borders the Emirates of Ylaruam. Aside from its strategic position, there's little to fight for here. The peninsula is grassy and arid, and the only city of note, Tel Akbir, is no more than a conveniently located port town. Local fishermen and farmers sell their goods to merchants who ship it around the world.

The people and customs of Tel Akbir owe as much to their Ylari as to their Thyatian heritage. Thyatian is the official tongue here, but many citizens speak Alasiyan as a matter of course. The city's architecture displays its twin histories well. Delicate structures crowned with Alasiyan onion domes stand beside solid Thyatian buildings—an interesting mix for the esthetically-minded visitor.

The proper nationality of the Grand Duchy of the island of **Terentias** was once in contention with Minrothad, but has been Thyatis's westernmost port and trading area for the last two centuries. It is an island of merchants, sailors, and pirates.

The Duchy of **Thyatis** is central to the lands that make up the mainland Empire. Here the brother named Thyatis settled, giving the land and the Empire his name. Here the Empire was born when the Thyatians, led by General Zendrolion, broke the back of the Alphatian assault.

Thyatis is a rich land, admirably suited to ruling the Empire's scattered and varied lands. Here are farmlands and vineyards, prime pasturage and hills, rivers and seashore.

The **City** that is the heart of Thyatis is the largest, most wealthy, and most glorious in all the world—and I do not boast, for I believe this to be true, and so do many others who are not even Thyatian! Thyatis is the jewel in the golden crown of the Empire, a microcosm of all that the Empire is and has been.

Walk the broad, paved boulevards. Admire the buildings, some of them constructed centuries ago and still awe-inspiring in their simplicity and elegance of design. Behold the statues of our many Emperors and heroes of the Empire, men and women who upheld Thyatian traditions and are still admired long after their passing. Walk the clean, paved streets. See the crowds around you, Thyatian citizens, nobles and slaves from every corner of the Empire as well as visit-

Thyatian Gladiators

These are the four most popular gladiators competing this season.

Elektra Sharpblade is a slave, originally from the northern lands. Well over six feet, she is strongly yet lithely built, and strikingly beautiful. She defies common sense by wearing her long, blonde hair unbound as she fights. Elektra wears only one piece of jewelry—a gold, claspless slave collar set with precious stones. Watching the consummately-skilled Elektra in combat can be a breathtaking experience. Elektra's favored weapon combination is the long sword and trident (she fights with only enough armor for decency's sake), and she has been bested by only one opponent this season, Hukkt, a slave ogre. Her owner, Macrinus Stephanion Longinus, has not yet risked Elektra in a combat to the death, but it is generally agreed that he would need not fear to lose his prize to such high stakes.

Hukkt, a slave ogre gladiator, has fought in the Coliseum for the past three seasons, and he has won many ing foreigners, awed by the presence of history. As you pass by the bread line at the Imperial Bakeries, you may contemplate Thyatian tradition as you see the chronic poor and the crippled happily receive their daily food by the Emperor's decree.

Even Minrothad elves, whose lives extend far beyond the years allotted to mortal men, feel an awe descend upon them when they contemplate the ancient days of Thyatis and of the Empire it rules.

Thyatis is crowned by the Palace on the Emperor's Hill; the estates of the wealthy and the offices of government (known popularly to cynics as the Machine) nestle on its flanks. The Heart, separated from the Hill by an aqueduct, reaches down to the harbor. Here is found everything a noble, citizen, or visitor could want. Here is the Coliseum, the Great Imperial Library, the Collegium Arcanum, the Gabronius Theatre, the Imperial Bakeries, the Baths (a private, not a public establishment), and Club Row, where the best restaurants and spectacular entertainments are to be found.

The County of **Vyalia** is the ancestral home of the Vyalia elves. (Vyalia forms part of Thyatis' western border with the nation of Karameikos, and some Vyalia elves now reside in that nation.) A small settlement of humans at Foreston is an important addition to the Empire, for it is the home of the Foresters, an order of fighting wizards trained by the Vyalia elves. The town of Foreston is decidedly rustic. Surrounded by a wooden palisade, its buildings owe far more to elves' ideas than to Thyatians'. Visitors interested in the benefits of virgin forests should take note that tree cutting is strictly forbidden throughout Vyalia and that no animals may be trapped for fur.

duels to the death. He fights only with an immense club, his bare hands, and a fierce, dim determination to crush his opponent. Hukkt is often pitted against wild animals, as the spectators always cheer the messy feast he makes before he is hauled from the arena. (To their credit, spectators take it amiss when Hukkt begins to feast upon a vanquished human foe, especially when the combat was not to the death.)

Stult Bearclaw, a freeman gladiator from Ierendi, left the make-believe safaris of his homeland for the life-and-death challenge—and significant remuneration—of fighting in the coliseum. He is remarkably large, and built entirely of muscle. Bearclaw specializes in combat to the death, and has bested six human and four animal opponents this season. He takes a theatrical approach to combat, arraying himself as a barbarian. He wears various pieces of hide armor smeared with "blood" paint, paints his face and chest with arcane designs, and will often roar deafeningly at his opponents. Bearclaw is a favorite with the crowds, but is

The Thyatian People

The Empire is immense, covering perhaps a quarter of the civilized world. Naturally, the Thyatian citizens of all these lands are diverse, with their own customs, histories, heritages, viewpoints, and traditions. But they are all knit together by the history and civilizing reach of Empire.

But all the peoples of all the lands of the Empire subscribe to, or at least admire, the traditional Thyatian values: strength in arms, self-reliance, self-discipline, efficiency, and proper honor and respect of those above you—your family, the Emperor, the immortals. Those with strength of arms and strength of character need not fear going wrong in any of the lands of the Empire of Thyatis.

Don't Miss

Sadly, many would-be visitors to Thyatis have missed the most exciting event that could occur in our lifetimes—the crowning of the Emperor Eusebius. The sheer majesty of the proceedings is almost unimaginable. In one day, the Emperor knit his people, who had long been divided by trouble and suspicion, together as one nation, gaining the throne, the crown, and the hearts of all those who call him Emperor.

But there is much to see and do in Thyatis. The gladiatorial games in the Coliseum have thrilled crowds for a millennium. Where else can you see fighters battle wild beasts, race horses or chariots, engage in mock land or sea battles, or display arcane magical skills—all in one or two days?

known to be a soft touch. Although he is reclusive and private, he has been seen sometimes, after combat, signing an autograph for a child sitting on his knee.

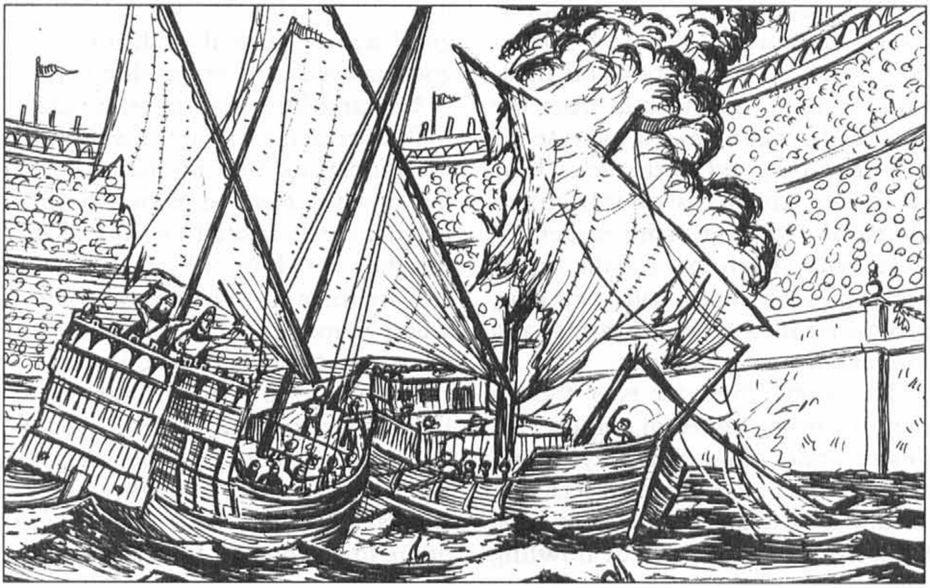
Speriopitis Melanikas, another freeman gladiator originally from Karameikos, approaches arena combat differently. Melanikas specializes in unarmed, acrobatic combat. A lithe, good-looking young man (a favorite with the ladies), Melanikas bests his opponents by leaping and tumbling out of the way over and over again, getting under his opponent's legs and tripping him, somehow disarming him so that his weapon lands 30 feet away, then suddenly getting behind his opponent and pressing both hands flat against his back—which the coliseum combat judges have decreed a "kill" for this gladiator. Melanikas' specialty makes him popular—the coliseum is always particularly crowded on days when Melanikas fights. Melanikas is a popular figure in Thyatis society, also, and sponsors many charitable events for the poor and the ill throughout the year.

Spectators line up for the day's events two hours before the games begin. Nobles have their own seats, which are guarded against trespassers. Visiting dignitaries also sit in reserved sections. The rest of the seating is open, and the sooner you get to the Coliseum, the better your seats. To ensure a good seat for any of the usual shows, be at the arena no later than one hour beforehand.

Special events (such as mock naval battles, for which the arena is flooded) attract lines of eager spectators as early as two days beforehand. Special events take place about once each month. Thyatian soldiers discreetly police the lines waiting to enter the Coliseum on special event days, making sure nobody gets out of hand while waiting.

Bring a cushion—the seats can get very hard. And bring your own food and drink, even if you have lucins to burn—the food around the coliseum is very expensive. Vendors inside and within two blocks of the Coliseum sell food and drink before and during the games, but your own lunch will be far preferable to gnawing a dry sausage wrapped in a stale piece of bread. Bring an umbrella or other covering, also—both rain and sun can become tiresome companions.

Bettors may wager at windows throughout the Coliseum—and the Coliseum offers the only legal betting on games. Bettors beware—Emperor Eusebius is cracking down on illegal bettors and bookmakers in an effort to restore the good name of the games. Many of the bookmakers outside the Coliseum are Imperial troops trying to bust things up. A word to the wise—make your bets inside the walls or don't make them at all.



Wendar

by Astrid Ragnisdottir

The land of Wendar lies far away from other lands, near the roof of the world. The Mengul Mountains press against its flanks; Glantri and the Ethengar grasslands lie at its feet; the northern wildlands and the Denagoth wilderness stretch away from it into the nothingness at the top of the world.

Wendar is a country of snow and ice, of mountains and wasteland, and of hills. Men and elves live there together in brotherhood, though hills yield little but rocks, and winds bring little but ice storms. Here men and elves scrabble to bring forth food and must stand together against the dangers of the world.

The elf King Gylharen rules there in kindness, granted the right to rule by the Elvenstar, a gem of great beauty and power, proof of his rightful kingship, a gift to him from the good gods, that he might increase his power to do good in the land. King Gylharen gives his people much cheer, and they prosper under his wise hand. There men make bonds with one another and with their king, promising loyalty, aid in arms, and love of one another's rights.

The people there are two, though they act as one united in purpose and desire under their king, Gylharen. Elves are there, of which ancient root no one now living knows. Long have they lived in that land of howling wind that scours the land, that sways even the mighty pines. Peaceful are they, and peace-loving, and the works of their hands make the land prosper. Humans are there, too, living as brothers with the elves, as brothers of agreement rather than as brothers born, entering freely into comradeship.

Southern elves are newly come to Wendar, elves from Alfheim in the south, fleeing the destruction of their homeland by their own cousins, long lost to them through the centuries. Truly, the desires of elves are no better than the desires of men; their long lives bring them no great wisdom, for they war upon one another, they fall upon one another like hungry hunting dogs, ravening for one another's blood. Fleeing evil days, evil events, these elves crowd poor Wendar.

Oh that Odin All-Father would grant us, during our poor span of time upon the earth, the wisdom to do good instead of evil, to learn to do good instead of wishing all our lives to be granted the fruits of selfish gain!

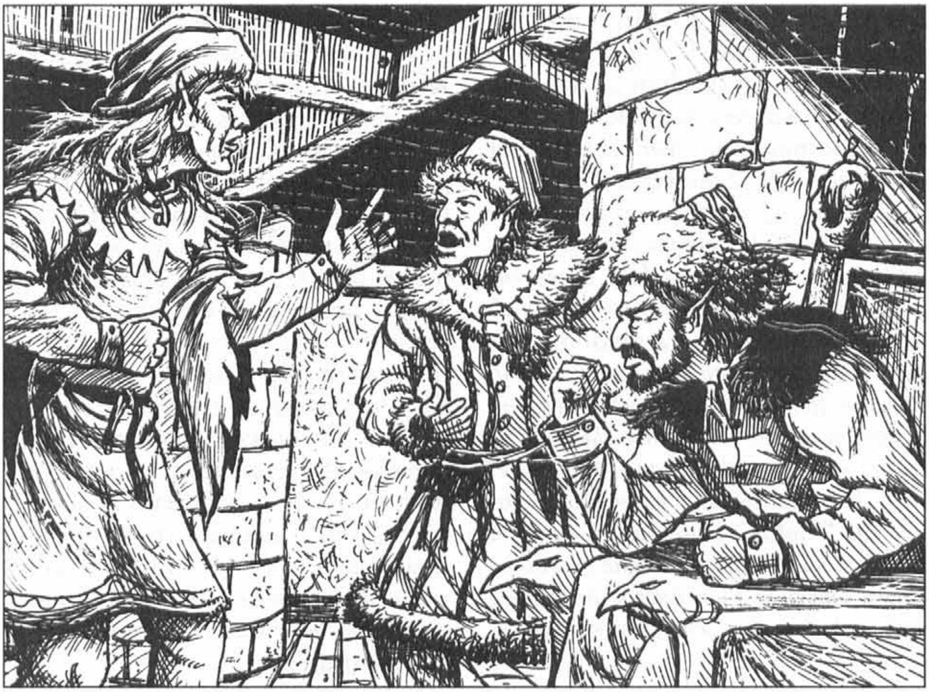
But yet clerics are much welcomed in Wendar, for that northern land is but newly recovered from a terrible plague, surely visited upon them by the gods. Few huts or byrnes of lowly folk are there that will not welcome a weary wanderer on his way, and for the comforts of hearth and home, for the comfort of kind laughter of friends by the fireside, will ask in return naught but instruction or healing and old stories of mighty heroes that set a man's heart afire with desire to do good for his fellow man.

Wendar

Evil creatures have tormented Wendar, foul creatures swarm down from their lairs in the northern hills, monsters from the bowels of the earth, for there is little land north of Wendar, and none that men can live in. The lands beyond Wendar are of fire and ice, of the fire of the belly of the earth that brings forth more earth and of the ice that is cold like death, the beginning and the end of the circle of the earth.

The foul creatures, orcs from the womb of the earth, raid the men of Wendar, falling upon them to steal their herds and break their bones and eat their children. The men of Wendar take up arms and beat them back to the northern lands from whence they came. Where they go, whether they go from there to other lands, to fall upon the people there, or whether the earth that spawned them consumes them again in her anger, no man knows, no sages have learned.

Men that travel in far northern Wendar are few, and hardy are they. Many would seek the cruel monsters from the hills, to destroy them utterly from the face of the earth. These warriors, their hearts aright, are welcomed in the farms and in the halls. They are made much of, and their strong arms make the farmers glad. Others that go to Wendar are merchants from the southern lands, men made fat by their wealth. They bring fine goods with them, luring men's desires into trading their goods, the work of their hands, for fine goods.



The Emirates of Ylaruam

by Faisel ibn Yasir

> Let your words be always as sharp with truth as the thorn of the desert rose, but let your words also be as clear as the morning light breaking over the mountains and as sweet as honey from the honeycomb.
>
> —*Al Kalim, The Nameh*

O my friends as yet unmet, let now your humble servant, Faisel-ibn-Yasir, tell you in his pitiful words of his homeland, the Emirates of Ylaruam. By reading these words, my friends, learn of the glorious history and present grandeur of the Emirates, and come to understand the graciousness and eternal wisdom of the holy words of Suleiman Al-Kalim, our once and perpetual leader, father of our nation and of our birth to honor.

[My good friend Faisel-ibn-Yasir quotes extensively from the Nameh in this article. After long, painstaking correspondence with Faisel, I determined which items were quotations and which were his own, sometimes elaborate, opinions. All passages from the Nameh are enclosed in quotation marks for greater clarity. The reader will also kindly note that Faisel refers to all foreigners who visit the Emirates as "infidels." Faisel means no harm by this scholarly affectation and shares the almost universal Ylari interest in meeting with and conversing with foreign travelers. —Ed.]

The Land

O my friends as yet unmet, "that you may know and understand," the land of the Emirates curves among the lands of the infidels "as does the blade of the scimitar of truth in the strong hand of the warrior." Our land, the land of brotherhood and of rulers striving to achieve a great and holy dream, stretches between the mountains of Hardanger to the north and the Altan Tepes mountains to the south, sloping eastward to the shore of the Sea of Dawn.

Know, o my friends, that the uneducated may refer to our land as "Ylaruam" and to us as "Ylari." Our nation is the Emirates of Ylaruam, and the people True Believers, followers of the Way of the Eternal Truth revealed to us by Suleiman Al-Kalim.

The Emirates are six in number. **Alasiya** is the largest and most glorious of the Emirates. It was here that Suleiman Al-Kalim established his great capital of Ylaruam and from there our great Sultan Mohammed Al-Kalim, may he bless his people for many years, rules. Alasiya is our desert pearl, the soul of our land. Here the nomad tribes live in harmony with their *hazar ["town dwellers" Ed.]* brethren, their noble spirits "tamed, not broken." Here the finest horses in the world for both sport and war are bred. As Ylaruam is a welcome, blissful oasis in the harsh desert, so is Alasiya among the Emirates. *[The shrewd reader will have guessed by now that Faisel-ibn-Yasir is from Alasiya. Ed.]*

The Emirate of **Nicostenia** lies along the coast "as a fair maiden lifts her face to the full moon." A lush, green coastline is Nicostenia's prize, and her two great ports "the gems in her crown." Here foreigners come and go, sailing their wooden boats along the seaways to land in Tameronikas and Cubis. Infidel merchants bring to us here fine cloths of silk, velvet, satin, and linen; they bring porcelain and strange and beautiful woods; they bring also papers so smooth and white and beautiful that tears of pleasure well in the eyes of the man who draws a pen across a sheet. Here the foreigners often dwell, Thyatian merchants with their eyes of greed; "their hands count their riches all day."

The Emirate of **Abbashan** also touches the coast, and she also has two port cities. But the Abbashani are a fierce people, proud of their desert land and proud of their desert traditions. They do not look outward as the Nicostenians do; they look inward to the desert. They draw strength from the raw bones of their land, they strive to love their harsh mistress the land, and to grow strong upon her strength. Beware here, o my friends as yet unmet, that you slight no man, for "the pride of the Abbashani is as the height of mountains," and the angered Abbashani will punish you until you have understood the error of your ways.

Nithia, least of the Emirates, is a wasteland and a dry highland. Its people are as foreigners, not brothers to the rest of our people. They are backward, having not yet understood the Way of the Eternal Truth. May our most worthy sultan soon bring to these unfortunates the light of truth that his ancestor, Al-Kalim, shone upon the rest of the Emirates.

The Nithian Emirate suffered long under the hand of the Alphatian conqueror, but these wicked infidels were lately destroyed, swept from the face of the earth by the just wrath of the Immortal Guardians. These invaders had striven to break the back of the land as well as of the Nithian people, and the land itself is weary from its long service to such cruel masters. The lands of Nithia can bring forth little, and the emir and the chiefs there burden the farmers with costly taxes that they themselves may prosper while most suffer.

The western Emirate of **Makistan** is home to an ancient people from a land far to the west. These people wear their hair long and braid their beards in a manner shocking to behold. These frightening customs help to make them fierce warriors, for their cavalry, archers, and infantry are the finest in all the emirates. Among their number also are sorcerers, who sometimes travel to the great cities of the land. I have not seen for myself, o my friends, but have heard that these frightening people yet are kindly and welcoming, and especially of the dwarf race, for their land lies next to the Rock Home of the dwarves. If this is true, it is surely because they have embraced the Eternal Way, which has guided them rightly.

Many foreigners pass along the trading roads through the dry land of

Dyesthenia under the watchful eye of those who live there. The *hazar* along the caravan route take care to note the merchants apart from the monsters that fall upon them from the mountains; they take care to trade with the merchants and kill the monsters. There is little in this Emirate for the foreigner save the caravan route, "for it is as empty as the bottom of a dry well." The hearts of the nomads who live in the lowlands are not gladdened by this land; it is a hard and cheerless place.

And beware ye, o my friends, of the anger of the desert if you travel through her, for "she brings forth sandstorms and earthquakes as a dog whelps in summer." Beg the favor and protection of the Immortal Guardians each day upon your journey. The sands are ever hungry, and like the monsters of the seas they will swallow caravans of many men and beasts. Like the wrath of many wizards, they will strip a man's flesh from his bones. Like "a house of many women," the scream of the wind can drive a man insane.

Customs

O my friends, hear and know that all citizens of the Emirates reverence and cherish the words of Al-Kalim and follow the Way of Eternal Truth, as he preached it. The wisdom of Al-Kalim and the Way informs our lives, and in all our deeds and thoughts we strive to follow his teachings. Hear and understand well, o my friends, that all the faithful, city-dweller and proud warrior of the desert, lowly street-sweeper and powerful Sultan, cease from their work and worries at every sunrise and sunset to pray and meditate upon the wisdom of Al-Kalim and his commands. Let infidels not disturb or mock the faithful during these times of prayer, and let them not delay the faithful from their holy duties. Let them instead be quiet and reverential, and let them also meditate upon the wisdom of leading a holy life that reverences the immortal guardians, one's fellow man, and the wise and their teachings.

If infidels are respectful of the duties of the faithful and the teachings of Al-Kalim, Al-Kalim will surely bless them with wisdom, good fortune, long lives, and joyful hearts. Know, my friends, that infidel visitors who show disrespect for the faithful and their religious duties and works will surely be met and challenged by a champion of the Way of the Eternal Truth, whose holy duty it will be to punish the mocker. "The sword of truth smites the unbeliever and the cruel man. Its path is like lightning, and its aim does not err." This champion's arm will surely "be strong and true, invincible in its might."

O my friends, hear and understand that all citizens of the Emirates are as one people striving to honor and follow the teachings of Al-Kalim. Know that as we reverence the words of Al-Kalim as they are written for all to read in the Nameh, so we reverence the words of our mouths and those of others. "Let all your hearts be brave, let all your words be true. Do not deceive one another, O my children, lest your enemy the wolf devour you with the deceitful words of his mouth, for his teeth are like a thousand swords and his mouth is like the dark abyss from which there is no return." O my friends, if you say you will do a thing, do it well and swiftly. Your brother from the Emirates will not understand your ways if you wag a lying tongue at him. He will hate you and fall upon you with his sword. When you agree with another, heed the words of the agreement with all consideration and discharge your obligation with honor. Know ye that you and all whom you hold dear are under all obligations you take up. If you fail or lie, all whom you hold dear will be held responsible for restitution. As Al-Kalim has told us, and his word is truth, "All are as brothers and as brothers must care for and help one another. If one can not honor his agreement, another must take up his burden for him. O my children, if you do not help one another you are as blind men walking in a dark room. Though you are together, yet you are apart and helpless. You will not find the light, you will perish."

As Al-Kalim has said, "Make ye a garden of the desert that your unity may grow and be seen by all the nations of the world, that your piety and knowledge may be enriched, and that your sons and daughters may live in a land of peace and plenty among the riches of the world." Every true citizen of the Emirates strives each day to bring about the greatest dream and command of Al-Kalim, the dream of our land transformed from a land of rock and sand and salt and hardship into a land of green growth, of abundance for all, and of water flowing freely as if from the rocks and sand. Infidels who wish to stay in the Emirates will find themselves most readily welcomed if they also work toward the achievement of this dream. It is recommended that visitors with engineering or magical capabilities that would hasten this effort offer their services to the Dream of the Desert Garden University or to the Vouchery of Water Resources in Ylaruam.

O my friends, know ye that all who visit the Emirates of Ylaruam are welcome. Visitors, though they be infidels, will be welcomed in the nomad's tent in the desert or the Sultan's palace in Ylaruam or the widow's humble hut in the small town. Know ye also that both guest and host are under obligations, bonds of duty to one's fellow man stated by Al-Kalim in the Nameh. Any who hosts you, o my friends, will welcome you for three days. For three days will you be a guest in the house, however grand or humble. For three days will you honor your host and repay him for his hospitality with kindness and whatever good works are within your reach. For three days will he shelter you and feed you and offer you his protection. Many hosts will appreciate tales of your and others' comings and goings in the world and of news of doings of the high and mighty. As Al-Kalim said, "a guest honors his host with his words." On the fourth day will you take your leave of your host, going on your way in peace and gratitude.

Don't Miss

Infidel foreigners following the trade route between Ctesiphon and Censa-Men-Noo will pass through Ylaruam, the most verdant and bountiful oasis in the Emirates, the most glorious of desert gardens, the most priceless gem among the many jewels of our desert land. Here the tall towers of the Sultan's palace stretch their slender fingers toward the sky. It is said that clouds of heaven catch upon the tops of the Sultan's towers and that the most learned of the scholars who serve our Sultan wring the waters of heaven from these clouds and pour it into a fountain playing in the Sultan's courtyard.

Here in Ylaruam also is the Great Mosque of the Eternal Truth, where all True Believers in the Eternal Truth spoken by Al-Kalim wish to make pilgrimage one day. Each day pilgrims sit in the shade of its high walls and in the cool shadow of its tall date palms, listening to wise men expound upon the Eternal Truth. Infidels are welcome to listen to these sermons, if they do so with all humility and thankfulness, and the faithful will pray devoutly and with glad hearts for their enlightenment. The holy scholars will gladly speak with any man eager to learn of the wisdom of Al-Kalim or in need of personal guidance. Many infidels have become True Believers and have embraced the teachings of Al-Kalim after listening to the scholars who speak at the Great Mosque.

Here in Ylaruam also is the Dream of the Desert Garden University, where students from all the Emirates come to study. A number of the wise men and scholars who spend their lives here in pursuit of Al-Kalim's dream for his people will agree to speak in public or in private with visitors regarding history, engineering, the wisdom of Al-Kalim, or personal matters. On the days of Yuam al-ahad and Yuam al-athnen *[Lunadain and Gromdain, Ed.]* visitors and infidels may also arrange for a tour of the University two days of the week. All seeking assistance or information from the scholars or a tour of the University are expected, in return, to donate a sum to the University, the sum varying with the assistance requested.

Females visiting the Great Mosque of the Eternal Truth and the Desert Garden University should modestly cover their heads, mouths, and noses with a veil or other coverings. Male (and female) visitors to the Mosque or the University are requested to not enter with weapons upon them. Our traditions are clear upon this point; violators will be viewed as disrespectful and will be ejected.

Famous Folks

Readers of past editions of this *Almanac* have expressed an interest in not only learning about the nations of Mystara (covered in the "Atlas" section), but also whom they may meet if ever they should visit. Accordingly, the editor of this *Almanac* has painstakingly collected information on "Famous Folks."

We'll start our introductions with:

Royals and Rulers

Aengmor/Canolbarth Forest — Radiant Princess Tanadaleyo. *Notes: Born 679; Crowned 1005; Shadow Elf, F13/M13.*

Darokin — Chancellor Corwyn Mauntea. *Notes: Born 954; Crowned 988; Human, T6.*

Ethengar — Moglai Khan, the Great Khan, the Golden Khan. *Notes: Born 958; Crowned 996; Human, F19.*

Heartshire — Delune Darkeyes, Sheriff. *Notes: Born 975; Appointed 999; Halfling, F8.*

Seashire — Joam Astlar, Sheriff. *Notes: Born 969; Appointed 1012; Halfling, F9.*

Eastshire — Maeragh Littlelaughs, Sheriff. *Notes: Born 959; Appointed 989; Halfling, F8.*

Southshire — Sildil Seaeyes, Sheriff. *Notes: Born 968; Appointed 995; Halfling, F8.*

Highshire — Tarisco Highnose, Sheriff. *Notes: Born 972; Appointed 1008; Halfling, F7/T7.*

Heldannic Territories — Oberherr Wulf von Klagendorf. *Notes: Born 931; Crowned 980; Human, C18.*

Ierendi — King Reston. *Notes: Born 972; Crowned 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013; Human, F16.*

Karameikos — King Stefan. *Notes: Born 948; Crowned 1006; Human, F15.*

Minrothad Guilds — Guild Master Oran Meditor. *Notes: Born 839; Crowned 989; Elf, F10/M11.*

Norwold — King Ericall. *Notes: Born 972; Crowned 992; Human, F20.*

Ostland — King Finn. *Notes: Born 995; Crowned 1013; Human, F5.*

Rockhome — King Everast XVI. *Notes: Born 942; Crowned 1011; Dwarf, F15.*

Shadow Elf Territories — King Telemon. *Notes: Born 568; Crowned 582; Shadow Elf, F12/M15.*

Sind — Rajadhiraja Chandra ul Nervi. *Notes: Born 965; Crowned 992, 1004; Human, C13.*

Soderfjord — King Ragnar (the Stout). *Notes: Born 958; Crowned 1012; Human, F17.*

Thothia — Pharaoh Ramenhotep XXIV. *Notes: Born 985; Crowned 1002; Human, C10.*

Thyatis — Emperor Eusebius. *Notes: Born 961; Crowned 1012; Human, F15.*

Vestland — King Harald Gudmundson. *Notes: Born 954; Crowned 986; Human, F13.*

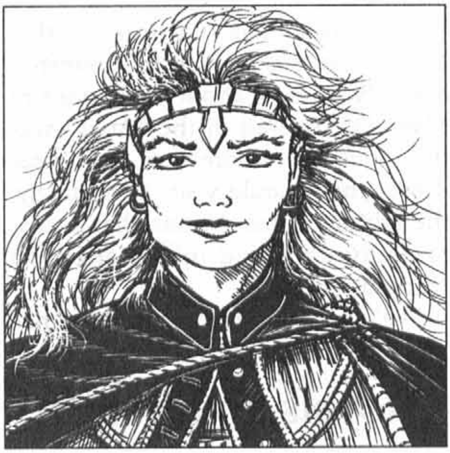
Wendar — King Gylharen. *Notes: Born 679; Crowned 901; Elf, F10/M11.* King Doriath of Alfheim (in exile). *Notes: Born 594; Crowned 700; Elf, F12/M15.*

Ylaruam — Sultan Mohammed al-Kalim. *Notes: Born 957; Crowned 990; Human, C14.*

Sheriffs of the Five Shires

Delune Darkeyes

Sheriff of Heartshire. The youngest of the current Sheriffs, Delune is a slim and graceful beauty admired throughout the Shires. Although cheerful, Delune has an iron will—a fact that her deputies forget at their peril. Her chief interest is making travel within the Five Shires as safe and pleasant as possible. She pursues the maintenance of roads and replanting of forests within the Shires tirelessly. She rides with teams of road workers and foresters, working alongside them planting trees, flowers, and shrubbery, and repairing damaged roads. She often sings while she works, and her well-trained voice often causes passersby to pause—much to their chagrin, as Sheriff Darkeyes may put them to work on the road for the rest of the day!



Notes: Born 975; AC 3; MV 6; hin F8; hp 54; THAC0 13; #AT 2 (short sword); Dmg 1d6+2 (short sword specialization); AL LG; S13 I16 W15 D17 C14 Ch17; MR 14.

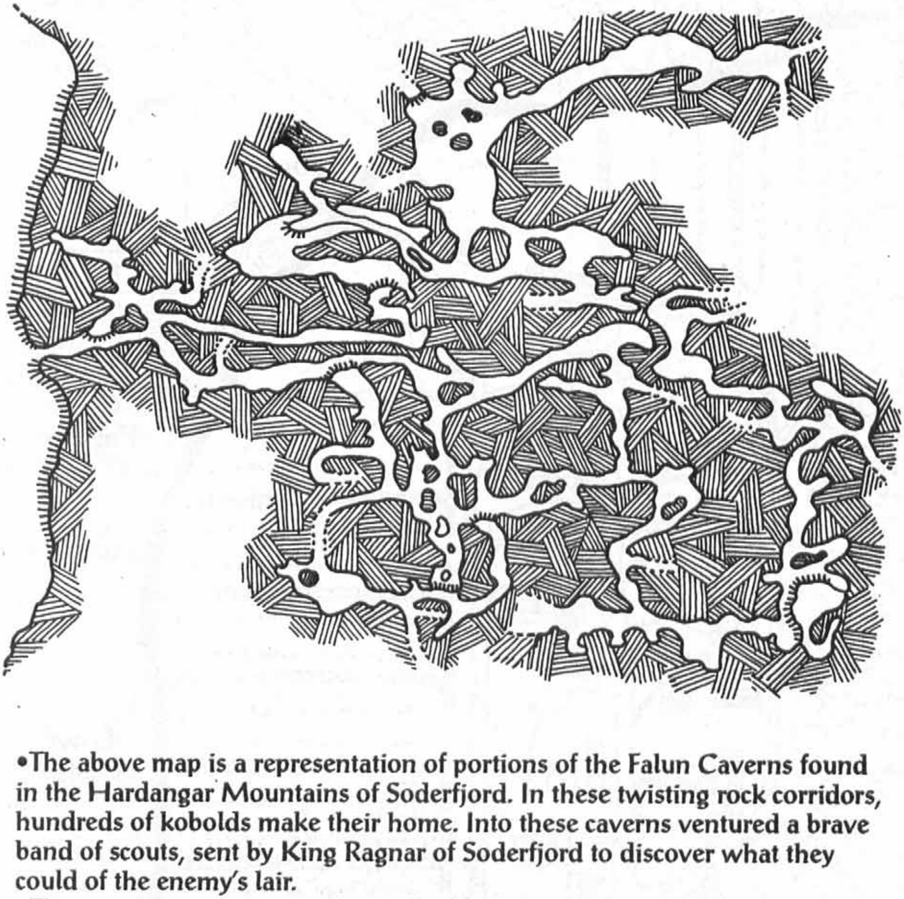
Government in the Five Shires

The Five Shires enjoy a more enlightened form of government than most other nations. Rather than investing all power in a single king or queen, sultan, great khan, or emperor, the Shires entrust the administration of their nation to Sheriffs. Each Shire appoints a Sheriff responsible for ensuring the safety and well-being of all hin living there. Sheriffs perform many duties for their homeland, from protecting the nation in times of war to capturing and judging dangerous criminals to ensuring that the roads are in good repair.

The Sheriffs' most popular duties are repairing roads, reforesting, digging wells, and so on. But the Sheriffs also bear much more difficult duties. As lawkeepers, Sheriffs handle all disputes involving hin of more than one clan or clanless hin and non-hin living or traveling in the Shires.

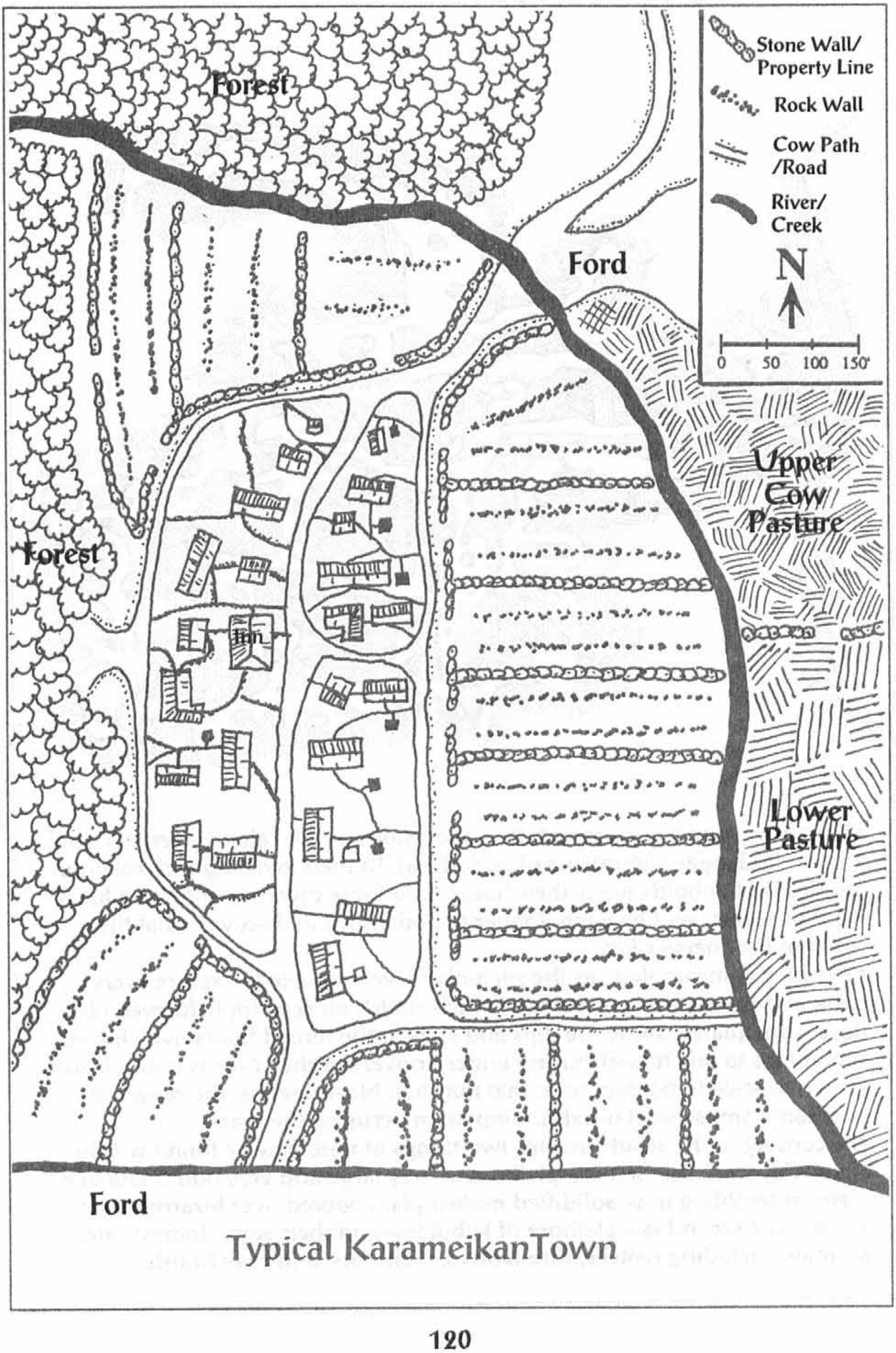
Sheriffs have access to their Shires' treasuries and may commandeer whatever they need from any hin. Sheriffs make such requests only in times of great trouble, and only from

Falun Caverns



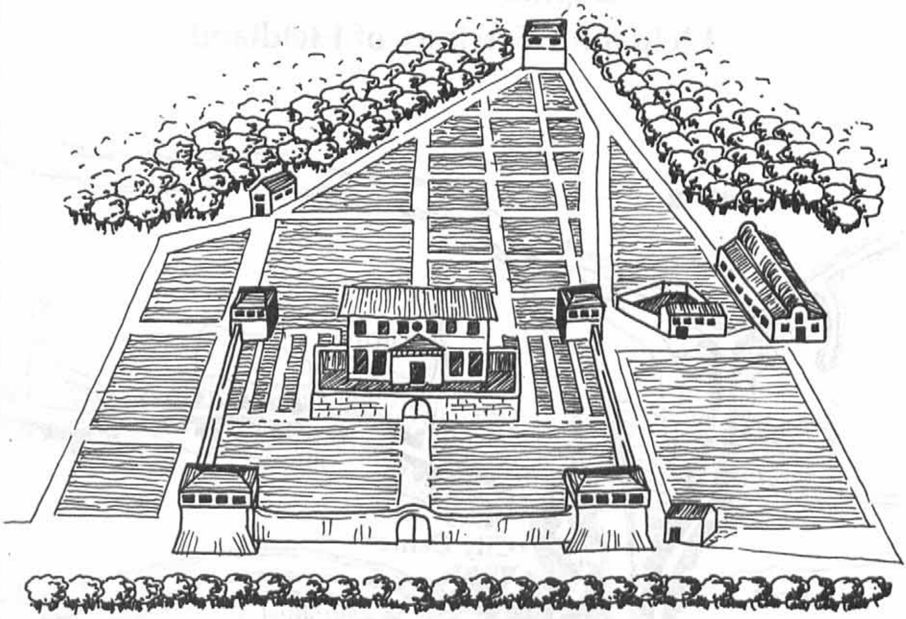
- The above map is a representation of portions of the Falun Caverns found in the Hardangar Mountains of Soderfjord. In these twisting rock corridors, hundreds of kobolds make their home. Into these caverns ventured a brave band of scouts, sent by King Ragnar of Soderfjord to discover what they could of the enemy's lair.
- The map is incomplete, as the spelunkers were unable to explore every nook and cranny of the caverns—which stretch on seemingly forever. Nor does it adequately show the dips and rises in the tunnel floors, which lead sometimes to one tunnel curling under or over another. Nor is it necessarily drawn to scale (whatever scale that may be). Nevertheless, the reader may find some amusement or edification upon perusing the map.
- According to the scouts' report, two things of note may be found within Falun Caverns. The first is a plethora of very large and very odd crystalline forms resembling now-solidified molten glass poured over bizarre frameworks. The second is a plethora of kobolds—and their semi-domesticated animals, including wolves, dire wolves, giant rats, and cave lizards.

Typical Karameikan Town


Forest
Stone Wall/ Property Line
Rock Wall
Cow Path /Road
River/ Creek
N
0 50 100 150'
Ford
Upper Cow Pasture
Forest
Inn
Lower Pasture
Ford
Typical KarameikanTown

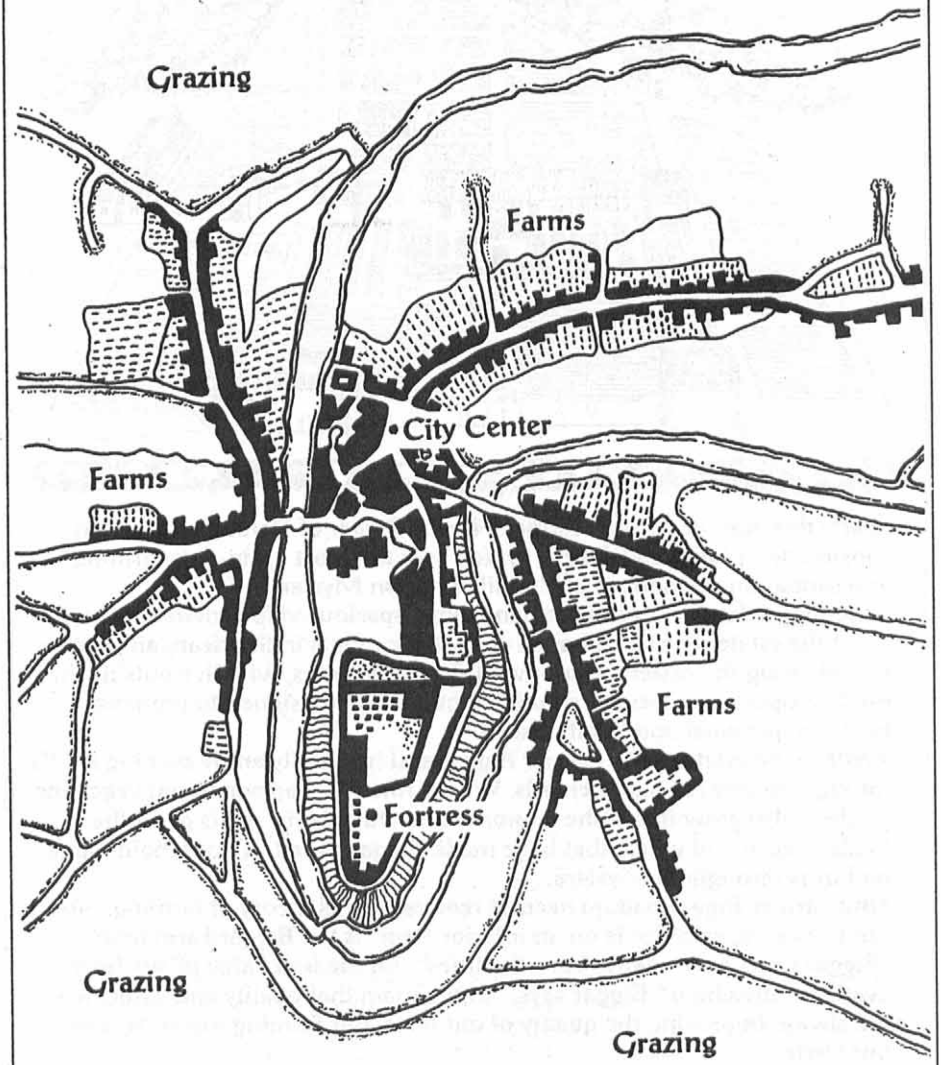
Biggar Estate

The Biggar Estate Model Farm



- Early this year, gentleman farmer Horace Biggar of Darokin completed construction of his model farm, which uses the most up-to-date farming and sanitation methods of any family farm on Mystara.
- The Biggar family lives in the handsome, spacious villa shown at the center of the estate. The hired hands enjoy their rooms in the clean, airy dormitory abutting the eastern manor wall. Tenant farmers, who live outside the estate proper, enjoy newly remodeled bungalows designed to promote healthful personal and family habits.
- Within the estate walls, Farmer Biggar and his family enjoy evening strolls through orderly rows of orchards. Wilder rows of grapevines and vegetable gardens also grow inside the manor walls. Outside the walls grow the fields of corn and wheat that have made Biggar's Feeds a household name on farms throughout Mystara.
- But Farmer Biggar had no need of renovating his theory of farming. "You can't grow superior feeds on an inferior farm" is the Biggar Farm motto. "Biggar feeds have always been the finest and the best value of any feeds available anywhere," Biggar says. "To maintain that quality and value, we are always improving the quality of our farm, our farming methods, and our feeds."
- As Biggar Feeds have recently been declared the "Most Wholesome Feed in Darokin," it seems that Farmer Biggar is keeping his promise.

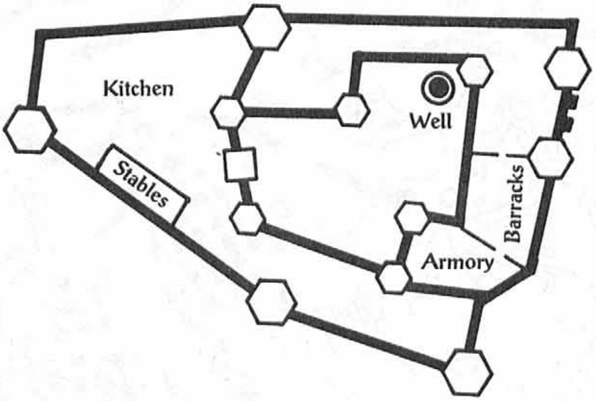
The Planned Town of Forton, Capital of the New Heldannic Territory of Heldland


Grazing
Farms
City Center
Farms
Farms
Fortress
Grazing
Grazing

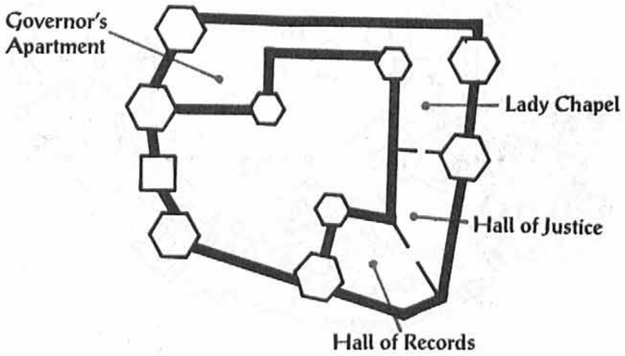
Castle of Forton

The Castle in the Heldannic Town of Forton

First Floor



Second Floor



•Cottagers and landowners, craftsmen and merchants, humble and noble, all are welcomed to settle in the newest territory of the Heldannic Territories, Heldland. Start a new career! Make a new start in life! Enjoy the invigorating northern climate!

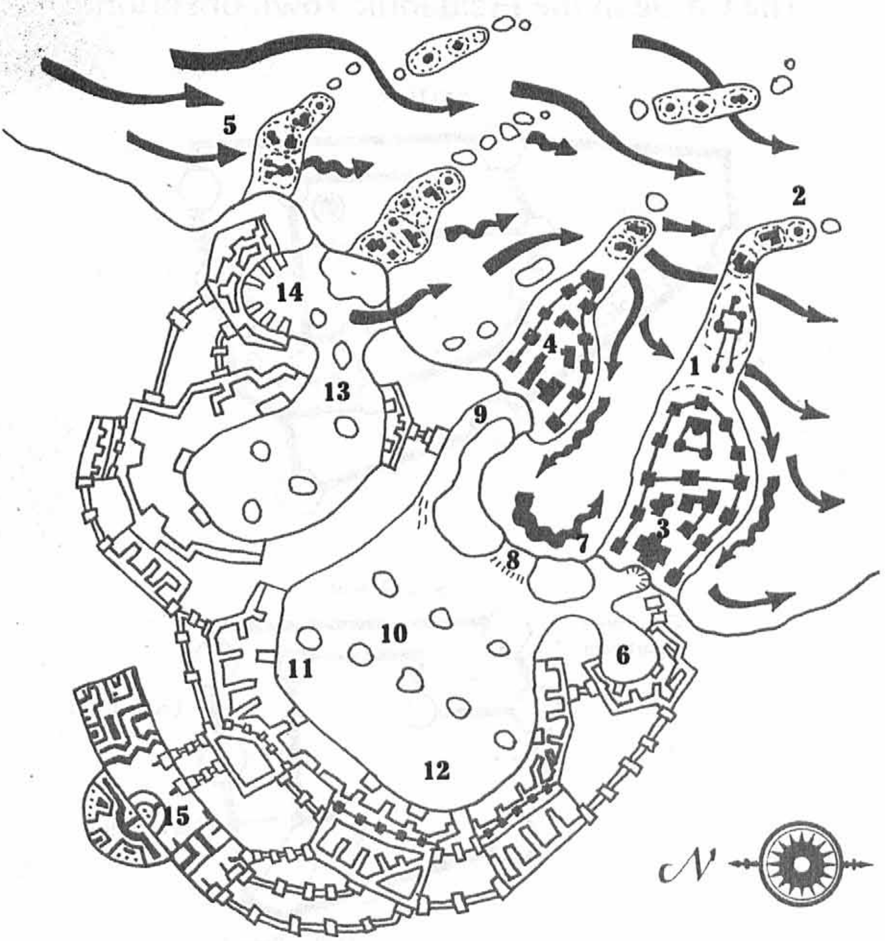
•Skilled craftsmen and.merchants will wish to settle in Forton, the fortified city of Heldland, or in any of the six towns planned throughout the Territory. Small farmers will wish to care out their own homesteads near a planned town, all of which are guarded by fortifications.

•As the map of the city of Forton shows, this fortress town will be the focus of trade and travel in Heldland. Come join us in the Heldannic Territories as we face the challenges of the wilderness and become a major economic nation!

•Come to the Heldannic Territories, a frontier where life can begin again!

•(Immigrants will not have been convicted of any crimes within the last two years and will have at least 50 gelder cash on hand to purchase supplies and housing.)

Seahome Grotto



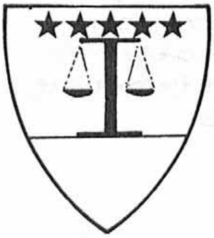
1. **Homes and Mansions**
2. **Keep**
3. **Summer Palace Fortress**
4. **Kesan Fortress**
5. **Northern Defensive Works**
6. **Naval Harbor**
7. **Sally Entrance**
8. **Naval Defense Position**
9. **Counter Attack Tunnel**
10. **Seahome Grotto**
11. **Landing Zones**
12. **Line of Fortifications**
13. **Elsan Grotto**
14. **Fish Market**
15. **Palace of Pearl and Ivory**

SEAHOME

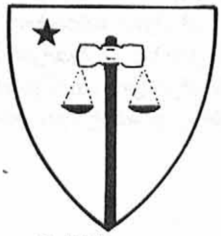
Population: 20,000
Scale: One inch equals 600 Feet

Minrothad Guilds

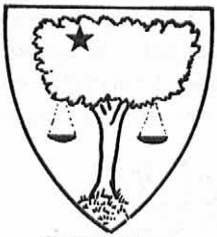
Shields and Devices of the Minrothad Guilds



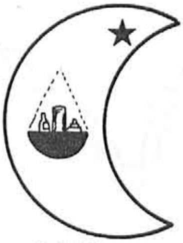
Minrothad Guilds
(Ruling Guild Master)



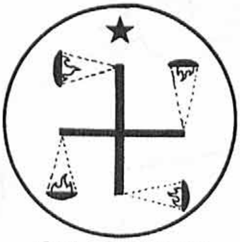
Guild Hammer



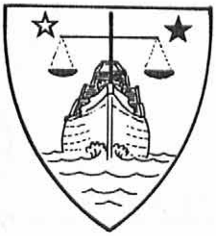
Guild Verdier



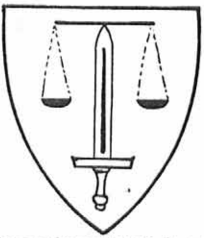
Guild Corser



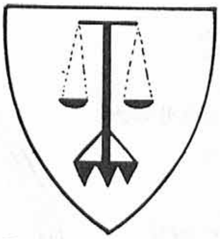
Guild Quickhand



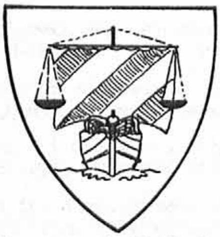
Guild Elsan



Home Guard Unit 1 or 2
Mercenary Guild
(Unit's number is placed
below sword pommel)



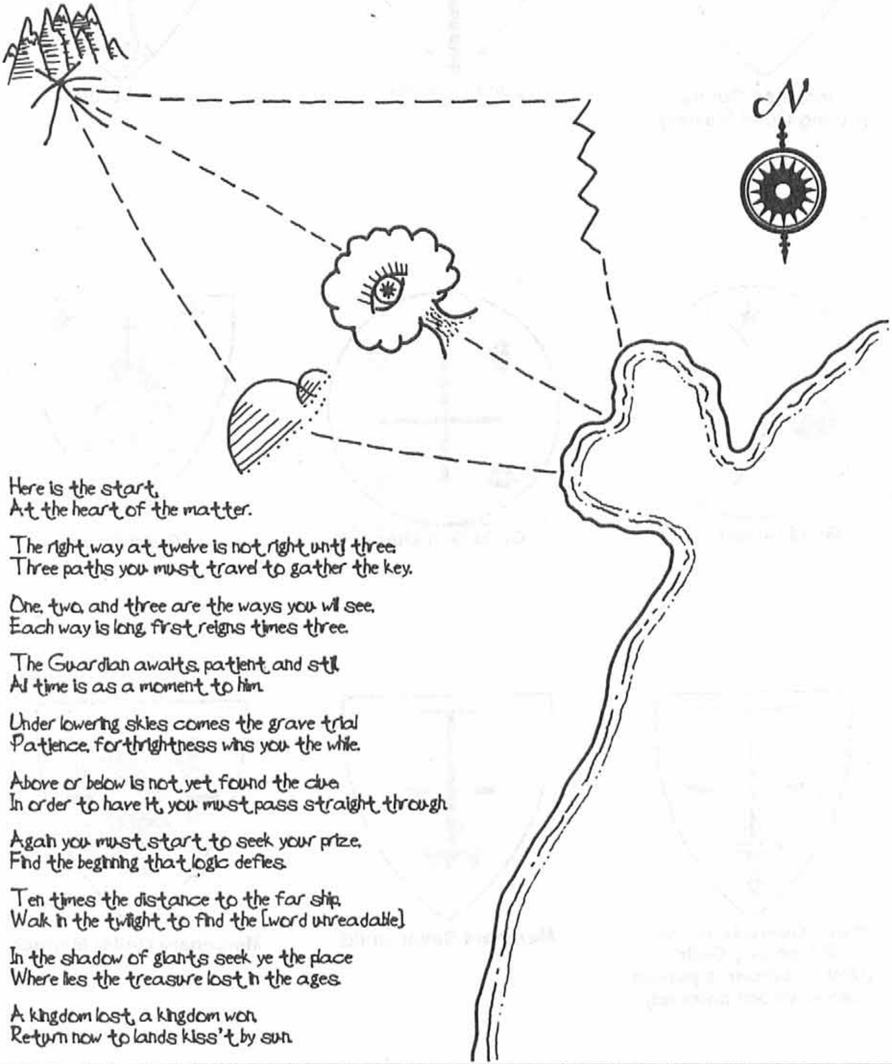
Merchant Sailor Guild



Mercenary Guild: Marines

Treasure Map

Your humble servant procured this treasure map at the shop of an elderly book seller in Mirros. It is an intriguing item, yellowed with age and obviously ancient, and the truthfulness of its contents has been authenticated by two independent sages. The sages also agree that the couplet clues are characteristic of the Nithian language: that some of them do not rhyme indicates that the couplets have actually been translated from Nithian into Thyatian. However, knowledge of the area to which the map refers is lost in time, and I publish it here in the hopes that some clever adventurers will be able to plumb its ancient secrets.



Here is the start,
At the heart of the matter.

The right way at twelve is not right until three.
Three paths you must travel to gather the key.

One, two, and three are the ways you will see.
Each way is long, first reigns times three.

The Guardian awaits, patient and still
All time is as a moment to him.

Under lowering skies comes the grave trial
Patience, forthrightness wins you the while.

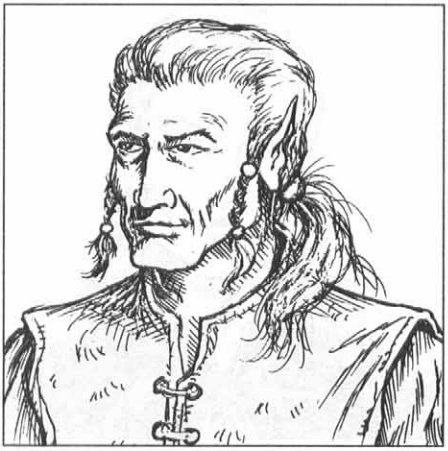
Above or below is not yet found the clue
In order to have it, you must pass straight through.

Again you must start to seek your prize,
Find the beginning that logic defies.

Ten times the distance to the far ship,
Walk in the twilight to find the [word unreadable]

In the shadow of giants seek ye the place
Where lies the treasure lost in the ages.

A kingdom lost, a kingdom won
Return now to lands kiss't by sun



Joam Astlar

Sheriff of Seashire. This knight-hero of the Shires was chosen to become Sheriff of Seashire after Jaervosz Dustyboots stepped down. Although Joam loves adventure, and may be unhappy with any way of life that hampers his ability to leap on a pony and ride off to explore some dark and desolate corner of the Shires, he accepted his appointment with pride. With his exceptional height (Joam is nearly four feet tall) and his long blonde hair tied into a ponytail (with a hint of white at the temples), the new Sheriff of Seashire has caught the attention of many ladies. For such a rough-and-ready man, Joam exhibits surprisingly courtly manners and is wonderfully skilled at singing, dancing, and party games. Joam's opinion of the intrigues and personal politics rampant among higher circles of society is quite succinct; he refers to such matters as "the time-frittering clack of the small-minded."

Notes: Born 969; AC 3 (fine plate mail); MV 6; hin F9; hp 60; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2 *(short sword+2)*; Dmg 1d6+3 (+2 magic bonus and strength bonus); AL LG; S17 I16 W14 D16 C14 Ch15; MR 14.

* * *

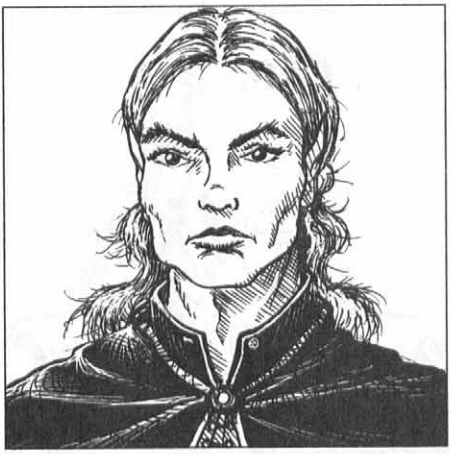
Clanmasters, though—make no mistake about it!—a Sheriff will promptly seize any goods known to be stolen or any evidence of a crime.

Any decisions affecting all the Shires are made by the Sheriffs in council. In addition to four annual council meetings, the sheriffs may call a meeting at any time—as when war, famine, or natural disaster threatens the land. The Sheriffs' council is not the gathering of dithering politicians that most lands suffer with—hin are plain-speaking folk, and most decisions are made in a matter of days. Whether in council or no, it's rare for a Sheriff to let a problem go unaddressed for longer than seven days. As Sheriff Multhim Graybeard once put it, "Those who wait for a problem to go away wake up in bed to see the problem coming through the door swinging a sword." In fact, the general philosophy of the Sheriffs is that a bad decision is better than no decision at all. They are aware of their flaws and frailties, and have the courage to risk making mistakes. For without such courage, nothing would get done.

Maeragh Littlelaughs

Sheriff of Eastshire. Maeragh is the "grumpiest-looking hin you're likely to meet." In addition to her duties as Sheriff, Maeragh serves as chief justiciar of the Shires. In keeping with her stern and stone-faced demeanor, Maeragh's judgments tend to be severe but fair. In particular, she has no sympathy for visitors who do not respect the peace of the Shires. She deals with such troublemakers swiftly and expediently, punishing them with fines and banishing them from the Shires.

Maeragh is said to lose some of her stern demeanor in private, showing more of the good humor hin are known for. But protecting the peace and prosperity of the Shires is a duty she takes seriously; she will not hesitate to do whatever is necessary to fulfill that duty.



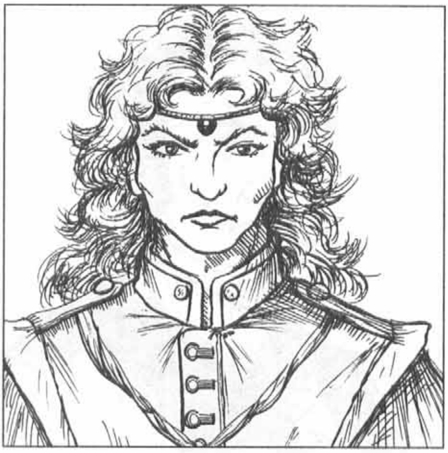
Maeragh is an archer of deadly accuracy, and is said to be able to find targets in twilight by sound alone.

Notes: Born 959; AC 7 (Dexterity bonus); MV 6; hin F8; hp 47; THAC0 13; #AT 1 (short bow; specializes, so has point-blank range); Dmg 1d6 (with flight arrows) or 1d8 (with sheaf arrows); AL LN; S12 I17 W16 D17 C13 Ch15; MR 14.

The life of a Sheriff is an endless web of protocol, plotting or acting against intrigues with other nations, ferreting out deception, and nipping problems in the bud. Sheriffs constantly travel about their Shire, inspecting conditions, settling disputes, anticipating upcoming troubles, and attending feasts to give and listen to interminable speeches.

But the Sheriffs are not alone in their quest to ensure peace and prosperity within the Shires. Hin Knight-Heroes stand ready to assist the Sheriffs in any emergency. Each Sheriff also has some two dozen Krondar (deputies who may act on their behalf) to lighten the workload. These Krondar serve as police, bailiffs, messengers, and bodyguards. To identify themselves, all Krondar wear the rune of the Sheriffs upon their cloaks or the breasts of their tunics: a white sphere set within a single, vertical tongue of black flame, with a horizontal rod of office beneath it. The rod of office is real as well as symbolic; each Krondar bears a magical rod to help him in his duties. These *rods of justice* can be used as weapons

Sheriffs of the Five Shires



Sildil Seaeyes

Sheriff of Southshire, Leader of the Navy of the Five Shires. Sildil is fiery-tempered, tireless, and fearless. As leader of the hin naval forces, she is an accomplished seaman. She constantly inspects the ships and harbors of the Shires. She has directed the Navy in several operations against raiders sent by the Desert Nomads from Sind and has organized naval assaults on the Black Eagle Barony. She is an expert wielder of the short sword.

When Jaervosz Dustyboots stepped down as war-leader of the Five Shires, many assumed Sildil would succeed him. But she apparently declined, preferring to continue with her naval duties.

As sheriff, Sildil is an important citizen of Southshire, and she often attends important social and political functions. However, she is likely to tell overly long sea stories at such gatherings.

Notes: Born 978; AC 2/3 (chain mail and shield, Dexterity bonus); MV 6; hin F8; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 2 (short sword); Dmg 1d6+2 (short sword specialization); AL LN; S15 I17 W16 D16 C16 Ch15; MR 11.

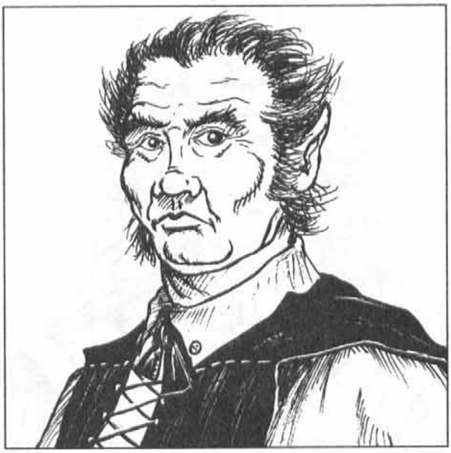
(they magically increase the wielder's strength and accuracy). A *rod of justice* has the additional power, at the wielder's command, of immobilizing any target it touches.

Sheriffs also are armed with *rods of justice*, and each carries *arrows of justice* on his rounds. When let fly at a visible target, an *arrow of justice* unerringly strikes the target, much as a *magic missile* does. When releasing the arrow, the wielder may also command it to deal great damage to the target, to immobilize the target, or to cause both effects. A creature struck by an *arrow of justice* glows with a silvery radiance. This prevents the target from hiding in shadows or among other creatures, or becoming invisible. Upon striking the target, the *arrow of justice* vanishes, so the supply is reserved for times of dire need.

Sheriffs can order the death penalty for anyone judged guilty of a crime heinous enough to warrant such punishment. The Sheriffs will usually carry out such sentences themselves. More often they banish offenders, demand payment of fines to the wronged, or decree imprison-

Famous Folks

Tarisco Highnose



Sheriff of Highshire. Tarisco often seems pretentious and self-important, but acquits himself well as Sheriff. He traveled much of the Known World in his younger days, exploring interesting places and getting into more than one spot of trouble. When he'd had his fill of travel, he returned to the Shires to become a farmer—but quickly lost interest in that endeavor.

Tarisco then took to wandering throughout the Shires, telling tales of adventure and danger to any who would listen, and occasionally assisting Krondars in their dealings with dangerous beasts and monster raids. In 1004 he became a Krondar himself, and distinguished himself by single-handedly rallying the villagers of Ringrise against a marauding band of orcs. He was named Sheriff in 1008 when Multhim Graybeard, the previous (and much-beloved) sheriff of Highshire, died of natural causes. Tarisco indulges himself in the rather singular habit of wearing 5" heels to make himself appear taller (his true height is 2'11").

Notes: Born 972; AC 10; MV 6; hin F7, T7; hp 35; THAC0 14; #AT 1 short bow; Dmg 1d6; AL LN; S10 I15 W13 D10 C12 Ch17; MR 11.

ment or enforced labor. Among hin, limited banishment or finite exile (usually of 2–5 seasons) is common. In the old days, hin convicts were sent to islands that are now part of Ierendi. Nowadays, hin banished from the Shires sometimes turn to the life of a Dread Sea pirate.

Sheriffs serve only as long as they wish, for their duties are heavy. Most Sheriffs serve for a dozen or so years, although some have served for as long as twenty. When a Sheriff steps down (or passes away while in office), the remaining Sheriffs elect a qualified hin to take his place. Any hin may propose another as a candidate for the Sheriff's position. The Sheriffs investigate all such candidates thoroughly, choosing the one they feel will be the best able to fulfill the Sheriff's duties toward the Shires. If the candidate accepts, the Sheriffs go before the candidate's clan and formally invite the candidate to become Sheriff. This is cause for much pride and—naturally—a gigantic feast, for to serve as Sheriff of the Five Shires is a lasting honor.

The Royal Family of Karameikos

The royal family of Karameikos—"The Royals" to Thyatians of Karameikos and "Clan Karameikos" to Traladarans—are the King's wife, three children, a son-in-law, two grandchildren, and two cousins. Though the royal family may squabble and plot—like any other royal family—and excepting the vicious and despicable Black Eagle Baron (whom King Stefan has exiled), Karameikos may be the most unified and upright royal family on Mystara.

King Stefan Karameikos

King of Karameikos. King Stefan is an imposing man and a fit, vigorous fighter (despite being of late middle age). He is of average height but burly. His fiery red hair, beard, and mustache are flecked with gray, and his eyes are sea blue. Unlike many rulers with extensive military backgrounds, the king is perfectly at home in any manner of dress, so he dresses to suit each occasion. He is gruff and candid (often rude) when speaking, but fair and even-handed. He appeals to his people as a stern, fair ruler. The king is mindful of his age, and has taken steps to ensure that his throne is steady when he passes on. Stefan has chosen his daughter Adriana to succeed him. Upon his death, she will become Queen of Karameikos.

Unfortunately, His Majesty is baffled by evil, which he neither understands nor deals with effectively. For many years King Stefan turned a blind eye to his cousin, Ludwig von Hendriks, who pillaged the Black Eagle Barony while the king stood idly by, irrationally hoping that the Black Eagle's cruelty and depravity were just a passing phase. This blind spot has hampered the king in other matters as well. In general, when trying to outmaneuver someone whose motivations stem from evil or madness, the king is at a disadvantage—his insights into their goals and motivations are faulty.

Notes: Born 948; AC 5 (at court: leather armor under clothes, *ring of protection +1,* Dexterity bonus) or –3 (at war: plate mail armor, *shield +2, ring of protection +1,* Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human F15; hp 80; THAC0 6; #AT 5/2; Dmg 1d8+3 (*long sword +2,* Strength bonus); AL LG; S16 I13 W15 D16 C14 Ch17; MR 17.

Queen Olivia Karameikos

Queen of Karameikos. Olivia is a slender, graceful woman with dark brown hair and icy blue eyes. With her patrician beauty and reserved, gracious manner, she has been likened to a classical Thyatian statue come to life. The queen is regarded by many as the perfect hostess, exhibiting impeccable manners and unshakable composure.

The first daughter of a wealthy Thyatian family—and distant cousin of the emperor of Thyatis—Olivia was engaged to Duke Stefan at the age of 11, sealing an alliance between the Karameikos and Prothemian families. Shortly after the engagement, the duke traded his lands and sailed to Traladara. Given the option of breaking the engagement, Olivia chose to wait to see whether Stefan was a man capable of forging a nation or the lunatic her family thought him. In 979, at the age of 20, she decided Stefan was the man for her and sailed to Mirros to be wed.

As her husband rules the nation, queen Olivia rules Karameikan social life, hosting balls and dinners, entertaining dignitaries and nobles, and running the domestic affairs of the palace smoothly. She is an accomplished dancer, and has mastered the subtle points of courtly etiquette. But for all her charm, Queen Olivia is not someone to be lightly crossed.

Notes: Born 959; AC 5 (*ring of protection +3,* Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human T12; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1 (hairpin or concealed court dagger); Dmg 1d4; AL N; S7 I16 W13 D16 C9 Ch14; MR 18.

Princess Adriana Karameikos-Hyraksos

Princess of Karameikos. Adriana is King Stefan's oldest child. Although taught her womanly and queenly duties, she rebelled against her upbringing. At the age of 16, Adriana insisted on embarking on the shearing ceremony—a quaint Traladaran custom in which children crossing the threshold into adulthood leave their families to make their own ways in the world. Under an assumed name, Adriana traveled extensively and even spent three years as a guardsman in the city of Kerendas in Thyatis. When she returned, it was to an approving welcome from her father, a vigorous man, and a chilly reception from her mother. The queen had not approved of Adriana's decision, and did not approve of the experience her daughter gained as a warrior.

The relationship between Adriana and her mother was further strained in 1006, when Adriana refused to accept Baron Desmond Kelvin's offer of marriage. She instead married Devon Hyraksos, son of King Stefan's Minister of War. In 1007 she bore their first child, Lucien; Argent followed in 1009. Adriana has reportedly prevented her children from seeing their grandmother, a further irritant in their strained relationship. The princess has spared no effort in the education and training of King Stefan's grandchildren. It is obvious that Adriana and her father expect Lucien to ascend the throne in due time, and are preparing him (and his younger brother) for that eventuality.

Princess Adriana is a strong-willed, independent woman. She is athletic and enjoys the outdoor life. Riding and hunting are her twin passions. Like her father, she dresses to suit the occasion. She has coppery red hair and a profusion of freckles and looks equally at ease in a ball gown or forester's garb.

Notes: Born 980; AC 6 (at court: leather, Dexterity bonus) or 0 (at war: plate mail, shield, Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human F10; hp 48; THAC0 11; #AT 1 (broad sword); Dmg 1d8+1 (Strength bonus); AL LG; S13 I11 W14 D16 C11 Ch13; MR 18.

Lord Devon Hyraksos

Prince Consort of Karameikos. Lord Devon, husband of Princess Adriana, is a keen sailor and the only child of the late Admiral Lucius Hyraksos. Devon spent his youth both in the king's court and in the royal navy. He spent some time adventuring with Adriana during her time of shearing; their friendship blossomed into love.

Although the Prince Consort is obviously quite fond of his children, his duties hunting pirates along Karameikos's southern coast take him away from his family for long periods of time. With his piercing blue eyes, black mustache and beard, and fondness for red sashes with his naval uniform, Devon looks very much like the pirates he hunts. His propensity for being among the first to board pirate craft has not endeared him to those who have been entrusted with his safety.

Notes: Born 977; AL LG; AC 10 (at court) or 2 (at war: plate mail and shield); MV 12; human F12; hp 90; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+5 (*long sword +2*, weapon specialization, Strength bonus); Save F12; S16 D12 C18 I13 W10 Ch15; ML 15.

Lord Justin Karameikos

Prince of Karameikos. Justin, the king's eldest son, almost died of fever at the tender age of five. A sickly child, he spent the years of childhood recovering his health. Despite his lack of vigor, and mindful of his duty to be an example to the youth of the kingdom, Justin insisted on being sheared when he was 14. The prince disappeared from his family's view for several years. He took a false name and worked as a seaman on merchant vessels trading from Thyatis to the Minrothad guilds. His skill with mathematics and trade soon earned him an apprenticeship with a trader-captain. He returned with well-earned gold and letters of commendation, and was welcomed back into the royal family.

Justin is an accomplished merchant and bargainer, but he has never displayed much interest in ruling. Palace sources report that the king's eldest son seemed relieved when his older sister was proclaimed heir to the throne.

The prince is a quiet man with a flair for trade and commerce. He can be doggedly persistent in matters he feels important, but such matters rarely include political squabbling. Smaller than average and with a preference for comfortable clothes (simple breeches and tunics or merchants' robes), Justin looks more like a clerk than a prince. He revels in the challenge of quiet, intense negotiation. Of all the royals, Justin is least likely to be accompanied by bodyguards. His unpretentious manner and his simple clothing seem protection enough under most circumstances.

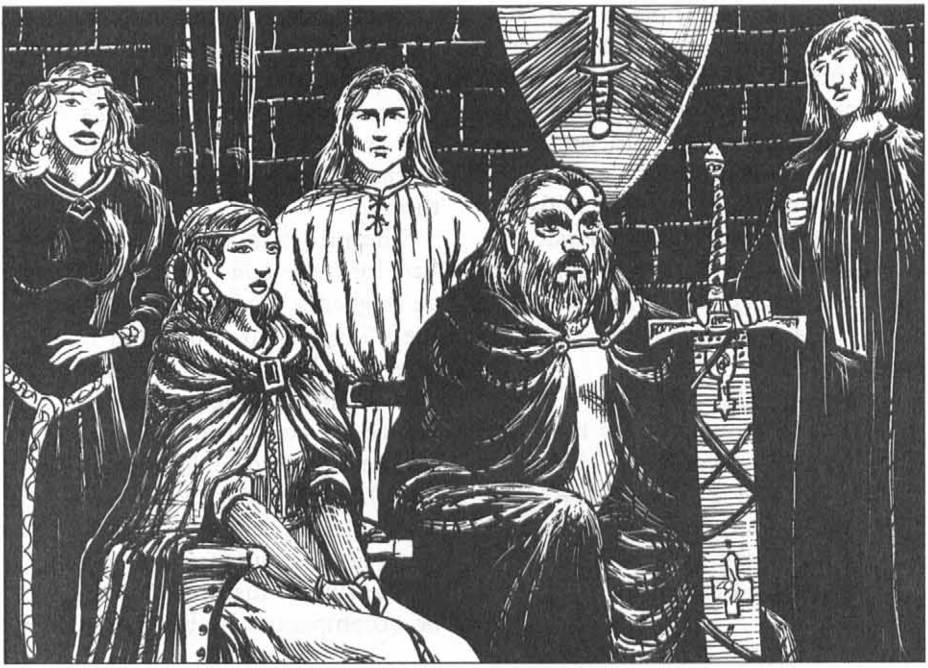
Notes: Born 982; AC 10 (at court) or 0 (at war: *chain mail +2, shield +2)*; MV 12; human F7; hp 35; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d4+1 *(dagger +1)* or 1d8+3 *(long sword +3)*; AL LN; S9 I17 W13 D12 C9 Ch14; MR 15.

Prince Valen Karameikos

Prince of Karameikos. Valen grew up as his mother's favorite, and has been a bit spoiled as a result. A clever and inquisitive young man, he always seems to be prying into other peoples' affairs. Like his siblings, he insisted on participating in the Traladaran custom of Shearing. Unlike his siblings, however, Valen managed to disappear completely; rumor has it that even his mother's agents were unable to track his activities. Unfriendly organizations attempted to kidnap him more than once during this time, but apparently never succeeded.

Valen loves new toys, particularly magical ones, and has been known to hire exceptionally talented adventurers to find particular items of beauty or magic. He has even been known to talk of abandoning court life and going off on his own to continue his adventures, but nothing has yet come of this.

Notes: Born 986; AC 2 *(ring of protection +2,* leather armor, Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human T10; hp 25; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (sword); AL N; S9 I14 W10 D18 C12 Ch14; ML 15.



The Imperial Family of Thyatis

The Torions are a new dynasty as Imperial families go. They were founded a generation ago by Thincol Torion (see "From Cradle to Grave: Emperor Thincol I," page 194). Eusebius I, the current Emperor of Thyatis, is the second ruler in this new dynasty. After a shaky start, it seems he has secured his position as Emperor. With two sons to follow him and another child on the way, the Torion dynasty seems secure.

The Torions have a reputation for being strong-willed, prone to rash decisions, and absolutely ruthless in the pursuit of their goals. Thincol I was known to arrange the deaths of more than a few enemies. Within days of succeeding his father, Eusebius I began a purge (a well-deserved and needed one, mind you) of the upper echelons of Thyatian society, and of the military. And the Torion will is not just a masculine trait. Eusebius's sister Stefania is as strong-willed and as self-willed as her brother. When her father arranged a marriage not to her liking, she stabbed her unwanted husband to death in their marriage bed. Friends of the Torions are fiercely protected—as long as they remain useful to the Imperial family and do not betray the Imperial trust. Once they are no longer useful—or, Immortals forbid, hinder an Imperial plan—they are no longer friends.

But the Torions have also been known for their wise use of Imperial funds—no extravagant expenses and wasted resources in this family, unlike most wealthy families in Thyatis—and their implacable fairness in matters dealing with Thyatian Law. Thincol I was a popular emperor, even when the Empire seemed to be crumbling around him. His son Eusebius is also popular with the masses and grows more so with the triumphant step toward recovery of the prosperity, prestige, and might of the Thyatian Empire.

Eusebius I

Emperor of Thyatis. The oldest child and only son of Thincol I and Gabriela (now deceased), Emperor Eusebius approaches the rule of his Empire as a successful businessman approaches the management of his enterprises. He has the utter loyalty of half the cavalrymen in the Empire and has secured the loyalty of well more than half the Thyatian senators (thanks in great part to the deaths of those senators who opposed him most strongly). The Emperor is physically fit. He is a skilled horseman, a brilliant military tactician, an accomplished tracker, and a gifted leader.

As a prince, Eusebius was raised at home, but rarely saw his parents, his care being entrusted mostly to servants. The Imperial Legionnaires taught him all they knew of the manly arts of fighting, warfare, and the soldier's life, treating him as both favored son of the regiment... and mascot.

At the age of 18, Eusebius entered the West Reach cavalry officers' academy. He spent a dozen years as a cavalry officer, rising to the rank of Captain and earning the respect and loyalty of the cavalrymen who served under him. At the age of 30—and at his father's request—he resigned his commission to return to Thyatis. In 993 he married Lucianna Walerian, a marriage that satisfied his father (Lucianna is the oldest niece of Duke Maldinius Kerendas) and himself—the imperial couple had first met while Eusebius commanded a regiment in Kerendas. Lucianna bore Eusebius's first son a year later. A second son followed in 999.

When his father died in 1012, Eusebius became Emperor of Thyatis. He astonished the power mongers who opposed him by quickly bringing into play a vast organization of supporters—including most of the military, a number of prominent merchants, and many well-known adventurers and heroes of the realm. It quickly became clear that the new Emperor was well prepared to secure his claim to the Thyatian throne. Important people in nearly every key position within the Empire rallied to Eusebius—apparently the result of years of quiet but careful maneuvering, negotiation, and planning. The Emperor took the simple expedient of using this organization to purge the Thyatian government and military of his opponents. His plan was remarkably effective.

The Emperor is a tall man, and very strong. His craggy features have been schooled into emotionlessness; his beard and mustache do more to accentuate the angular lines of his face than to soften them. His eyes, as brown as his hair, have been described as "lusterless—as dead as a shark's." But there is no doubt that a quick and clever mind lurks behind those eyes.

Notes: Born 961; AC 0/1 *(plate mail +2* and shield); MV 12; human F15; hp 72; THAC0 6; #AT 5/2; Dmg 1d8+5 *(long sword +2,* weapon specialization, Strength bonus); AL LN; S17 D12 C13 I16 W10 Ch12; MR 14.

Lucianna Torion

Empress of Thyatis. Lucianna was born Lucianna Walerian, daughter of Klemenis Walerian and Simona Kerendas. Duke Maldinius Kerendas is her uncle. Lucianna is naturally well-versed in Thyatian etiquette and conducts herself in all matters with poise, grace, and gentle wit. She is fluent in many languages, both modern and ancient—a skill which her husband has taken advantage of in diplomatic situations. The Empress has delighted the Thyatian court with her musical abilities (she sings wonderfully and accompanies herself on the lyre). She knows some magic spells as well, which she casts for entertainment—simple cantrips and spells dealing with illusion for the most part. The Empress also dabbles in astrology.

Lucianna married Eusebius when she was but 18 years old. They now have two children—Coltius, 19 years old, and Gabronius, 14—with a third expected in Klarmont of 1014.

There are rumors that Eusebius occasionally allows Lucianna to roam about in the guise of a common bard and entertainer. This may be for Lucianna's sake—she is entranced by any aspect of history that makes a good story and loves to examine ruins and listen to old tales she's not heard before. Or it may be for Eusebius's sake—wandering bards learn much of what's going on among the common folk. In any event, with her obvious talents, eager pursuit of knowledge, and disarmingly gracious manners, Lucianna Torion has already become a favorite among the Thyatian populace.

Notes: Born 975; AC 9 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human B5; hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); AL LN; S9 I14 W14 D15 C11 Ch15; MR 12.

Coltius Torion

Prince of Thyatis. Coltius is the first-born son of Eusebius Torion. Palace staff claim that, unlike his father, the Prince has a warm, friendly manner and is polite to his family, to visiting dignitaries, and even to servants and slaves.

Coltius is obviously fond of his aunts, Asteriela and Stefania, although he doesn't see them very often. In 1013 he traveled to the Isle of Dawn—ostensibly to visit his aunts, but probably to act as his father's eyes and ears during that region's period of instability.

According to the grapevine, Coltius has decided to take advantage of his weapons training and music lessons to become a bard. (The grapevine also asserts that his father does not yet know this—which may or may not be true.) He undoubtedly hopes to gain some experience during his visit to the Isle of Dawn.

Notes: Born 994; AC 8 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human B1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+2 *(long sword +2,* a gift from his father); AL NG; S13 I15; W14; D16; C13; Ch 17; MR 12.

Gabronius Torion

Prince of Thyatis. Gabronius is the second son of Eusebius and Lucianna. By all reports, he is a shy, withdrawn boy (no doubt overwhelmed by the strong, manipulative personalities of most of his family). Like his father and older brother, he has brown hair and brown eyes, but his features are far softer than those of the Emperor.

An awkward lad of 15, Gabronius is still growing. With luck, he will grow out of his apparent clumsiness. In the meantime, he's developed a reputation of being accident-prone. He also stutters when stressed or frightened.

Notes: Born 999. Gabronius has not yet chosen a career; his abilities are untested and as yet unknown.

Stefania Torion

Countess of Redstone on the Isle of Dawn. The oldest daughter of Thincol I, Stefania was not one to lie about the palace being pampered by slaves and being a good wife. She is, in fact, notoriously independent—and has been since childhood. She can ride as well as her brother Eusebius and is not unfamiliar with swordplay.

But she is more famous for her skill with a dagger. At the age of 17, having been married against her will to a Prince of Ostland whom she considered a foul, barbaric fool, Princess Stefania stabbed her husband to death on their wedding night with a dagger she'd hidden in her fiery red hair. The incident provoked Thincol's wrath. Stefania ran away from Thyatis City shortly afterward.

She returned some eight years later and was received back into the Imperial family as though nothing had happened. Shortly after her return, Stefania engaged in a passionate romance with Anaxibius, Thyatis's then-favorite gladiator. This reportedly enraged Thincol, although he never openly forbade the relationship. In 1001 Anaxibius accepted a commission as an officer in the Imperial Legions. Stefania immediately applied for a commission as well. The two Legionnaires were stationed together at Tel Akbir, and were married a few months later. Anaxibius took the family name of Torion.

During the war with Alphatia, Stefania and her husband rose rapidly through the ranks. Partly through political influence but mostly on her own merits as a brilliant tactician, Stefania became a General in the Thyatian Army. Anaxibius earned a Generalship a year later. After the war, Thincol sent his oldest daughter and her husband with what few troops he could spare to the Isle of Dawn to reclaim Newkirk, Redstone, and West Portage for Thyatis. Stefania and Anaxibius now rule Redstone as Count and Countess. They were instrumental in the formation and signing of the treaty between Thyatis and Thothia in 1012.

Stefania is very much a military woman. She is lean and in fighting trim; even her leisure clothes have a military cut to them. She does more in the way of tactics and intelligence analysis than actual fighting, but has proven herself to be a capable and popular commander. General Stefania Torion is reputed to have a rather wicked sense of humor.

Notes: Born 970; AC 1 *(leather armor +3,* Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human F5/T15 (advances as thief); hp 63; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+3 *(long sword +3)*; AL CN; S15 I13 W15 D18 C13 Ch16; MR 15.

Asteriela Torion

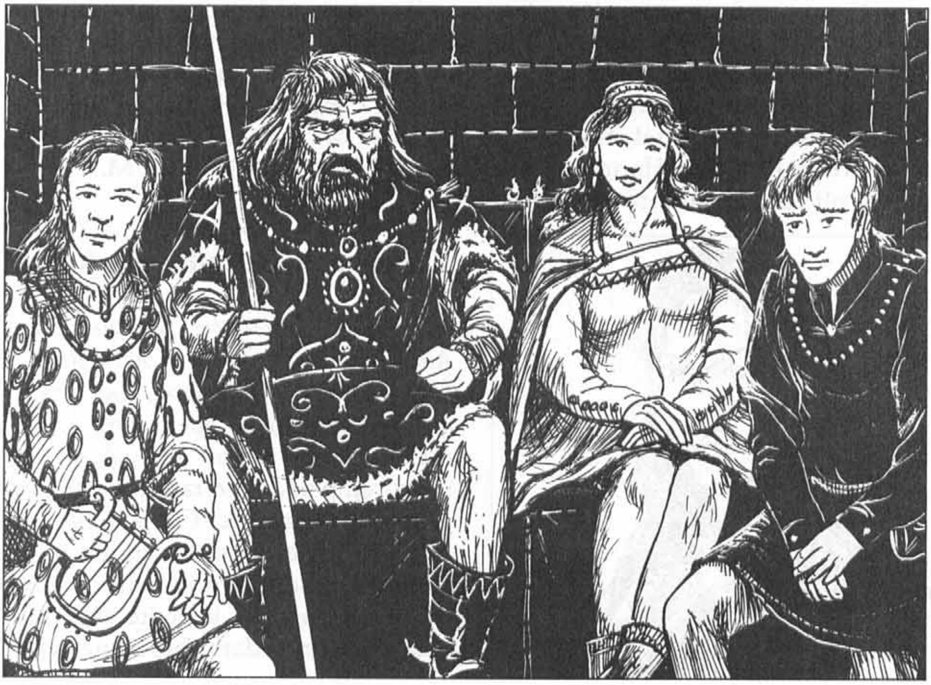
Queen of Helskir on the Isle of Dawn. The youngest child of Thincol I, Asteriela is bright, energetic, and charming. She is an accomplished mage and expert diplomat—skills she acquired during her stay as a royal hostage in Alphatia. Like her sister

Stefania, Asteriela is rather independent-minded. She also rebelled when her father arranged a politically expedient marriage for her. Thincol relented before blood was shed.

In 999, when foolish agents of Thyatis kidnapped Empress Eriadna's son Tredorian, Thincol was forced to offer his youngest child as a hostage to Alphatia. Asteriela spent several years with Empress Eriadna in Sundsvall, and the two reportedly developed a strong friendship. With her charming manners and great beauty (her golden blonde hair and dark brown eyes enviably complement her fair complexion), Asteriela quickly became a favorite at the Alphatian court. In 1008 she surprised everyone—most particularly her father—by announcing her intent of marrying Eruul Zaar, the newly-crowned King of Helskir. The marriage appeared to be a love-match—as well as a shrewd political maneuver on the parts of both new King Eruul Zaar and Empress Eriadna.

Asteriela is still, by all reports, happily married to King Eruul. As Queen of Helskir and daughter of Thincol I, she played an important role in the drafting and signing of the treaty between Thyatis and Thothia in 1012. Despite occasional sea-raids by pirates suspected to be from Ostland, the kingdom of Helskir has begun to prosper under her leadership.

Notes: Born 979; AC 10; MV 12; human M13; hp 31; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 *(dagger + 1)* or by spell; AL NG; S8 I17 W15 D12 C10 Ch15; MR 14.

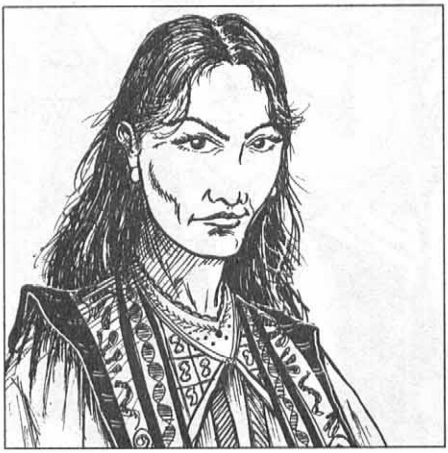


Glantri's Council of Princes

Isidore d'Ambreville

Princess of Nouvelle Averoigne, Vicomtesse de Sylaire, Chamberlain of the Land. Until recently, the famous wizard Étienne d'Ambreville ruled Nouvelle Averoigne ("New Averoigne" to non-locals), but he disappeared in the final days of the war with Alphatia. Isidore is the wife of Étienne's brother Richard, who is *not* a wizard and so cannot rule in Glantri.

After Étienne's disappearance, Dame Isidore and Sire Henri, Étienne's other brother, struggled for control of New Averoigne. Henri captured and imprisoned Isidore and Richard, but Isidore escaped and challenged Henri to a formal duel of magic. During the duel, the moon rose—revealing Sire Henri to be a werewolf. Dame Isidore destroyed her brother-in-law as he transformed, thereby exacting her revenge and becoming Princess of New Averoigne.



Isidore has a powerful personality. Although of great intelligence, she is at times impatient and erratic and is prone to winning arguments more by volume and vehemence than by persuasion.

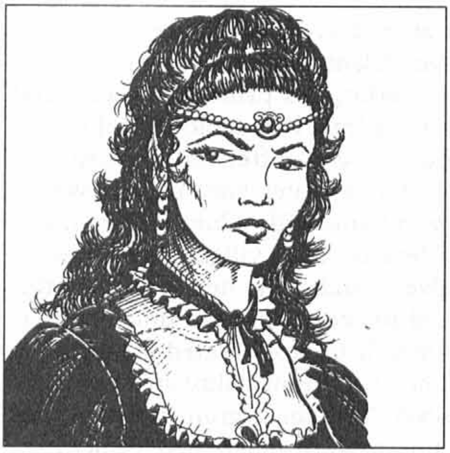
Isidore has a daughter, Dame Monique, and a son, Georges. The Princess relies on her husband Richard for advice in ruling her principality. Isidore and Richard are also reputed to be werewolves, although this now seems mere speculation.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (apparent age 45); AC 10; MV 12; human M11; hp 26; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or by spell; AL CN; S 10 I 17 W 11 D 11 C 14 Ch 15; MR 17.

If rumors of lycanthropy are true, her abilities in werewolf form would be: AC 5; MV 15; hp 26; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA Nil; SD Hit only by silver or magical weapons; SW Nil; AL CN; INT 10; MR 18; SZ M.

Carnelia de Belcadiz y Fedorias

Princess of Belcadiz, Marquesa del Alhambra, Vice-Queen of Monteleone, High Mistress of Wokanism. Carnelia is an experienced elf spellcaster and a master of the rapier. Though she is short-tempered, she rarely vents her anger with violence; Carnelia prefers to frame her enemies for crimes or to maneuver them into disastrous mistakes at court. She is petite and very beautiful—in a dark, brooding way.



She often dresses in lacy gowns that accentuate her dark complexion and long, curly hair.

Princess Carnelia has ruled Belcadiz since her father died in 991. (Her husband was adventuring in the mountains at the time, and never returned.) She is ruler of the Clan of Alhambra as well as the Principality of Belcadiz. There is a long-standing feud between the elves of Belcadiz and those of Erewan. Carnelia was instrumental in the removal of Princess Carlotina of Erewan from her post as Chamberlain of the Land and continues to take merciless advantage of Erewan's recent misfortunes.

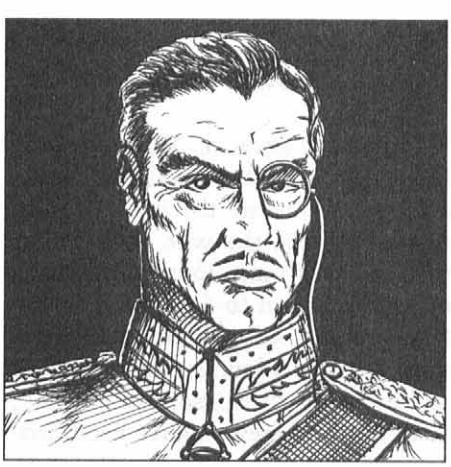
Carnelia has three children: a daughter, Doña Maria, who married Don Carlo, the constable of New Alvar, in 999; a son, Don Miguelito, who studies at the Great School of Magic (he is afflicted with a sad curse that prevented normal growth, and is only 4' tall); and her youngest son, Don Sancho, who was known as "the Brat of Belcadiz" for much of his childhood. (Don Sancho, now 24, has renounced his heritage; he is currently keeping company with Erewan elves and calls himself Etheriam.)

Notes: Born 812; AL LN; AC 4; MV 12; elf F12/M18; hp 65; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2 (rapier) or 1 spell; Dmg 1d6+1 (*rapier+2*) or by spell; S9 D16 C11 I18 W15 Ch14; MR 16.

Jaggar von Drachenfels

Prince of Aalban, Count of Ritterburg, Warden of the Marches, Viceroy of Nordling, High Master of Dracology. Jaggar is a stern, upright, military wizard. During the war with Alphatia, Jaggar was Grand Commander of Glantri's army. He was awarded the rank of Chamberlain of the Land to better organize Glantri's defense.

Despite his vigorous efforts, once the war with Alphatia was ended Jaggar was unable to keep his grip on this power. The Council transferred the charge of Chamberlain of the Land to Princess Isidore d'Ambreville in 1011.



More recently, Jaggar seems to have succumbed to the charms of Princess Dolores Hillsbury. Gossips of Glantri whisper that Jaggar and Dolores began an affair shockingly soon after the death (by poison) of Jaggar's wife, Lady Gertrud, in 1010.

Prince Jaggar is a handsome man, impeccable in his white uniform and black cavalry boots. He wears a monocle and carries a riding crop. Jaggar von Drachenfels is Glantri's foremost authority on dragon lore and is a renowned dragon-hunter. Throughout the war with Alphatia he rode his pegasus, Feindinsieger, into battle, exhorting the troops to valiant acts by example.

Notes: Born 945; AL LE; AC 1 (*medallions of defense* AC2 as bracers); MV 12; human M24; hp 64; THAC0 13; #AT 1 sword or special rod or spell; Dmg 1d6+5 (*short sword +4* and Strength bonus) or 12d6 lightning bolt (*Blackmoor lighting rod:* fires 12d6 lightning bolts, 42 charges remaining) or by spell; S16 D13 C16 I18 W15 Ch15; MR 16.

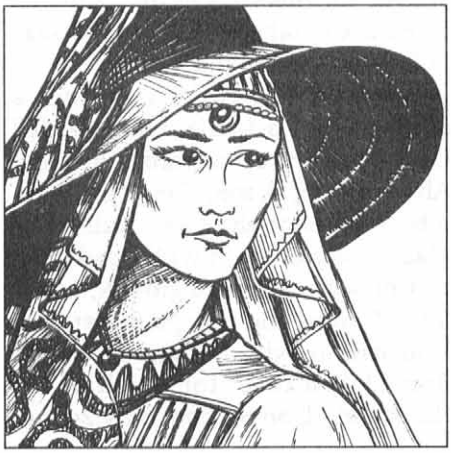
Carlotina Erewan

Princess of Erewan, Marchioness of Ellerovyn. Carlotina was Chamberlain of the Land before the war with Alphatia. During the war, accusations that she was more loyal to kinsmen in Alfheim than to Glantri—and the fact that she was a better peacetime than wartime administrator—resulted in her hasty dismissal. Since then, Carlotina and Erewan have been frustrated at every turn in their dealings with Glantri's Council of Princes.

Carlotina's principality suffered greatly from humanoid raids throughout the war. After the formation of the Great Crater, Erewan was overrun with humanoids. Only Ellerovyn and a few isolated villages remained in elven hands. The humanoids continued to occupy Erewan through 1011, when King Kol ordered a stop to it. The elven principality still bears the scars. Carlotina's grim, resentful attitude toward her fellow Princes reflects the mood of her people, who feel betrayed by Glantri.

Despite her resentment, Carlotina's recent voting record in the Council betrays a continuing sense of loyalty and duty to the nation of Glantri. The Princess is devoted to good rule of the Erewan elves. She is brave, self-sacrificing, highly ethical, and obviously apprehensive about her dominion's future prospects.

Slender and attractive, Carlotina prefers flowing pastel gowns, and tames her pale blond hair with diaph-



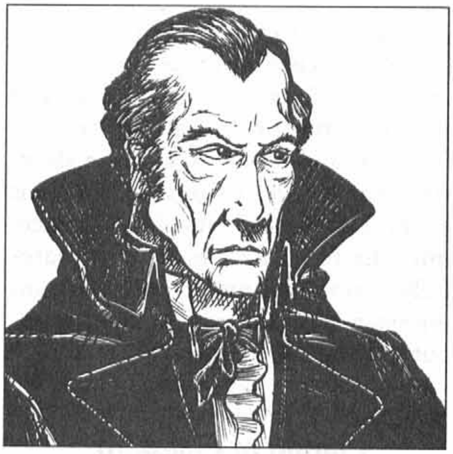
anous veils woven in Erewan. Carlotina married into the ruling family of Clan of Ellerovyn in Erewan. Her husband died during a raid of humanoids from the Broken Lands long before the war with Alphatia; she has been Clan Leader ever since.

Notes: Born 911; AL LG; AC 9; MV 12; elf M10; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1 spell; Dmg by spell; S10 D15 C11 I18 W16 Ch17; ML 14.

Morphail Gorevitch-Woszlany

Prince of Boldavia, Baron of Igorov, Viceroy of Tchernovodsk, High Master of Necromancy. Morphail is a civilized and handsome man with cultured manners and a charming Boldavian accent that causes impressionable young ladies to swoon. His younger brother Boris (an even more elegant and charming gentleman) lives in Glantri City and often takes the Prince's place on the Council.

During the war with Alphatia, Morphail's bravery earned the prince exceptional popularity with and loyalty of the nobles and military units under his command, including the barons in the northeastern Wendarian Range and the troops at Fort Tchernovodsk. Indeed, Boldavia and its neighboring baronies exhibited remarkable unity in the face of the Alphatian threat. There is some speculation that Prince Morphail may have developed a secret means of magical communication to keep in touch with his minions, so that his forces acted as one unit even when separated by tens or hundreds of miles. If so, he has apparently failed to share this new magic with the Council of Princes.



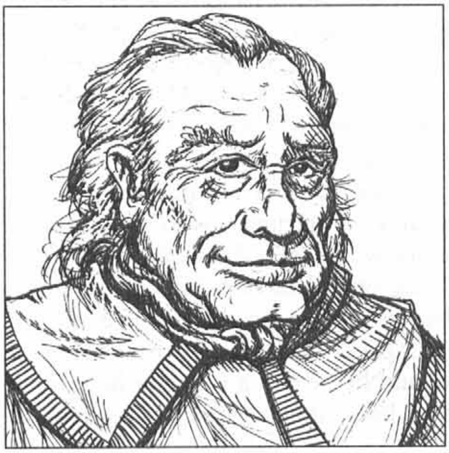
This remarkable unity and mysterious means of communication could be explained by a persistent rumor one hears in Boldavia—that Prince Morphail is a nosferatu, one of the vampiric undead. Although some term him sinister, Prince Morphail is more often regarded as a romantic figure—even among those who believe the rumors.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (rumors have it circa 700, although 900 or later seems more likely); AL LE; AC 10; MV 12; M19; hp 41; THAC0 14; #AT 1 spell; Dmg by spell; S18/00 D11 C14 I18 W15 Ch16; ML 15.

If the rumors about Prince Morphail's vampirism are true, his alignment would be CE; his AC would be 1; he would have a MV 18 when in bat form; he would be an 8+3 HD Vampire with 55 hp; his THAC0 would be 13. As a vampire he would also have special attacks and special defenses. (Charm with gaze, victim suffers –3 penalty to Save; bite, draining 1–3 points of Constitution per round, victim drained to 0 Constitution dies and becomes vampire slave, survivors recover 1 Constitution point every 2 days; 10% magic resistance; immune to garlic and mirrors; carefully researched magic spells let him withstand 5 rounds of sunlight without magical protections.)

Harald of Haaskinz

Prince of Sablestone in Glantri, Baron of Kern, Grand Master of the Great School of Magic, High Master of Water Elementalism. By all reports, Prince Harald of Sablestone has ruled well and fairly since 1004, when the new Principality of Sablestone was created. He won the position of Grand Master of the Great School of Magic following Prince Étienne d'Ambreville's disappearance in 1009. Harald is a capable Grand Master and is quite popular with the School's students.



Prince Harald is gentle and kind, but generally avoids society because of a painful, debilitating disease that withered his left arm. Except for that withered arm (which has been reported to glow an eerie blue in the dark), Harald is fit and healthy. He has a warm, grandfatherly manner that puts most people at ease almost immediately.

Harald's son Dominick is also studying Water Elementalism and seems likely to follow in his father's footsteps. His daughter Tereis studies Air Elementalism. Harald's wife Asadel is a warrior with little interest in magic.

Notes: Born 934; AL LG; AC 3 *(buckle of protection, AC 3)*; MV 12; human M17; hp 43; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by spell; S14 D10 C12 I18 W14 Ch11; ML 11.

Dolores Hillsbury

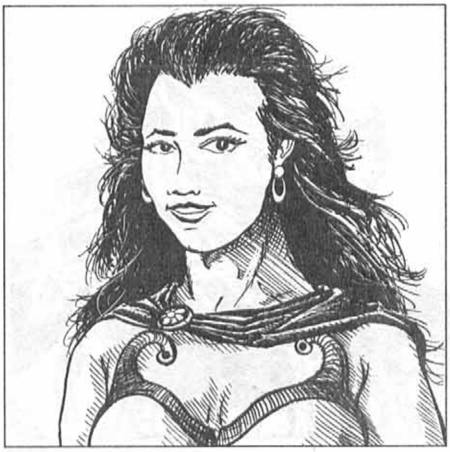
Princess of Fenswick, Duchess of Fenswick, Treasurer of the Council. Dolores is charming, has a cutting sense of humor, and appears to derive a great deal of enjoyment from the backstabbing politics of "business as usual" in Glantri. She is one of the Council's newest members, having inherited her mother's Duchy after a dragon killed Lady Margaret (on Nuwmont 20, 1010). By Ambyrmont 6 of the same year, Lady Dolores had so impressed and charmed the Council of Princes that Fenswick was elevated to the status of Principality and Dolores became Princess.

Questions surround Dolores Hillsbury and her precipitous rise to power. The first anyone seems to have heard of her was Nuwmont 23, 1010—three days after Lady Margaret's death—when she led an entourage of servants and men-at-arms into Glantri City. At the end of the procession, eight strong draft horses pulled three large carts lashed together, bearing the corpse of a large, black dragon.

Dolores introduced herself as Lady Margaret's daughter, born of a secret liaison with Prince Volospin Aendyr. Prince Volospin himself was unable to confirm this—having perished during the destruction of Blackhill, when the meteor strike formed the Great Crater—but some of Lady Margaret's servants supported the claim. As Lady Margaret's infatuation with Prince Volospin Aendyr was well known, such a liaison was certainly credible.

After proving herself an accomplished mage, Dolores requested that the Council name her Lady Margaret's heir. As she had obviously provided a great service to Glantri—slaying the dragon that had killed Lady Margaret—the Council agreed. Eight months later, they elevated Dolores into their princely ranks.

Dolores Hillsbury is a rare beauty, with a pale, smooth complexion and jet-black hair. She uses her beauty and charming wit to great effect on the Council and at Parliament. Dolores's voting record shows regard for the welfare of Glantri as a whole, although she tends to favor policies of isolationism and traditionalism. But

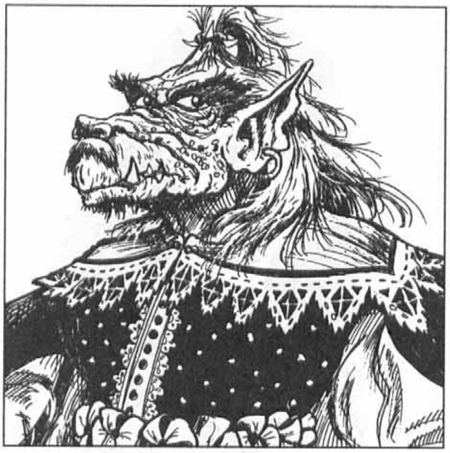


rumors abound that she is not at all what she appears to be—rumors fueled by jealousy, according to her supporters; or fueled by truth, according to her detractors.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (presumed circa 990); AL CN (some would claim it CE); AC 10; MV 12; human M14 (some claim she is M20, and pretends to be less than what she is); hp 34 (70, if you listen to the rumors that she may actually be a dragon in human form); THAC0 16 (or 14, depending upon whom you believe); #AT 1; Dmg by spell; S10 D12 C18 I18 W9 Ch17; ML 15.

Kol XIV

Prince of New Kolland, Viscount of Blackstone. Kol is an intelligent, ambitious kobold who rules the humanoid tribes in the Great Crater. He petitioned the Council of Glantri to make the ruined land he claimed a Principality, and was finally granted status as Prince of New Kolland in Kald-



mont of 1011. Kol, being a witch doctor, meets the Glantrian requirement that princes must be wizards (although his ability to use priestly magic as well as wizardry weighs against him with the other Princes). His bid for princely status was backed by Princess Dolores, who politicked hard for the enfeoffment of New Kolland.

Kol is imposing for a kobold, standing four and a half feet tall. The hair of his topknot and mane is white, as is his rather sparse mustache. When among his own kobolds in New Kolland, he wears a red toga and crown of fungus. While at court in Glantri City, he prefers to dress in the latest Glantrian fashions. Many Glantrians are not quite sure how to react to this newest member of the Council of Princes.

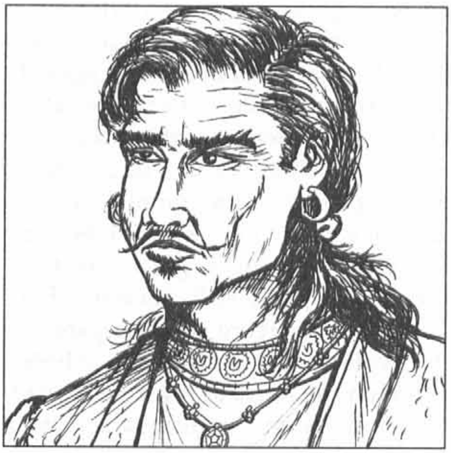
Notes: Born 96; AL CN; AC 7; MV 6; kobold 7th-level Witch Doctor (can cast priestly spells)/10th-level Wizard; hp 48; THAC0 16; #AT 1 club or spell; Dmg 1d6 or by spell; S12 D16 C15 I14 W12 Ch13; ML 7.

Urmahid Krinagar

Prince of Bramyra, Count of Skullhorn Pass, Chancellor of Glantri. Urmahid is of Ethengarian descent. His title as Prince of Bramyra is controversial, as it makes him responsible for securing eastern Glantri against Ethengar. But because he is loyal to Glantri—and because the Khan has set a price on his head—several princes support his title. Urmahid is a masterful spy for the Council when missions deep in Ethengar are needed. He is also Prince Jherek Virayana's brother-in-law; his sister is one of Jherek's three wives.

Prince Urmahid is tall, handsome, lean, and fit. He dresses in black and gray, and is fond of gold jewelry.

Notes: Born 968; AL LN; AC 4 (*ring of protection* +3 and Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M14/T5 (advances as mage; thieving skills tend toward those useful to spies); hp 38; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+3 (*dagger +3, of returning*) or by spell; S12 D16 C12 I17 W13 Ch16; ML 16.



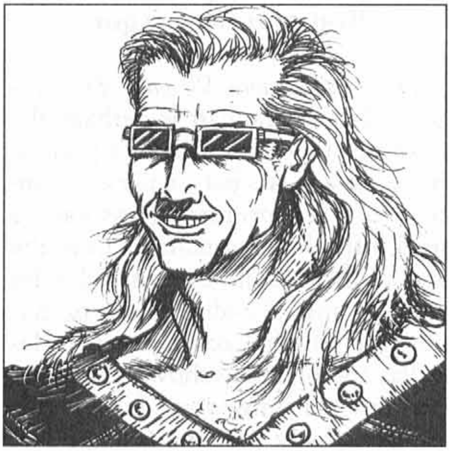
Malachie du Marais

Prince of Morlay-Malinbois (la Principauté des Loups Libres—the Principality of Free Wolves), Vicomte de Malinbois. Malachie was Baron of Morlay until 1005, when he married Diane, Vicomtesse de Malinbois. Soon after, the Council approved an act of enfeoffment to unite their dominions into the Principality of Morlay-Malinbois—with Malachie as prince. A fair but strict ruler, Malachie has demonstrated his willingness to do whatever is necessary to protect his people and the status of his Principality. He is swift to react to any threats to his plans and generous in his rewards to his allies.

Malachie is an albino, with white (colorless) hair and skin and pinkish eyes. He wears black and purple clothing to set off his dramatic coloration. Spectacles with specially-crafted obsidian lenses help protect his eyes from sunlight, which tends to be too intense for comfort.

There are persistent rumors that Prince Malachie is a werewolf; that he is, in fact, the infamous White Wolf of Morlay, a werewolf with brilliant white fur and piercing blue eyes.

In 1012, Princess Dolores claimed to have killed the White Wolf (she displayed an enormous white wolf's pelt as proof), and declared Malachie du Marais dead. There was quite a commotion when Prince Malachie showed up a few days later, quite obviously alive—and quite obviously angry. Princess Dolores was forced to publicly apologize.



The White Wolf has since been spotted in the forests of Morlay-Malinbois and New Averoigne, and even (according to one drunkard's report) in Glantri City itself. Princess Dolores had obviously killed the wrong wolf —but whether or not the real White Wolf is Prince Malachie du Marais remains to be seen.

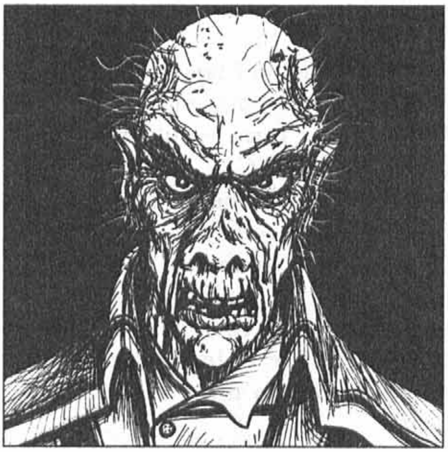
Notes: Birth date unknown (apparent age 30, although he has been a noble of Glantri since 986); AL CG; AC 7 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M11; hp 43; THAC0 17; #AT 1 spell; Dmg by spell; S16 D17 C15 I16 W9 Ch13; ML 16.

If Malachie du Marais is the White Wolf of Morlay, his abilities when in lycanthropic form would be as follows: S18, D17, C16, I16, W7, Ch12. Some claim that the White Wolf has mastered shape-shifting to the point of being able to choose the form of man, wolf, or wolf-man at will—regardless of the moon's phase. He is reputed to be able to cast spells equally well in man or wolf-man form.

Brannart McGregor

Prince of Klantyre, Viscount of Crownguard. Prince Brannart is perhaps the most mysterious of Glantri's princes. He never appears personally at Council meetings, preferring instead to send official representatives from the Spokesmen's Guild or personal aides and servants. By all reports, he has not left Tower Crownguard in decades, and he rarely shows himself to any but his immediate family (his daughter Lady Barbara, Countess of Glenargyll; his son Sir Duncan, captain of the Skullhorn Pass Camp; his younger son Sir Quentin; Angus McGregor, Sir Quentin's son and Brannart's oldest grandson, now 23; and Sean McAllister, Lady Barbara's son, now 19).

Prince Brannart is reputed to be a necromancer, obsessed with death magic and the secret of Immortality. He has been described by those few who have met him as being hateful and loathing life and cheer. He is gaunt, thin, and looks "like a well-embalmed corpse" (according to one visitor who met him a decade ago). His enemies have spread rumors that Prince Brannart is actually a member of the undead, although no one seems to have attempted either to prove or disprove this assertion.

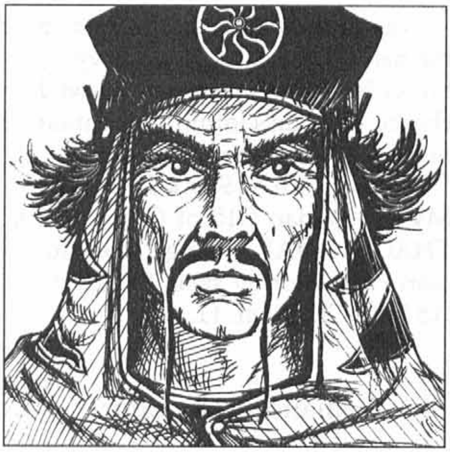


Notes: Born 927; AL CN (perhaps CE); AC –2; MV 12; M20; hp 45; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by spell; S16 D11 C16 I19 W13 Ch7; ML 16. If Prince Brannart is a lich, he is likely to have 11 HD and hp 65; his touch could do 1d10 damage + paralysis; he would be immune to *sleep, enfeeblement, polymorph, cold, electricity, insanity, death,* and *charm* spells. If he is some other type of undead (the rumors are vague) he may have any number of unknown abilities.

Jherek Virayana

Prince of Krondahar, Khan of Singhabad, Supreme Judge of the Council, High Master of Dream Magic. Jherek is famous for the lavish entertainments he offers visiting nobles. His staff are experts at producing and serving exotic feasts featuring wild beasts killed by Prince Jherek himself. The Prince is a famous hunter, delighting in dangerous prey. Stalking mountain tigers is his favorite sport. If rumors are to be believed, Prince Jherek also hunts condemned criminals for sport. As a true sportsman, he offers clemency to any who survive the first day of the hunt.

As Supreme Judge, Prince Jherek is responsible for enforcing Glantri's



laws. His lean, copper-skinned features would be handsome if they weren't so severe.

Notes: Born 958; AL N; AC 9 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M18; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3 *(staff of striking)* or by spell; S12 D15 C10 I17 W16 Ch16; MR 14.

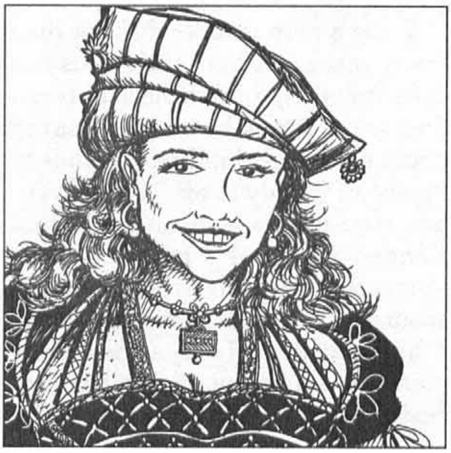
Juliana Vlaardoen

Princess of Bergdhoven, Viscountess of Linden. Juliana is the daughter of Prince Vanserie and Lady Wilhelmine, who died during the war with Alphatia. She is good-natured and eager to prove her abilities to the more established princes. By all reports, she has ruled her Principality well since inheriting it in 1009. She has not had to face any major crises in that time, however; whether she will still be deemed a good ruler in troubled times remains to be seen.

Princess Juliana has the lustrous copper skin of her Flaemish parents. Her hair, however, is long, curly, and silver in color—not at all like the fiery red of most Flaems. Some vicious gossips claim that Lady Wilhelmine Vlaardoen was barren and that Juliana was either bought or stolen (depending on the rumor) to be her child. In any case, the Council of Princes honored her claim to Bergdhoven when Prince Vanserie and Lady Wilhelmine died in the war. As a young woman, Juliana had a reputation of being flirtatious and sensual, although she seems to have matured since inheriting her principality.

Juliana's uncle, Sir Anton, is a skilled fighter and very protective of his niece. Gossips whisper that he is the true ruler of Bergdhoven, though most citizens prefer their princess to her uncle. Court gossips also claim that Sir Anton is pressuring Juliana, now 32, to marry in order to produce an heir for her principality.

Notes: Born 982; AL LG; AC 0 *(bracers of defense AC0)*; MV 12; human M14; hp 30; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 *(rod of smiting)* or by spell; S8 D14 C12 I17 W13 Ch13; MR 11.



Adventurers, Mages, and Priests

Asgrim the Bowed

High Cleric of Odin, Advisor to King Finn of Ostland. Asgrim represents the hard-core traditionalists of Ostland. He believes that the old Northman ways are the best, and he vehemently opposed the measures that freed the thralls of Ostland.

Once the trusted advisor of King Hord—and veritable ruler of Ostland in the King's absence—Asgrim has lost much of the power he once held. His efforts to increase the power of the priests of Odin have remained effective, however. Asgrim remains more feared than admired, but fear can be a powerful force in politics.

Asgrim would be tall if it were not for his twisted back. His heavy eyebrows lend him a perpetual scowl; his choice of plain clothing accentuates his image as a severe, joyless man.

Notes: Born 959; AL LN; AC 10; MV 12; human C15 of Odin; hp 59; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (footman's mace) or by spell; S11 D9 C12 I15 W17 Ch15; ML 11.

Anand Brishnapur

Mystic (fighting monk) of the Shehid Order in Sind. Anand has traveled throughout Sind in the company of the Prophet Sitara, righting wrongs and searching for good and true men and women. He has so far avoided Sind's politics and wars, although rumors abound that the Followers of the Prophet may rise up to throw off the yoke of the Master of Hule.

How to be a Hero

Being a hero is more difficult than many realize. A hero's life does not consist entirely of parades and feasts and good times between dashing deeds of derring-do. It rather tends to be one of muddy roads, damp bivouacs, stale rations, and sudden mortal danger. Much of a hero's time is spent recuperating from grievous wounds or in endless training. Being a hero requires a hardy constitution, great determination, and strength of body and mind.

But the rewards of a hero's life can be great. A true hero seeks not monetary reward, but performs heroic deeds in the hopes of making the world for a better place—and there is no greater reward than success.

Herewith advice on becoming a true hero—one called upon by kings and commoners alike, beloved by the people and praised by bards.

A would-be hero must possess useful skills—those of combat, or scouting, or in the magical or priestly arts. Such skills can be learned in the relative safety of cities and towns

Notes: Born 980; AL LG; AC 1; MV 12; human Fighting-Monk 9; hp 36; THAC0 16; #AT 2; Dmg special (as per Martial Art chart 4, page 125 of the *Complete Priest's Handbook)* or 1d6+4 *(quarterstaff +3)*; S17 D14 C11 I12 W16 Ch12; ML 15. Weapon Specialization: martial arts, 3 slots (+3 to hit and damage; +3 chart bonus for all martial arts attacks).

Broderick

Commander in Chief of the New Alphatian Empire. Broderick was instrumental in the coup against Emperor Zandor 1012. When the rulers of Bellissaria and Aquas formed the New Alphatian Council, they named Broderick Commander in Chief of all their forces. His duties include policing the member states of the New Alphatian Council, convincing the far-flung remnants of the old Alphatian Empire to join the new Council, and applying military might to any problem for which diplomacy seems inadequate. An upright military man, Commander Broderick carries himself in perfect posture even when relaxing between duties.

Notes: Born 969; AL LN; AC 2 (*bracers of defense AC 2*); MV 12; human F17; hp 96; THAC0 4; #AT 5/2; Dmg 1d8+5 (*long sword +2*) or 1d6+6 (*trident of warning,* Weapon Specialization); S17 D14 C16 I14 W13 Ch15; ML 18.

Claransa the Seer

Adventuress. Claransa was born in Threshold in Karameikos and studied for many years with a mage there. She briefly ruled a dominion in Norwold but, perhaps growing bored,

under the guidance of a mentor or teacher. Once the basics are mastered, a would-be hero can take his new-learned skills into the world.

The next step is to establish a reputation as a reliable problem solver and doer of good deeds. At this early stage in a hero's career, good will of one's clients is more important than monetary reward. Indeed, for the greatest of heroes, this remains true throughout their careers. If you charge fees at all, then charge according to your clients' ability to pay. It is often best to accept goods and services rather than money. A promise of a year's worth of free armor repair can be worth more than gold.

At this stage, one should avoid contracts that require travel deep into wilderness territory. Such adventures should be undertaken only by those who are well-equipped and knowledgeable enough to survive extended absences from civilization.

Heroes improve their reputations (and rewards) by persevering at each trial until successful, so one should choose tasks that are challenging but not beyond one's abilities.

gave it up to travel about. In 1004 she began a world tour and, according to her memoirs, discovered the existence of the great shaft on the Alatian island of Aegos. If her popular book, *Claransa's Travels to the Center of the World,* is to be believed, she disguised herself and traveled down the shaft to the Hollow World, where she was trapped by anti-magic effects and the collapse of the shaft. She explored the Hollow World for six years and published her memoirs upon her return. *[See "History of a Hoax—The Hollow World," page 206, for this editor's opinions on this matter. Ed.]*

Notes: Born 966 (apparent age 25); AL LG; AC 6 (*ring of protection* +2 and *cloak of displacement*); MV 12; human M20; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+4 (*dagger* +4) or by spell; S13 D11 C14 I17 W11 Ch11; ML 15.

Geir Hordson

Prince of Ostland in the Northern Reaches. Geir, Yrsa's second son, has lived in the shadow of Finn (his more popular, more personable brother) for years now. In 1013, shortly after his older brother was crowned King of Ostland, Geir donned chain mail, girded his sword, and took his leave of the royal family, telling them he was off to make his way in the world. There are reports that he may have gone to Vestland to join the fight against the humanoids of the Hardanger Mountains, but this has not yet been confirmed.

Notes: Born 996; AL LN; AC 4 *(chain mail +1)*; MV 12; human F1; hp 12; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 (long sword and Strength bonus); S16 D15 C16 I13 W9 Ch15; ML 12.

The Well-Equipped Adventurer

Many heroes make do with a minimum of equipment—armor they inherited from their father or uncle, a plain sword or mace, one or two changes of clothing, sturdy boots, a fire-starting kit, and little more. But there is no doubt that the better-equipped an adventurer is, the more successful he is likely to be.

The most useful items are often those most difficult to obtain—enchanted weapons and armor, items of miscellaneous magical abilities, and so on. These must be obtained by chance or the expenditure of much gold. While undeniably useful, they are not essential to a successful career as hero.

Here, then, is a list of equipment that *is* essential to the success (or at least comfort) of the adventurer.

For travel in the wilderness: Fire-starter, compass, small first-aid kit (bandages, balms, theriaca as antidote to poison, soap, witch hazel), bedroll, canteen or waterskin, knife, hammock, tent or insect netting, and sturdy clothing suited to the climate.

Geoffrey of Grunturm

Hero of Norwold. Geoffrey was born in the Heldannic town of Grunturm. He adventured near Grunturm in his youth, but disagreements with the Heldannic Knights convinced him to take his good deeds to Norwold. Geoffrey is a serious, intense man, ferocious in combat but capable of great kindness. Although he keeps fairly fit, Geoffrey has developed a slight paunch in recent years. Nevertheless, he remains a tall, well-built, imposing man. He continues to travel Norwold in search of adventure, slaying rogue dragons and evil monsters wherever he finds them.

Notes: Born 962; AL LG; AC –4/0 *(plate mail +3, shield+3)*; MV 12; human C20; hp 87; THAC0 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+4 *(footman's mace +3, +5 vs. undead)*; S10 D11 C17 I10 W15 Ch9; ML 18.

Haldemar of Haaken

Prince of Floating Ar, Captain of the skyship Princess Ark. Haldemar is an unpredictable Alphatian aristocrat who does everything with style. A famous adventurer, he has traveled Mystara. If tales are true, he has also traveled to the Hollow World. Prince Haldemar was most recently seen in Aquas, where he was apparently involved in the overthrow of Emperor Zandor—and may have the deposed Emperor in his custody. His current whereabouts are unknown.

Notes: Born 911 (apparent age 60); AL CG; AC 5 *(ring of protection +3,* Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M17/T4, advances as mage; hp 39; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+2 *(dagger +2)*; S10 D16 C11 I17 W12 Ch15; ML 10; PP 15%, OL 15%, FT 10%, MS 60%, HS 60%, DN 25%, CW 60%, RL 35%.

For combat: The finest weapons and armor one can afford, and much time spent training with them.

For dungeon-delving: Sturdy lantern with sufficient fuel, rope set (including a quantity of high-quality silk rope, grapples, spikes, and pulleys), map-making kit (pen and ink, parchment, measuring tape) or chalk or charcoal sticks to mark one's path, pickaxe, iron spikes and mallet, carpenter's level to check for slopes, lockpicks, canary and cage (if noxious gases are expected), and a long, sturdy pole to test footing.

For entering enemy strongholds: Lockpicks, rope set (see above), soft-soled boots or shoes, spider harness (a climbing aid; additional supplies, hooks, and clasps), sleep gas (available at some alchemical shops), or sufficient coinage to bribe the servants.

For ocean travel: Sturdy oilcloth windbreaker to protect against wind, rain, and sea spray; portable boat and outdoor survival gear in case of shipwreck. Unfortunately, no one has yet discovered a reliable preventative for seasickness.

Famous Folks

Jaervosz Dustyboots

Hero Extraordinaire; former Sheriff of Seashire and War Leader of the Five Shires. Jaervosz is a renowned warrior famous for his skill with thrown hand axes. In Kaldmont 1010 he led the assault against Fort Doom. When Ludwig von Hendriks escaped after being sentenced to death in the Five Shires, Jaervosz swore to track the wretch down and bring him to justice. In 1012, Jaervosz captured the Black Eagle, but kobold allies rescued this heinous criminal. Jaervosz's current whereabouts are unknown, but he's unlikely to give up his pursuit until the Black Eagle faces lawful execution.

Notes: Born 951; AL LN; AC 3 (*chain mail* +2); MV 6; hin F8/T9; hp 47; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6+3 (*hand axe* +3) or 1d4+2 (*sling* +1); S15 D14 C16 I17 W18 Ch15; ML 14.

Demetrion Karagenteropolus

Magist to Emperor Eusebius of Thyatis, Dragon-Knight. Demetrion has been Magist to the Emperors of Thyatis since Thincol took the throne in 960. He is a member of the Knights of the Air; his mount (and friend) is the golden dragon Hytiliaph. In a nation known for its treachery, he promotes honor and trustworthiness and has been known to fund expeditions organized by honorable adventurers. Demetrion creates magical items for the imperial family.

With his white robes (trimmed with red) and wild mass of white hair (including a tangled beard), Demetrion is easy to recognize.

Notes: Born 895 (apparent age 65); AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; human M20; hp 70; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+3 (*dagger* +3) or by spell; S12 D11 C17 I18 W14 Ch15; ML 12.

A Warning to Adventuring Bands

It has come to this editor's attention that a number of adventurers for hire have fallen prey to a devious con artist encountered (to date) in Glantri, Darokin, and Karameikos.

This trickster poses as a mage of some ability—which may very well be true. However, his use of magic is far from honorable. He has used charm, wit, and magic to separate some dozen or more adventurers from their possessions.

This clever scamp approaches adventurers and mercenaries who specialize in righting wrongs and doing good deeds. A consummate actor, he spins a story designed to play upon the adventurers' sense of justice. Typically, the story involves an evil rival wizard, a beautiful, beloved young wife, and, of course, a kidnapping and threats of harm to the unfortunate woman should the mage not share with the rival some secret of magic that could prove devastating should it fall into the wrong hands. The mage explains that he cannot

Ferdynand Lillipot

Wizard, genius, madman. This Glantrian Mage is famous for creating—or discovering, this point remains unclear—his "Gargantoid," a massive magical machine, 50' tall and vaguely man-shaped. The Gargantoid was first seen in 1011, when Ferdynand took it to Glantri City to present it to the Council of Princes, apparently hoping to aid in the war against the Alphatians. Learning that the war had already been won, Ferdynand consoled himself in drink. His Gargantoid ran afoul of some mischief-minded students of the Great School of Magic, and caused a great deal of damage by running amok in Glantri City and the surrounding countryside.

The Gargantoid was later seen flying south toward the Great Crater. In Nuwmont of 1013 it appeared in Akesoli in Darokin, where it once again ran amok, causing even more damage than it had in Glantri. It has since been seen flying west, toward Sind, where (as far as the citizens of Glantri and Darokin are concerned) it's quite welcome to do as much damage as it wishes. According to those who have met Ferdynand Lillipot, the mage is quite a likable gentleman who would harm no one, but his obviously erratic control over the Gargantoid renders him dangerous.

Notes: Born 960; AL CG; AC 10; MV 12; human M20; hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3 *(quarterstaff +3)*; S12 D10 C16 I20 W9 Ch10; ML 12. The Gargantoid: AC 0; MV 18 (swim 18, fly 24); HD 20; hp 101; THAC0 5; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10+12 (fist) or special (armed with *staff of fireballs, staff of lightning bolts, wand of magic missiles;* can use one of these each turn if not attacking with fists); Save M20; ML 20.

rescue his wife himself, as his presence within his enemy's stronghold would trigger his rival's wards. He hopes that unexpected strangers could escape detection longer.

The mage sweetens the deal with the promise of much gold upon the successful rescue of his "lovely young wife." He produces elaborate maps of his rival's stronghold. Stressing that time is running out, he offers to use a specially researched teleport spell to transport the adventurers *en masse* to a little-used room within the stronghold while he remains behind.

The mage explains that his teleport spell has certain limitations and urges the adventurers to take only those items that would help them most on their mission. The rest—including mounts and any treasure they may have—he offers to guard with his life.

The trusting adventurers then find themselves in the icy reaches north of Norwold, with no enemy stronghold in sight. Three such bands have made their way back to civilized lands, but none has yet located the mage who so betrayed them.

Famous Folks

Misha Mananov

Itinerant priestess of the Church of Traladara. Misha was born in the Black Eagle Barony and lived under the oppressive rule of Baron Ludwig von Hendriks until she fled at the age of 15. She took shelter with *the Church of Traladara* in Karameikos, and later entered the order. She wandered *Karameikos* for a number of *years, righting* wrongs and helping people in need of aid. (Devlin Yakov, a bit of a rascal, was her traveling companion for a time.) Misha then accepted a post as priestess in the village of Verge, but she soon felt the urge to wander again.

Misha's pet wolf is her constant companion. Very large and very white, with bright blue eyes, "Kitten" was once mistaken for the White Wolf of Morlay as he and his mistress were journeying through Glantri.

Misha speaks fluent orcish and has made it her personal mission to pacify humanoid tribes by establishing peaceful trading relations between the humanoids and the humans they so often plague. She is currently believed to be somewhere in the Northern Reaches, doing her best to end the humanoid wars there.

Notes: Born 981; AL LG; AC 3 *(chain mail +2)*; MV 12; human C12; hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3 *(staff +3)* or by spell; S11 D14 C15 I15 W17 Ch17; ML 14.

Stefanius of Thyatis

Wandering wizard and doer of good deeds. Little is known of Stefanius of Thyatis. He is apparently a powerful mage who appears when and where he's most needed. He seems to be a young man (the power he wields

Misha Mananov's Trail Recipes

These recipes, submitted by priestess Misha Mananov, may seem more suited to the traveling equipage of a prince than of ordinary travelers: The eggs and butter she often calls for make for difficult traveling companions. But those who stay a night at a farmer's home or woodsman's hut may find that preparing some of these dishes with the host's foodstuffs can make a guest much more welcome while easing the household's daily burden of chores.

Cat's-tail Scones—Mix equal amounts of cat's-tail pollen and flour. For every double handful of flour mix, add one egg, a pinch of salt, a little butter, and a dash of milk or water. Adjust proportions to make a syrupy batter. Drop spoonfuls on a lightly greased hot stone. Cook until firm.

Wheat Kernels with Mushrooms and Onions—In a bowl, toss a double handful of kasha and one egg until the egg thoroughly coats the grains. Toast in a pan over a fire, stirring or shaking constantly and belies this observation) with jet-black hair, rakish beard, and piercing green eyes. Stefanius is a popular folk hero, as he seems more likely to assist a Thyatian peasant or a slave than a nobleman.

Stefanius is rarely seen in times of peace, and is thought by some to be a secret identity of an unknown benefactor of the Thyatian people or even of an Immortal.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (apparent age 35); AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; M20; hp 70; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+3 (dagger +3) or by spell; S12 D11 C17 I18 W14 Ch15; ML 12.

Terari

Grand Master of the Karameikan School of Magecraft. In 1010 this Alphatian mage came upon the town of Krakatos, where the new Karameikan School of Magecraft was being built. After many conversations with Teldon, the head of Karameikos's Magicians' Guild, Terari was invited to become an advisor to the School. On Ambyrmont 23, Terari was appointed Master of the Karameikan School of Magecraft—apparently with the blessings of Teldon, who preferred to retain his position at the head of the Magicians' Guild.

Terari enjoys teaching and experimenting with the creation of new monster races. He can be sarcastic but has a good heart. With his tall, lean frame, long, gray hair, and lavish beard and mustache, Terari looks the part of the wise old mage.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (apparent age 60); AL NG; AC 7 *(ring of protection +3)*; MV 12; human M20; hp 50; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+5 *(quarterstaff +5)* or by spell; S13 D10 C15 I18 W11 Ch15; ML 14.

taking care not to burn the kasha. Add salt, butter, and two or three double handfuls of water. Set to boil; then cover tightly and remove pan to the edge of the fire to simmer. After 20 minutes, check for tenderness; add more water and cook longer if dry. Remove from heat, uncover, and let rest for 10 minutes. In another pan, sauté two chopped onions in butter until barely golden. Sauté six large mushrooms, finely chopped, in more butter. Add onions and mushrooms to the kasha.

Paprikás Burgonya (Potato Paprika)—Boil six large potatoes for ten minutes, then peel and slice. Heat three spoons of butter or lard in pot. Saute two onions and two cloves of garlic, finely chopped, until barely golden. Remove from heat. Stir in 1 spoonful of sweet paprika. Return to heat, add two or three double handfuls of water, and bring to a boil. Add some caraway seeds, potatoes, one chopped tomato, one finely chopped green pepper, some salt. Add sausage if desired. Cover and simmer until the potatoes are tender.

Sitara Rohini

Prophet of the Immortal Gareth. Sitara Rohini is a young woman of Sind's Rishiya (clerical) caste. She first had visions of a new Immortal called Gareth in 1011. Following the Immortal's instructions, she has wandered throughout Sind preaching the coming of the new Immortal and Gareth's pledge to protect the people of Mystara from the schemes of all Immortals who seek their own pleasure at mortals' expense. Following the disastrous events of the Wrath of the Immortals (war, plague, famine, and the destruction of the Alphatian continent) many people are more than willing to listen to such messages. The Prophet Sitara has gathered quite a following since she first began preaching her message of peace and hope. Kind and generous, Sitara makes friends easily.

Sitara's disciples include Anand Brishnapur, a fighting monk who accompanies her everywhere in Sind. Since the Prophet settled in Karakandar, she has attracted more than a dozen disciples, including two humans foreign to Sind and—according to rumor—an orc.

The Prophet possesses the *Staff of Gareth,* a walking staff lacquered black and shod in gold. According to tales that have filtered through Darokin to Karameikos, the *Staff of Gareth* is capable of miraculous feats—such as healing those touched by it and even bringing the dead back to life.

Notes: Born 993; AL LG; AC 6 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human C3; hp 19; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3 (*Staff of Gareth* is equivalent to a *staff* +3 when wielded in combat) or by spell; S10 D18 C9 I13 W18 Ch15; ML 14.

A Haven for Adventurers

An adventurer returning from the wilderness craves certain comforts—a warm hearth, safety, good food and drink, and pleasant companionship. There are other things such an adventurer can almost certainly use—the services of a healer, an armorer, or a blacksmith and new clothing, provisions, or equipment. In Karameikos, one town has gained popularity with adventurers in recent years, for it provides all this and more: Irenke, north of Penhaligon.

For those journeying along the King's Road between Penhaligon and Selenica in Darokin, Irenke is not far out of the way. It lies on a cart road that loops westward from the King's Road and winds its way for some ten miles through the Wufwolde Hills before rejoining the paved trade route. The little town (for, despite its small population, Irenke boasts a full-fledged town's range of services) has made a specialty of catering to the many adventurers and would-be heroes that trek along the King's Road or through the Wufwolde Hills.

Azlum Swith

Gentleman adventurer extraordinaire. Azlum Swith is an enigma. Few have met him. A wizard of unknown birth and origin, he has devoted his life to the pursuit of knowledge of the natural world. His greatest feat was the construction of his *Geodome Airship,* a large flying mirrored icosahedron (a 20-sided spherical craft). The *Geodome Airship* is reputedly capable of travel through air, water, the Void, and perhaps other dimensions. It houses innumerable maps and detailed records of the explorer-mage's journeys as well as unusual specimens from around the world.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (appears elderly, but in good health); AL CG; AC 7 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M21; hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by spell; S14 D17 C16 I19 W17 Ch11; ML 14.

Devlin Yakov

Devlin Yakov (aka Devlin Koskov, Derek Larescu, and other aliases): Rogue, Problem-solver. Many Karameikans, especially of Traladaran descent, call Yakov "hero." He has aided those in need, resolving matters that local authorities could not.

Devlin promotes himself as a "retriever of lost objects and locator of hidden treasures." His talents are for hire—for the right price.

In 1010, Devlin acted as scout and saboteur in the war against the Black Eagle. His intense fervor pointed to a long-standing grudge against Baron von Hendriks and his minions. Devlin and Misha Mananov remain friends.

Notes: Born 982; AL CG; AC 3 *(Leather armor +2,* Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human T9; hp 45; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+2 *(long sword +2)*; S10 D17 C10 I12 W9 Ch10; ML 12.

Within Irenke the down-on-his-luck adventurer can find everything he needs to equip himself for another foray into danger—including loans of weapons, armor, and gear for those temporarily short on cash. **Alisz Dkany**, a retired adventurer, operates a weapons shop. She buys used weapons and armor for resale and sells new items crafted by Irenke's excellent armorers. Her loan program elicits promises of repayment (at 150% of normal cost) for equipment borrowed—as soon as the borrower has cash enough to cover the loan.

Irenke's many other business include three inns (the **Tabard Inn,** the largest, is also a tavern), two livery stables, provisioners, tailors, cobblers, carters, harness-makers, and craftsmen of all sorts. **Rufius Andergorn,** a mage of high and wide repute, will identify the nature of any magic item (for a fee), and he offers for sale simple spell components.

All goods and services may be had in Irenke for a reasonable price. Patrons who promise to come to the town's aid (should it ever be in need) find Irenke's prices very good indeed.

Infamous Villains

Alebane

Ogre-Lord of the Broken Lands; King of Lower Ogremoor. Alebane is arguably the most famous ogre of the Known World. As a young ogre, he was captured by Darokinian monster-hunters and taken to Glantri. There, Prince Innocenti di Malapietra had him trained as a gladiator to provide amusement to Glantrian nobles. Alebane (so named for his prodigious appetite for alcoholic brews) lived and fought in Glantri for nearly a decade before escaping back to the Broken Lands. He took with him a magical oversized warhammer.

With this hammer and his special training, Alebane easily usurped the throne of Ogremoor from the reigning ogre-king. When Thar and Kol led the exodus of humanoids into the Great Crater, Alebane chose to remain behind.

In 1011 the ogre-king joined Thar in a disastrous campaign against Rockhome—greatly weakening his status in the Broken Lands. Nevertheless, in 1012 he managed to rally the disparate humanoid tribes for an attack on the newly-discovered underground city of Oenkmar. That, too, proved a disaster when the Shadow Elves conquered the city. It's is not known whether King Alebane survived that slaughter. Rumors abound that he may have traveled to Vestland to join King Thar.

Notes: AL LE; AC 4 (natural AC 5 plus gladiator's banded mail); MV 9; ogre F10; hp 78; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+11 *(warhammer +3,* Strength bonus); S20 D8 C18 I9 W9 Ch8 (16 to other ogres); ML 13; Size L.

Most Wanted

Bargle the Infamous—Former Court Wizard of the Black Eagle Barony. Wanted for uncountable heinous crimes against humans, hin, and others. Whereabouts unknown. *500,000 Gold Royals alive, half if dead, Karameikos.*

Filia Klintmur—Flimflammer. This female dwarf poses as a lost human child to enter wealthy homes —which she then robs. Last seen in Selenica, Darokin. *50,000 Daros alive, Darokin.*

Xavier Tanos—Human thief extraordinaire. He stole the seal of the Republic from Chancellor Mauntea's office, then boldly ransomed it. Last seen in Darokin City, Darokin. *500,000 Daros dead or alive, Darokin.*

Flavius Laconius—Former Thyatian military officer and murderer. Known for brutalities against Alphatians during the war, Laconius is now sought on charges of murder. The grisly remains of twelve Thyatian citizens were discovered in the cellars of his estate in Kaldmont, 1013. *100,000 Lucins, dead or alive, Thyatis.*

Infamous Villains

Bargle the Infamous

Former Magist of the Black Eagle Barony in Karameikos. Bargle is called "the Infamous" for the horrid deeds attributed to him. A lean, handsome man, Bargle can be charming when it suits him. He loves the good life and loves making life bad for others. People whisper of dark magics and of secret, dangerous experiments he performed on humans and hin provided by von Hendriks. Bargle is known to possess a *staff of the magi,* which enhances his powers for evil.

In 1010 he deserted his master, looting the baronial treasury and teleporting far away. There were reports that Bargle was involved in suppressing the uprising of Jennite slaves in Esterhold in 1012, but little is known of his actions or whereabouts throughout 1013.There have been rumors that he may have returned to his old haunts in the Black Eagle Barony (now the Barony of Halag). If this is so, Bargle the Infamous is closer to home than this editor cares to believe.

Notes: AL CE; AC –1 *(bracers of defense AC 2* and Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M17; hp 37; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+2 *(dagger +2, +3 vs. spellcasters)* or by spell; S9 D17 C10 I18 W9 Ch15; ML 10.

Garafaele Galeifel

Radiant General of the City of Stars, Warlord of Aengmor. The greatest general of the shadow elves, Garafaele planned the successful invasion of Alfheim and controls the Aengmor military. In 1012 he led the shadow elf offensive against the dwarves and humanoids in Oenkmar, eventually winning that mysterious, lava-sur-

Karolek Two-Fist—Alphatian Pirate. This pirate has plagued the New Alphatian Sea since the sinking of Alphatia. His brutal attacks against weak or storm-damaged ships end in the murders of all aboard. Last seen near Monster Island. *100,000 Crowns, dead or alive, New Alphatian Council.*

Karayan Silvertree—Mad Elven Wizard. Obviously insane, this elven wizard has set fires throughout Mystara. He watches his handiwork from the center of the blaze, escaping before authorities can catch him. *50,000 gp, Wendar.*

Reinhard Madelhari—Rogue Heldannic Knight. This priest is wanted for the theft of a holy artifact, the murder of three Heldannic Knights, the burning of a Temple of Vanya, and the theft of a Heldannic Warbird skyship. *100,000 Gelders, Heldannic Territories.*

Filomena Anastagio, the Black Widow—Thyatian enchantress. She is suspected of having murdered at least six husbands—all wizards—for their magic treasures and spell books. Last seen boarding a ship for Karameikos. *50,000 Lucins, alive, Thyatis.*

rounded city for the shadow elves. According to reports filed by agents of the Darokin Diplomatic Corps, he is thoroughly loyal to King Telemon of the City of Stars and works hard to keep Princess Tanadaleyo—and her ambitions—in check.

Garafaele is a pale-skinned elf with white hair and gray eyes. His uniforms are also white, making him appear like a ghostly apparition. He bears scars just above both elbows. Rumor has it he lost his arms to the vicious bite of some monstrous creature in the depths of the shadow elf caverns. The scars are from the magical reattachment of his forearms.

Notes: Born 446; AL LE; AC –4 *(elven chain, shield +4, ring of protection +2);* MV 12; elf F12/M12/T12; hp 91; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8+7 *(long sword +4);* S18/24 D16 C17 I13 W10 Ch13; ML 18.

Ludwig von Hendriks

Former Baron of the Black Eagle Barony, wanted criminal (escaped execution in the Five Shires). Ludwig von Hendriks is an arrogant and hateful man who cares only for power. He ruled the Black Eagle Barony with an iron fist for four decades. In 1010 hin from the Five Shires convinced King Stefan of Karameikos that the horrid rumors he'd heard about his cousin were true. With the King's approval, the Five Shires declared war on Baron Ludwig von Hendriks. The Black Eagle was captured on the last day of Kaldmont 1010 and taken to the Five Shires for trial and execution. He escaped (through means still under investigation) and was not heard of for several months.

Reports filtered in that the Black Eagle was advising King Kol of the Broken Lands in his bid to secure a

Madmen and Their Mad Deeds

Throughout history, civilized folk have been plagued by madmen who sought to dominate the world—or at least their corner of it. In fact, many despots and conquerors have been insane to one degree or another.

Some of these would-be world conquerors were defeated before they managed to conquer much, as was the case of Skarda the Reaver. Years ago, this mage and his band of cutthroats terrorized rural settlements in Karameikos, kidnapping villagers and rustling livestock. Some adventurers discovered that Skarda was using a magic mirror as a gateway to a pocket dimension where he was gathering forces to conquer the world one nation at a time.

The struggle to defeat Skarda was hampered by Skarda's ability to summon fierce "mirror fiends"—large baboon-like creatures that could hide in mirrors and even teleport from one mirror to another. But at last Skarda and his fiends were defeated, and the prisoners freed.

Principality in Glantri. In 1012 the hin hero Jaervosz Dustyboots, aided by a band of faithful hin companions, managed to capture the Black Eagle once more to return him to the Five Shires—and to justice. Unfortunately, the Black Eagle was rescued by kobolds under Prince Kol's command.

Ludwig von Hendriks is rumored to be in Blackstone, Prince Kol's seat of power. The cool relationship between Glantri and the Five Shires makes extradition unlikely. The Five Shires and Karameikos have issued warrants for Ludwig's arrest should he be found in either nation.

Notes: Born 951; AL CE; AC 1 (*plate mail +2)*; MV 12; human F13; hp 84; THAC0 8; #AT 5/2 (Weapon Specialization, long sword); Dmg 1d8+5 (*long sword +2,* Strength bonus, weapon specialization); S17 D14 C16 I15 W9 Ch14; ML 13.

"Gentleman Jehann"

A dashing young fellow, origins unknown, who follows a career of banditry in the hills of Karameikos. His moniker reflects his impeccable manners toward his victims as well as his fellow bandits. He robs only wealthy merchants and government officials—never ladies or poor folk—and has thus become a bit of a popular hero.

"Gentleman Jehann" can be recognized by his forest-green cape and matching green hat adorned with peacock feathers. His favorite mount, a great dark bay stallion, is as handsome and energetic as his master.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (apparent age 25); AL CG; AC 6 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; T8; hp42; THAC0 17; #AT 1 (long sword); Dmg 1d8+2 *(long sword +2);* S15 D17 C15 I14 W12 Ch18; ML 13.

Then there are those who are driven mad by magic or curses. Such was the case of Duke Stephen Rhoona of the Northern Reaches, who began issuing insane decrees. The first was that all taxes be paid in beer. Other nonsensical decrees followed: That horses must be ridden backwards; that nothing be burned while the sun was at rest (i.e., at night); and that horses should be fed meat to keep them strong. His actions proved to be the result of a curse laid on him by Xanathon, a cleric of undoubtedly evil intentions.

But perhaps the most well-known and tragic madman in today's world is Innocenti di Malapietra, once Prince of Caurenze in Glantri. The Malapietra family was known for its paranoia, which they claimed protected them from the evils of the world. But Innocenti has fallen beyond mere paranoia into undeniable insanity. He skulks within the ruins of his ancestral home—destroyed years ago by the meteor that created the Great Crater—blasting any who comes near with *fireballs* and *disintegrate* spells.

Famous Folks

Oberack of Ostland

Wizard and raider, operating out of the Northern Reaches. This powerful wizard and his band of marauders—accomplished fighters, all—specialize in lightning-fast raids against isolated villages and towns. For a decade, Oberack's Raiders have plagued the Northern Reaches. Within the past few years they have attacked small towns within the Heldannic Territories and as far north as Norwold.

Oberack constructed a flying long ship for quick transport. Pulled by four white dragons he raised from hatchlings, the ship can be disguised with an illusion, making it appear to be a large white dragon.

Notes: Born 961; AL NE; AC 6 (*ring of protection* +3, Dexterity bonus); MV 12; human M18; hp 58; THAC0 15; #AT 1 spell; Dmg by spell; S12 D16 C16 I18 W13 Ch12 ML 14.

Psa'gh

Leader of the Hardanger kobolds. Little is known of this kobold, despite the efforts of King Ragnar's scouts. Captured kobolds speak of him as "the Shining One"—possibly referring to a legendary kobold hero whose armor glowed. These captives are obviously in awe of their leader, although few claim to have seen him except from afar. They say Psa'gh has been leader of the Hardanger kobolds for longer than most of them have been alive (estimates based on this information range from 40 to 60 years). All that time, Psa'gh has been slowly and carefully building the military might of the Hardanger kobolds, uniting bickering tribes and instilling a new sense of pride and determination in the kobold warriors. Kobold captives take it for granted that Psa'gh's eventual goal is to de-

Humanoid Overlords of History

Civilized lands have been plagued by humanoids for centuries. For the most part, such antagonism occurs on a small scale—tribes of orcs or goblins or some such creatures menacing villages or the occasional town. But when a humanoid leader has risen to prominence—when humanoids have banded together to form a great horde—the result has been war.

In BC 1725, an orc named King Loark raised what he called the Great Horde. Loark and his horde of orcs, goblins, trolls, and giants migrated into human-occupied lands, ravaging as they went. In BC 1722, they overran Norwold, plunging the Antalian culture there into a dark age. A dozen years later, the Horde conquered and enslaved the tribes of Ethengar. Encountering another humanoid horde there, King Loark and his followers moved on to the Broken Lands. There they settled.

Seven hundred years later, the humanoids were on the move again. Overcrowding of the Broken Lands stroy the humans and claim the Soderfjord lowlands for the kobolds.

Whatever his true intentions, Psa'gh has become a definite menace to the Northern Reaches—and especially to Soderfjord. The fact that he has stepped outside kobold tradition to ally his kobolds with other humanoids—hill gnolls of the Hardangers and the humanoids under Thar's command in the Makkres Mountains—makes this kobold leader doubly dangerous.

Notes: If even half the tales told by kobold captives about their leader is true, Psa'gh is the most powerful and experienced and intelligent kobold in the history of the Known World (with the possible exception of the original "Shining One"). Judging by the more reasonable tales, Psa'gh could be described as: AL CE; AC –2 (shining armor, possibly *plate mail +3;* Dexterity bonus); MV 6; kobold F12; hp 75; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8+4 *(scimitar +3,* supposedly stolen during a long-ago raid into Ylaruam; Strength bonus); S17 D16 C15 I17 W12 Ch14; ML 15.

Pierre Saville

Pierre Saville is a wanted criminal (and a known werewolf) originally from the Principality of Morlay-Malinbois in Glantri. He is considered to be more than a little mad and definitely dangerous. Pierre's mission seems to be to spread lycanthropy wherever he goes.

He kills and devours most victims. Those who seem particularly kind or good he prefers only to injure—wantonly infecting them with his disease in the process. Apparently he desires that innocents suffer from the curse of lycanthropy as much as he has.

forced bands of orcs, trolls, gnolls, and goblins to migrate outward from the Broken Lands, pushing other humanoid tribes before them. Gnolls (believed to be the Beast-Men of old tales) invaded the Traldar lands. Other humanoids caused trouble in the lands that are now Sind, Glantri, and Darokin. Orcs overran the Five Shires region; enslaving the hin. A strong orc named Othrong rose to prominence there and ruled over orcs and hin slaves for 30 years. He was succeeded by his son, Raurgh, who could not hold the land.

Two centuries later, orcs once again overran the Five Shires region; this time led by the orc-king Thrail. Gogkh and Furgh Oorr succeeded Thrail in the 60-year occupation before the orcs were driven out.

Humanoids fleeing the Broken Lands in recent years may constitute yet another horde, though they have no strong leader to unite them into a nation-shattering force. Thar and Psa'gh, two of the mightiest humanoid leaders of our times, have so far failed to make headway in their wars in the Northern Reaches.

Prince Malachie of Morlay-Malinbois has offered a reward of 1,000 gp to anyone who returns Pierre to Glantri, dead or alive.

Notes: Birthdate unknown (apparent age 30); AL CE; AC 8 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; F6/T5; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 1 (long sword); Dmg 1d8+1 (long sword, Strength bonus); S17 D16 C15 I12 W9 Ch10; ML 15. These statistics of course differ when the lycanthropy manifests.

Thar

Leader of Humanoids, Menace to Civilized Nations, once King of the Broken Lands, Supreme Commander of the *Legions, Chief of Orcus Rex.* Thar was once the undisputed ruler of the humanoids of the Broken Lands. Through a combination of inspired leadership and brutal terrorism, he kept hordes of dissimilar tribes together for 35 years. But in 1010, Thar—now an aged orc—relinquished his position as Supreme Commander of the humanoid Legions and bowed down to King Kol (a mere kobold) as his superior. (The true cause of Thar's sudden loss of courage and power may never be known. Some say King Kol had discovered a powerful artifact with which to overthrow Thar; others say some outside power influenced his abdication.) In 1011, Thar tried to recoup some of his power and influence in the Broken Lands by invading Rockhome while the dwarves were busy with a civil war. The invasion was a failure, and Thar was forced to flee northeast into Vestland.

But Thar is once again on the rise. He has gathered thousands of allied humanoids under his rule in the Makkres Mountains west of Vestland.

How to Recognize an Evil Wizard

Here are some telltale signs that may assist the reader in recognizing an evil wizard upon meeting one. But be forewarned that not all evil wizards exhibit the following traits—and that in some cases one or more of the following traits may be more indicative of an eccentric personality than of an inherently evil personage.

1. Preference for a remote site for an abode. Evil wizards prefer to locate their tower, donjon, or what-have-you far from prying eyes. Such remote locations reduce the risks of discovery, especially when travel to the site is made difficult by natural obstacles and dangers.

2. Strange lights, sights, or sounds emanating from said abode. The dark magics practiced by evil wizards are often accompanied by strange visual or auditory effects. Frequent lightning strikes upon the domicile may also indicate an evil wizard within—especially if said lightning strikes from clear skies or takes the form of ball lightning.

In 1013, he and the mysterious kobold leader named Psa'gh formed a pact and allied themselves against the nations of Vestland and Soderfjord. Despite occasional bickering and skirmishes that have broken out between the two humanoid armies, they have for the most part proven themselves to be a well-organized and very dangerous force.

Thar is a large, powerful orc with sharp tusks, copper-colored skin, and mesmerizing eyes. Even humans who have heard one of his infamous speeches addressed to his humanoid hordes admit that his voice is mesmerizing as well.

Notes: Born 954; AL NE; AC 0 *(bracers of defense AC 0);* MV 12; orc F18 (Thar is unusual in his ability to advance beyond the normal racial maximum level); hp 99; THAC0 3; #AT 5/2 (Weapon specialization; two-handed bastard sword); Dmg 2d4+4 *(bastard sword +1,* flames on command, weapon specialization); S17 D14 C16 I13 W11 Ch18; ML 18.

Xaviar Xacarias

Until recently, Xaviar Xacarias was a reclusive (and feared) wizard of Glantri—one of the many powerful wizards of that country who take no part in the nation's politics. But it is now known Xaviar is actually a Baldandar—a rare and evil humanoid of great intelligence and the ability to spin illusions. His current whereabouts are unknown.

Notes: AL NE; AC 3; MV 15; HD 6; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8 (claw)/1d8 (claw)/1d4 (bite); SA illusions, poison bite, spells; SD spells; ML 14; XP 2,000. A Baldandar's poison puts its victims to sleep.

3. Preference for evil hirelings, companions, or familiar. Evil wizards often choose (or create or summon) like-minded servants. Such evil creatures as Saberclaws, Nightshades, and Bogans are sure signs that an evil wizard is about. Dangerous plants such as grab grass and vampire roses appearing in gardens may also be due to an evil wizard's propensity for cultivating nasty things (at the very least, such horticulture signifies a gardner with a bad sense of humor).

4. Evil glint in eye. Eyes are the mirrors of the soul, and even powerful wizards find it difficult to disguise the glint of evil in their eyes. And once one is close enough to notice this glint, it's usually too late.

5. Maniacal laughter. Truly evil wizards are also often insane. When they commence an evil deed, they often gloat with glee, expressed in maniacal laughter. When one hears a deep-throated, somewhat hysterical "bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha," one should make all haste to depart from the scene—for this is the laugh an evil wizard most often directs at those about to fall victim to a twisted, evil plan.

Eligible Bachelors and Heiresses

For adventurers who do not wish to swing a battle axe against a dragon in his own lair, we give you the arena of love, whose subtler combats are no less treacherous than those of the arenas of Thyatis.

Most Eligible Bachelors

Among those who await the gentle charms of elegant, sophisticated ladies—or brave, vigorous women—are the following.

King Ericall of Norwold. Retainers describe Ericall's ideal mate as "a vigorous young lady who will accompany the King on the hunt, yet a well-bred young lady who will understand her place as queen of Norwold."

Ericall is a handsome and athletic ruler; in his early 40s, he still has many years left in him. Young ladies are advised not to be openly admiring and fawning, but should simply be continually nearby. A fondness for hunting and hawking will be particularly endearing.

Reston of Akesoli, King of Ierendi. Reston, formerly a Darokinian officer, has won the Crown Tourney for five years in a row; there is talk of naming him King-for-life.

Mindful of the weight of permanent office that may soon rest upon his shoulders, Reston has seriously undertaken the task of acquiring a suitable mate. He seeks, it is said, any lady true of heart and strong of limb, of noble birth or no. Locals say that would-be-queens are now as numerous in Ierendi as the flocks of mikla birds that migrate twice yearly, darkening the skies with their passage.

Broderick, Commander in Chief of the New Alphatian Empire. Broderick was named Commander in Chief of the New Alphatian Empire in 1012. The new responsibility already draws him toward the duties of statecraft.

An incisive military strategist, Broderick finds many ladies vapid. A military woman with whom he could lay out future plans over a brandy of a night would better suit his needs. But this lady should also be a charming addition to any social gathering.

Evan Starken of the Starken family of Darokin. A pale, sickly boy of 11 with a wasting disease that has defied magical and clerical cures, Evan is not really an eligible bachelor. But his illness saddens nurses beyond endurance, and they do not remain for long. However, they often receive large cash bonuses upon retiring—the largest is rumored to be a handsome 1,000,000 daros.

Evan is a quiet boy who enjoys being wheeled about in his bath chair. He likes being read to (his eyes are weak) and playing quiet games. He enjoys learning new things and hearing exciting tales of foreign lands and their people, so a well-traveled lady would be quite welcome. He is said to have an unfailingly sweet disposition—evidently not the spoiled brat that wealth often produces.

Most Eligible Heiresses

Among those who await the handsome prince—or roguish scalawag—of their dreams are the following.

Dolores Hillsbury, Princess of Fenswick in Glantri. Dolores is a lady of mystery. At 24 years old, she is perhaps the youngest ruler in the world. The poets of Glantri City vie to immortalize her beauty and virtues. Dolores is a challenge to be taken up only by suitors with great determination and strength of mind. She displays a cutting sense of humor in public and relishes the cutthroat struggles of Glantrian politics.

Alexandrinetta Marcinus of Thyatis City. It is believed that the dowry of "Alexi," the oldest daughter of Romulus Marcinus (a merchant prodigious in his ability to produce both money and daughters) approaches 100,000 lucins and that her inheritance could approach ten times that amount.

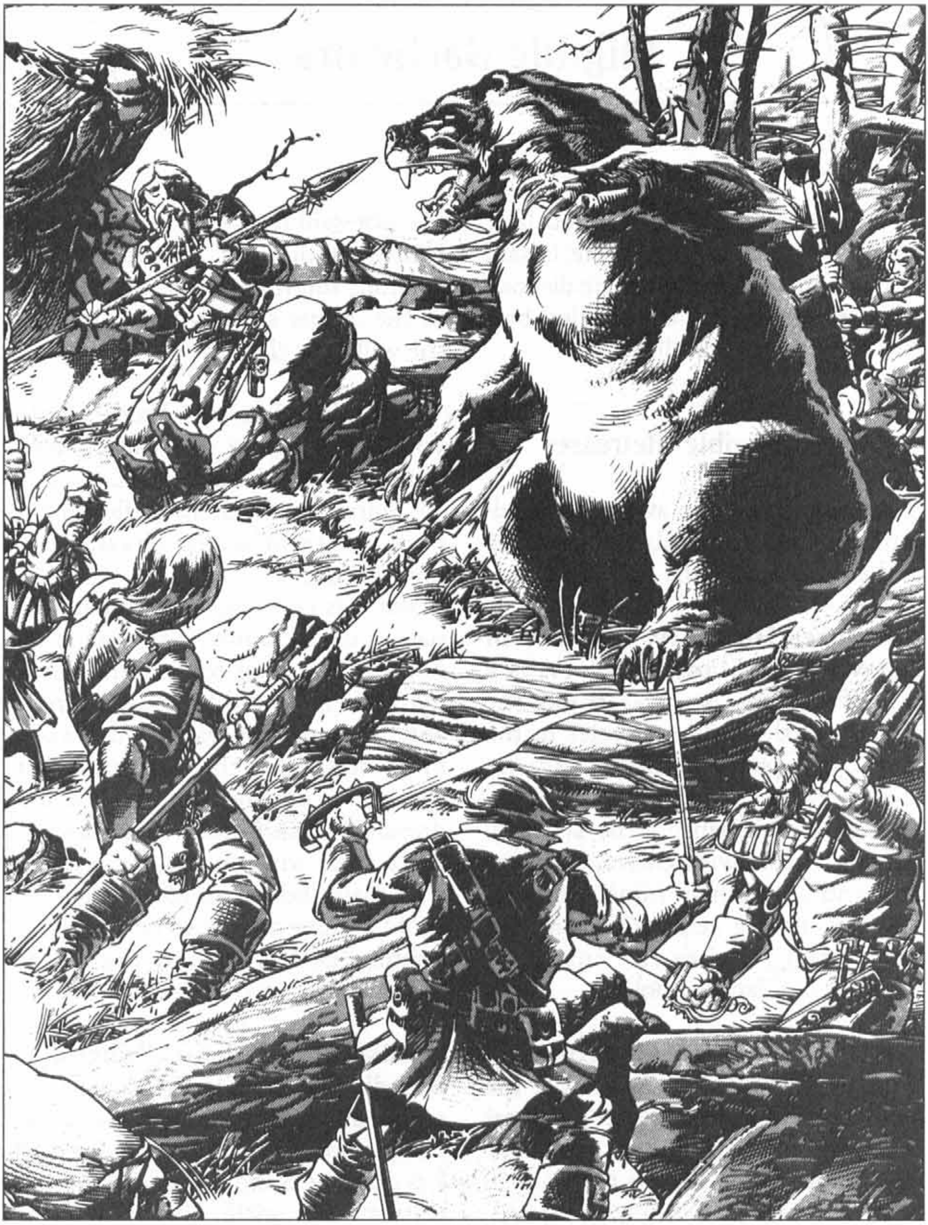
Unfortunately, this breathtaking beauty of 17, with olive skin, soft brown eyes, dark ringlets, and willowy frame has the personality of a shrew. She has publicly found fault with all suitors her father has brought before her and has repeatedly claimed that she will marry no one her father finds suitable. But Alexandrinetta's passions run high. Some say that just as she despises the wrong suitors, so she will truly cleave to her true love.

Valerias Torion. Valerias, the youngest daughter of a cadet branch of the Imperial family, has just turned 15. Suitors must surely be flocking to her family's house in Thyatis City, mustn't they?

But it is generally agreed that Valerias would be a millstone around the neck of any man foolish enough to marry her. "Vapid," "self-centered," and "downright stupid" are the words most often chosen to describe her. She has no apparent interests beyond dressing herself and being admired. But a man with no real interest in a wife may find her an ideal match. He could simply consume the dowry by hunting, backing favorite lost causes, furthering his studies, and the like.

Juliana Vlaardoen, Princess of Bergdhoven in Glantri. Juliana is a rare beauty, with the glowing copper complexion of a Flaem and long ringlets of silver. Suitors would do well to cultivate her uncle, Sir Anton Vlaardoen, as he is very protective. Juliana's husband must be tolerant of the Glantrian intrigues that will continually nip at his heels—or at his unprotected throat.

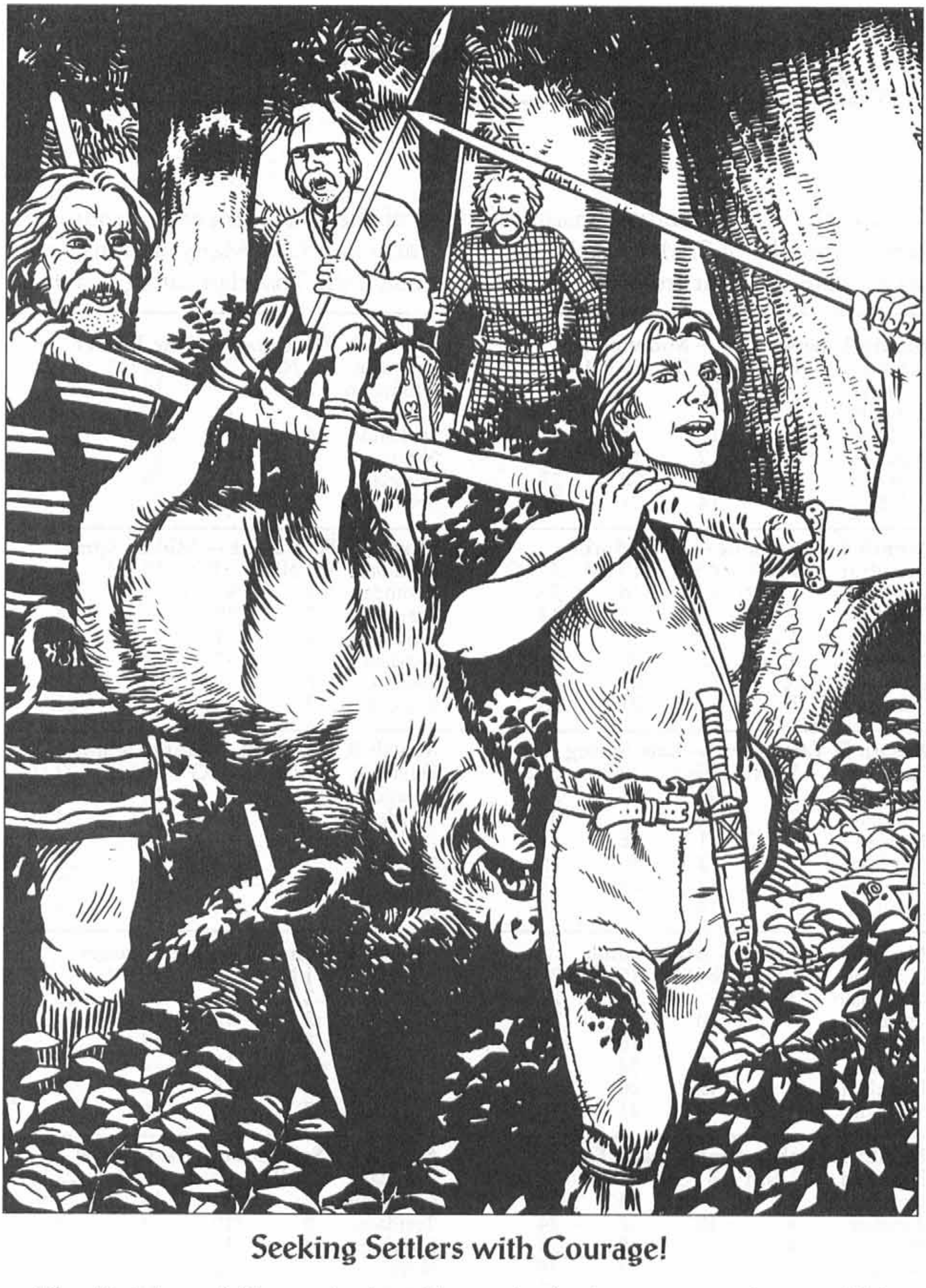
The ideal prince consort should also have a high tolerance for boredom or a keen interest in outdoor sports. Hunting is a favorite pastime in Juliana's principality.



Seeking Brave Warriors and True!

The people of Soderfjord call upon strong warriors to fight the monsters that swarm down from the hills to destroy their farms and families. Come to Soderfjord to win a warrior's glory, to help save our families from death at the hands of evil beasts.

All are welcomed—fight alone if you would win glory or fight under the banner of a Soderfjord jarl if you would receive honor among men and rich rewards. All warriors who will rescue Soderfjord must first obtain sanctions from King Ragnar in the capital of Soderfjord.



Seeking Settlers with Courage!

The Knights of Vanya invite all who would test themselves against the wilderness to the Heldannic Territories. Beyond our settled lands of small, independent farms lie unexplored lands waiting to be tamed. Carve out a settlement in our wilderness—the small farmer is welcomed, as is the brave man who would become a noble lord in our homeland.

All those who seek to make their home in the Heldannic Territories should request an audience with Wulf von Klagendorf, Governor of the Heldannic Territories, or his representative in the capital of Freiburg.

Mystaran Miscellanea

The Thyatian calendar consists of twelve months of 28 days each. Thyatians date the year from the crowning of their first Emperor, Zendrolion I Tatriokanitas. (Many nations have adopted the Thyatian dating system.)

Month 1: Nuwmont — Midwinter

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 2: Vatermont — Late Winter

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 3: Thaumont — Early Spring

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 4: Flaurmont — Middle Spring

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 5: Yarthmont — Late Spring

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 6: Klarmont — Early Summer

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 7: Felmont — Midsummer

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 8: Fyrmont — Late Summer

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 9: Ambyrmont — Early Fall

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 10: Sviftmont — Middle Fall

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 11: Eirmont — Late Fall

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28

Month 12: Kaldmont — Early Winter

Lunadain	1 NM	8 FQ	15 FM	22 LQ
Gromdain	2	9	16	23
Tserdain	3	10	17	24
Moldain	4	11	18	25
Nytdain	5	12	19	26
Loshdain	6	13	20	27
Soladain	7	14	21	28 DD

NM = New Moon; FQ = First Quarter; FM = Full Moon; LQ = Last Quarter; DD = Day of Dread

Calendars

Months of the Year[1]

Thyatis	Five Shires	Ethengar	Rockhome	Sind	Ylaruam
Nuwmont*	Clabbas*	Amai	Wharlin	Maagh	Muharram
Vatermont	Vuuldiir	Hiskmai	Morlin	Phagun	Safar
Thaumont	Maehin	Yalmai	Hralin*	Chait	Rabi al Awwal
Flaurmont	Odelin	Haimai	Hwyrlin	Baisaakh*	Rabi al Thani*
Yarthmont	Gondulrim	Kevamai	Styrlin	Jeth	Jumada'l Awwal
Klarmont	Mithintle	Seimai	Bahrlin	Asaarh	Jumada'l Thani
Felmont	Goldaun	Lingmai	Buhrlin	Sawan	Rajab
Fyrmont	Fyrtal	Tringmai	Klintlin	Bhadon	Shaban
Ambyrmont	Aumbyr	Demai	Birrlin	Asin	Ramadan
Sviftmont	Ssantiir	Chagai*	Biflin	Kartik	Shawwal
Eirmont	Tembiir	Rinpoch	Jhyrlin	Aghan	Dhu'l-Qadah
Kaldmont	Dauntil	Komai	Kuldlin	Puus	Dhu'l-Hijjah

[1] Karameikos uses the same names for months and days as Thyatis. *First day of year celebrated

Days of the Week

Thyatis	Five Shires	Ethengar	Rockhome	Sind	Ylaruam
Lunadain	Lunadain	Xingqiri	Syhardan	Som-bar	Yaum al-ahad
Gromdain	Gromdain	Xingqiyi	Thradan	Mangal-bar	Yaum al-athnen
Tserdain	Tserdain	Xingqier	Evedan	Budh-bar	Yaum at-talit
Moldain	Moldain	Xingqisan	Dorfdan	Brihaspati-bar	Yaum al-arba
Nytdain	Nytdain	Xingqisi	Duldan	Sukra-bar	Yaum al-hamis
Loshdain	Loshdain	Xingqiwu	Sythdan	Sanee-bar	Yaum al-jum'a
Soladain	Soladain	Xingqiliu	Fildan	Rabi-bar	Yam as-sabt

Minrothad Calendar

The Minrothad Guilds use the Thyatian calendar for trade but use their own calendar for national date reckoning. They divide the year into 11 months of 30 days, each with five six-day weeks and add an extra week at the end. 1014 was year 314 by Minrothad dating.

Onmun (Nuwmont 1 to Vatermont 2)
Tomun (Vatermont 3 to Thaumont 4)
Dreimun (Thaumont 5 to Flaurmont 6)
Firmun (Flaurmont 7 to Yarthmont 8)
Birmun (Yarthmont 9 to Klarmont 10)
Sagmun (Klarmont 11 to Felmont 12)
Sebmun (Felmont 13 to Fyrmont 14)
Oxmun (Fyrmont 15 to Ambyrmont 16)
Nomun (Ambyrmont 17 to Sviftmont 18)
Decmun (Sviftmont 19 to Eirmont 20)
Elfmun (Eirmont 21 to Kaldmont 22)
Add the extra week of Mitwok
(Kaldmont 23 to 28) at the end.

Shadow Elves' Calendar

The shadow elves divide their year into 14 months of 24 days. Each month is named for a verse of the Refuge of Stone, an important religious text. There are no weeks, and days are unnamed. 1014 was the shadow elf year 2119.

Gathering (Nuwmont 1 to 24)
Name (Nuwmont 25 to Vatermont 20)
Refuge (Vatermont 21 to Thaumont 16)
Shaman (Thaumont 17 to Flaurmont 12)
Crystal (Flaurmont 13 to Yarthmont 8)
Birth (Yarthmont 9 to Klarmont 4)
Wanderers (Klarmont 5 to 28)
Temple (Felmont 1 to 24)
Food (Felmont 25 to Fyrmont 20)
Days (Fyrmont 21 to Ambyrmont 16)
Army (Ambyrmont 17 to Sviftmont 12)
King (Sviftmont 13 to Eirmont 8)
Others (Eirmont 9 to Kaldmont 4)
Bounty (Kaldmont 5 to 28)

Nuwmont 1: New Year's Day. In many nations, this is the start of the new year, celebrated with parades and winter festivals. In the Five Shires, today is the Wintergifting; hin exchange gifts and strive to make new friends. In Glantri, Erewan celebrates Good Sprite Day with dances, banquets, and practical jokes.

Vatermont 1–7: Ethengar Winter Festival. These Ethengar competitions, games, and feasts end with the Day of the Golden Khanate, when tribal envoys present gifts to the Khan in Bargha.

Vatermont 10: Feast of the Silver Purge. This festival celebrates the purging of lycanthropes and vampires from the Minrothad islands in 445. Celebrants stay indoors, tell scary stories, and thank the Immortals for their good fortune.

Vatermont 18: Monsters' Fair . This day sees a parade of monsters through Glantri City, circuses, trained monster acts, and auctions of monsters and strange beasts.

Vatermont 23: Chancellor's Day. This is a Darokinian holiday celebrating the birthday of Charles Mauntea, Darokin's first Chancellor. Many business remain open.

Last Week of Vatermont: Start of Thyatian Shipping Season. The port authorities of Thyatis City and the Temple of Protius announce the start of the shipping season. There are boat launchings, tedious speeches, street fairs, and boating competitions.

Thaumont 1: Spring Equinox; New Year's Day. Day and night are the same length today. Rockhome and some other nations count this as

Our esteemed Editor, Joshuan, has requested that his correspondents send him recipes of dishes served in their homelands, particularly those dishes usually reserved for the most traditional and festive of holidays. It is with great reluctantance that I humbly bow to this, my duty, and offer the Haggis, traditionally served in Klantyre upon turning of the new year. I also wish to humbly apologize to the reader that I was not born in a land more thoughtful of the human palate.

The Haggis

Take a stomach bag and the heart, liver, and lights—among the common folk of Klantyre, these last three items are quaintly called the "pluck"—of a sheep, and thoroughly wash all in cold water. Turn the stomach bag inside out, scald it, scrape it lightly with a knife, then soak it overnight in cold salt water.

In the morning, wash the pluck, making sure to leave the windpipe hanging over the side of the bowl to let out any, shall we say, impurities.

the first day of a new year. Many nations recognize today as the first day of Spring. In Karameikos, the day marks the official start of the shipping season; many seaside festivities occur.

Thaumont 1–7: The Rebirth. At the end of each day of planting, Ierendi farmers eat and drink late into the night, then rise at dawn to plant again. The final day is one of rest.

Thaumont 8–14: Spring Break. Glantri's students are released from studies to use their magic to break up the ice covering Glantri City's canals. Informal, rowdy activities go on around the clock.

Mid-Thaumont: Caravan Day. Dwarven trade caravans set out from Rockhome; the nation celebrates with feasts and toasts to the travelers. The date varies from year to year.

Thaumont 15: Opening Day. The Karameikan School of Magecraft begins its nine-month academic year.

Thaumont 15: White Horse Ceremony. In Ethengar, shamans offer sacrifices of grains and flowers to a sacred white stallion whom they believe will protect their herds.

Thaumont 25–28: Arcanium. This wizards' fair, held in Glantri City, includes seminars, auctions and trading of magical items, and the chance for wizards to try to pry rivals' secrets from them.

Thaumont 28: Day of the Dead. On this day, Traladaran citizens of Karameikos dress in black as if to go to a funeral, sweep out their homes, and tell the spirits of the dead to be gone. At night, they wear white garments and feast merrily.

Cover the offal with cold water, add a pinch of salt, bring the lot to a boil, then skim. Simmer the pluck for about two hours—first making sure the kitchen is well ventilated, for the scent of simmering internal organs, at least in my home Principality, has been known to attract unwanted orcs that had been passing by.

While waiting for the pluck to simmer, the cook should chop two onions coarsely and toast one pound of finely ground oatmeal. These will soon be stuffed into the Haggis and will help to cut its nasty taste.

Next, drain the pluck, making sure to cut away the windpipe and all gristle. Mince the heart and lights and half the liver, then add two handfuls of shredded suet, the chopped onions, and the toasted oatmeal. It may become necessary to add to this mixture some of the water in which the pluck was boiled in order to soften it and prevent it from turning prematurely to a type of concrete.

Keeping the rough surface of the stomach bag to the outside, fill it half full, then sew the opening shut with

Flaurmont 1: Day of Adulthood. In many nations, young people coming of age are confirmed in their adulthood. Ceremonies differ from nation to nation.

Flaurmont 1: First Day of Spring. In the Ethengar Khanates, shamans preside over solemn festivals welcoming the start of spring.

Flaurmont 3: Parliament Day. The House of Ministers and Parliament of Glantri take the day off.

Flaurmont 7: Arrangements Day. Rockhome dwarves traditionally arrange marriages today. The many trials of the day tend to make participants a bit touchy.

Flaurmont 10: Merchant-Prince Day. Spellcasting merchant princes of Minrothad call up rainstorms today and try to conjure lightning into fireworks displays. Adults throw away old clothing with gifts hidden inside for children to find the next day.

Flaurmont 15: The Day of Blessings. Tribal khans of Ethengar allot the stocks, herds, and other wealth for the upcoming year.

Flaurmont 16: The Day of Partings. The Ethengar tribes travel their separate ways, each family with its newly allotted wealth for the year.

Flaurmont 16: Firstflowering. In the Five Shires, hin plant seeds gathered in the early autumn.

Flaurmont 20: Parade Day. Glantrian army garrisons parade to celebrate and to demonstrate their military might. Jousts, wizards' duels, and drinking binges are common.

a trussing needle and fine string. Prick the stomach bag several times with the trussing needle. My cook (who was hired by my esteemed Mater, and who no doubt reports regularly to Mater regarding my lifestyle here in Glantri City) has told me in no uncertain terms that an exploded haggis is very difficult to remove from the sides of an oven—I believe his exact words were "me laddie, it dries up lak cement, ye'll never scrape it awa' until the end o' the world shall burn it awa' with the fiery flame o' its apocalypse!"

Set the Haggis into a pan, cover it with water, and cook it for about three hours, adding water as necessary to keep the sausage covered.

A traditional vegetable accompaniment to the Haggis is mashed potatoes and mashed turnips, quaintly called "tatties 'n neeps."

A note for the brave soul about to try the Haggis for the first time: Rumor has it that Klantyre Spirits were developed primarily to give the hapless guest enough fortitude to face his host's Haggis upon the New Year holiday.

Yarthmont 14: Gondola Games. In Glantri City, events such as gondola jousts (with poles and pan lids instead of lances and shields) mock the pretentiousness of Parade Day. All business on the river is halted.

Yarthmont 15: Day of Birth Blessings. In Ethengar, shamans call on the spirits of sacred white horses sacrificed in years past to watch over the impending births of foals.

Yarthmont 21–27: Clerics' Forum. Dwarf clerics of Rockhome convene in Lower Dengar for a week.

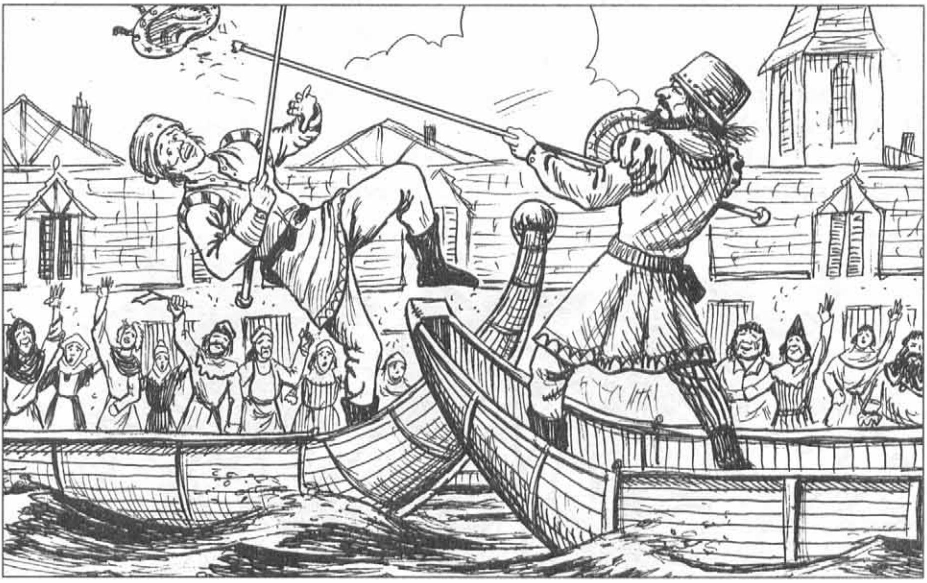
Yarthmont 27: Minrothad Day. This Minrothad holiday sees state-sponsored picnics and ship parades. It's also election day.

Klarmont 1: Summer Solstice. This is the longest day of the year. Some nations recognize this as the first official day of summer.

Klarmont 1: Freedom Day and Crown Tourney. In Ierendi, the day commemorates the Ierendi Islands' achievement of freedom from Thyatis in 600. Ierendians conduct the Crown Tourney, in which adventurers from all over the world compete to become Ierendi's King and Queen for a year.

Klarmont 1: Day of the Straw Men. In Karameikos, Traladarans whisper the past year's sins to little straw dolls. At dusk, huge bonfires burn the straw dolls—and the sins.

Klarmont 1–7: The Thing. The people of Soderfjord gather in Soderfjord town to air grievances and to vote on new laws. Each night they feast, drink, brawl, and challenge one another to various competitions.



Klarmont 15: Night of the Red Moon. In Glantri, this month's full moon appears red. Common superstition has it that evil spirits cause catastrophes tonight. Some wizards feel their senses are enhanced on this night; many become giddy.

Klarmont 22: The Unsheathing. Hin of the Five Shires remember the day in 571 when Thyatians seized their settlements in the Ierendi Islands. They arm themselves and take solace in drink, and they don't trade with Thyatians today.

Klarmont 28: Night of Fire. Some Traladarans of Karameikos and Boldavians of Glantri spend the night outdoors, for legends say they will see flames flickering above long-lost treasures. Legend also says wolves and vampires prowl this night.

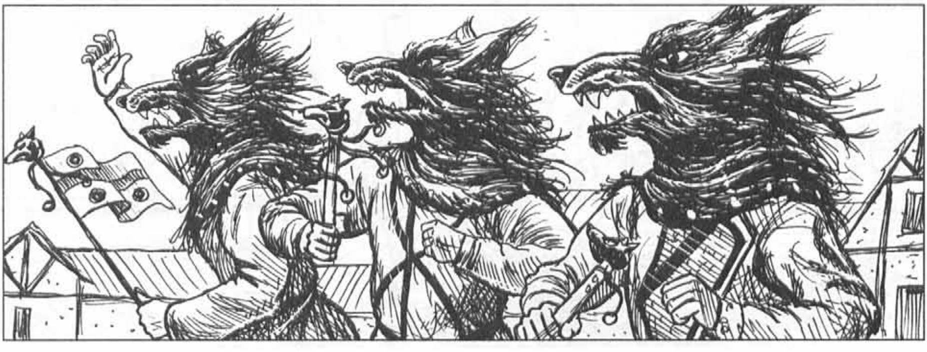
Felmont 1: Beasts' Day. In Karameikos, Traladarans dress up as monsters and parade through the streets to commemorate the victory of King Halav over the Beast-Men. The Church of Traladar leads ceremonies of thanksgiving after mock battles.

Felmont 6: Vanya's Dance. Warriors of the Hattian people in Thyatis and knights of the Heldannic Knights don full armor to perform an ancient dance around a bonfire in Vanya's honor. After resting from the ordeal, they feast and drink into the night.

Felmont 14: Feria de Toros. In Belcadiz in Glantri, elves release bulls in the streets of New Alvar and prove their bravery by running with them. In Glantri City, people in gondolas hunt down monsters breeding in the city's waterways.

Felmont 15: The Gathering. This midsummer festival, celebrated in Ethengar, calls for tribesmen to decorate their encampments with garlands of grasses and flowers. The garlands are left to dry, then are collected to provide winter feed for the herds.

Felmont 15: Day of Valerias. In Karameikos and Thyatis, this day honors Valerias, Immortal patron of love and romance. Trysts, betrothals, marriages, and duels between competing suitors are likely. This festival is spreading to other nations as well.



Felmont 15–28: Highsummer. Hin of the Five Shires celebrate midsummer with feasting, costume dramas, and ballad-singing. They also perform the Dragging, in which they drag a dead orc tied to a log throughout the countryside. (The orc is first killed by a hin warrior in single combat.) The ceremony draws evil in the land into the orc's corpse, which is then burned.

Felmont 25: Beggars' Hope. Beggars may ply their trade in Glantri City without fear of city guards.

Felmont 27: All's Reckless Day. On this day, the people of the Minrothad Guilds celebrate having survived tax day. Festivities include many contests involving eating, drinking, or fighting.

Fyrmont 1: The Day of Heroes. Hin of the Five Shires visit battlefields and the tombs of heroes. They tidy up the sites and strew flowers to honor the memory of heroes. No one works today—except the veteran storytellers, who tell tales of long-ago heroics.

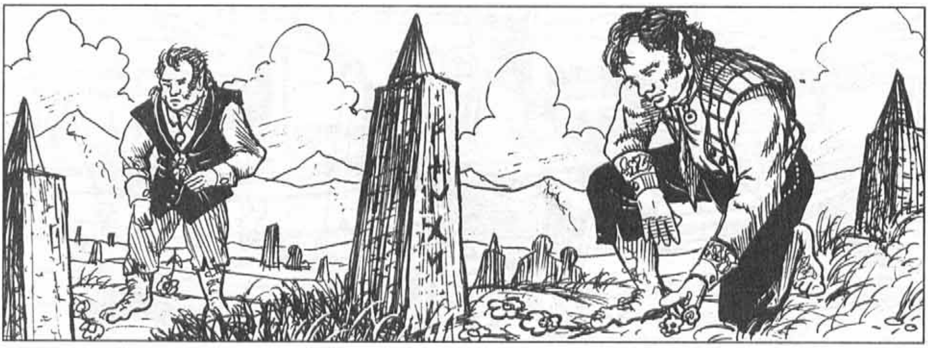
Fyrmont 13: Darokin Day. Darokinians commemorate the birthday of Ansel Darokin, founder of the Republic, with parades, fairs, and special events. All businesses close.

Fyrmont 15: The Vyonnese Carnival. In New Averoigne in Glantri, this festival starts at nightfall. From dusk to dawn, celebrants make lots of noise to scare off werewolves.

Fyrmont 22–28: The Great Horse Fair. Clans from all over the Ethengar Khanates send warriors and horses to this horse trading event. Clerics and shamans convene to discuss spiritual matters.

Fyrmont 24–28: The Calming of the Seas. Along the Dread coast of Sind, Sindhis gather in colorful tent cities and throw offerings of coconut and flower wreaths into the sea. They entreat the sea to calm itself and end the monsoons.

Ambyrmont 1: Autumnal Equinox. Day and night are the same length. Many cultures recognize this as the first official day of autumn.



Ambyrmont 1: First Day of Riding. This is a children's holiday in Ethengar; three-year-old children receive their first horses.

Ambyrmont 1–2: Celebration of the Sea. This elaborate and beautiful festival celebrates the Ierendi farmers' fall harvest. Celebrants tie boats together into floating islands, then compete in water sports and stage parties with feasting, visiting, singing and storytelling. (In Ierendi harbor, one can practically walk from one shore to another across the hundreds of boats filled with merry-makers.) They also strew flowers and petals on the water to pacify the sea monsters that may (according to legends) flood Ierendi's farmlands simply by swimming too close to the shore.

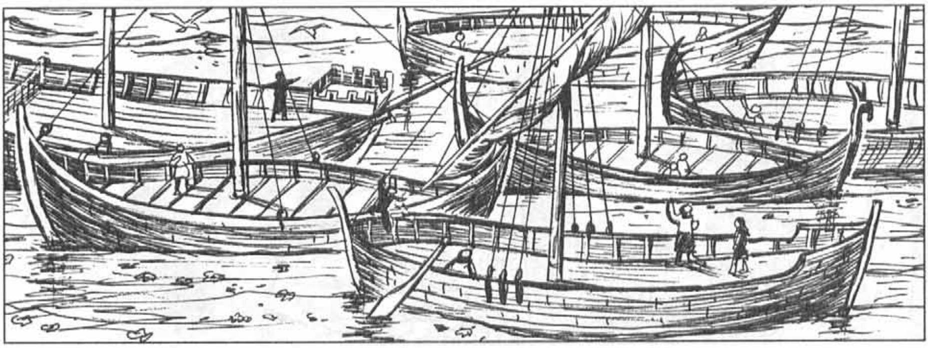
Ambyrmont 1–12: The Fast and the Feast. In this twelve-day festival, the hin of the Five Shires fast for six days while cooking like madmen (children and the infirm are permitted to eat). On the seventh day, the feast begins, and the hungry hin enjoy meal after delicious meal for the better part of a week.

Ambyrmont 3: Showing Day. Dwarf craftsmen gather at large fairs throughout Rockhome to show their wares, demonstrate their techniques, and otherwise celebrate their craftsmanship.

Ambyrmont 27: Bask Day. This is a day of laziness: The people of Minrothad bask in the sun and do no work. (They also fast.) Minrothad ships in faraway ports usually begin returning to their beloved Minrothad Islands on Bask Day.

Sviftmont 6: New Year's Day. This is the first day of the calendar year in Ethengar. It is celebrated quietly with a meal of special breads. Glantrians of Ethengar descent, especially those living in Krondahar, also celebrate the new year in a festival known as Best Wishes of Krondahar: They wish one another luck by sticking out their tongues.

Sviftmont 8: Vanya's Day. This holiday commemorates the day when the long-ago hero Vanya (before she became an Immortal) led Thyatian troops against the Milenians on the



southern continent of Davania. It is celebrated in Thyatis and in the Heldannic Territories with good cheer, heavy feasting, and duels.

Sviftmont 15: Raising the Walls. Glantrians celebrate the annual renovation of the defensive walls that protect the city. Mages vie with one another to create the most decorative walls with their spells.

Sviftmont 23: The Day of Counting. The Ethengar clans, having by now gathered into enormous encampments, count their livestock. Each clan's success with its herds determines how many animals the khan will allot for the next year.

Sviftmont 24: Day of Naming. Ethengars dress up, announce marriage contracts, present new children to the Khan for naming, sing songs, and have a great feast.

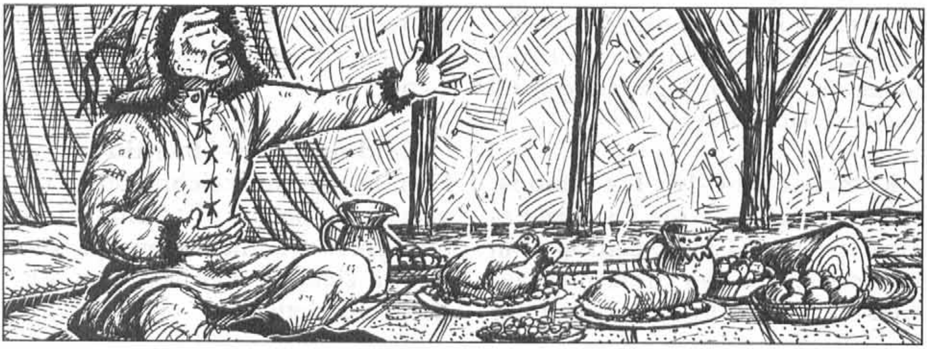
Sviftmont 28: King Stefan's Birthday. In Mirros, parades and military demonstrations are held. Petty criminals are often pardoned and released.

Eirmont 1: Cretia's Day. The Ethengars play harmless tricks on one another all day. The festival pays homage to Cretia, one of the Immortals honored in Ethengar.

Eirmont 5: Necromantia. This holiday of Klantyre in Glantri honors heroes who died on the field of battle. Celebrants visit the graves of their ancestors. It is rumored that the ghosts of these ancestors pay a friendly visit to the celebrants the next night.

Eirmont 6: Harvest Day. In Darokin, citizens of all classes and professions dress as farmers and celebrate the harvest. Businesses are not required to close, but many workers do get the day off.

Eirmont 15: Night of Spirits. On this day in Ethengar, the boundaries between the material world and the spirit world fade. Ethengars host an elaborate feast for the spirits while shamans perform high rituals and sometimes travel to the spirit world.



Eirmont 15: Caravan Day. In Rockhome, dwarves quietly celebrate the dwarf merchants' return to Rockhome. The counting of profits is left for the morrow.

Eirmont 22: The Reaping. After the autumn harvest, hin of the Five Shires feast, rest, make love, and generally enjoy themselves in one last festival before winter's onset.

Eirmont 22: Protius's Day. This is officially the end of the Thyatian shipping season, a day for quiet feasts and clerical rituals.

Kaldmont 1: Winter Solstice; Farewell to the Sun. The shortest day of the year; many nations recognize it as the official start of winter. Clerics of Ixion in Sind and Darokin burn bonfires, lead solemn parades thanking the Sun-Prince for his blessings, and ask him to return the sun to prominence in the upcoming spring.

Kaldmont 1–3: Days of Right. This Ierendi festival once celebrated the impending arrival of an Immortal messenger who would save the world. The messenger has not arrived, but the holiday has remained. Marriages, engagements, and births occurring during the Days of Right are considered especially lucky.

Kaldmont 14–15: Ice Games. The best skaters in the Principalities come to Glantri City to participate in ice races on the city's frozen canals. After the races, balls take place on the ice under multicolored Ethengar lanterns. The second day of festivities sees ice jousting and snowball battles.

Kaldmont 15: Closing Day. The Karameikan School of Magecraft closes shop for the season.

Kaldmont 15: Blessing of the Golden Khan. In Ethengar, the Golden Khan hosts competitions in strength, hunting, fishing, and tactical skills. Tribes near Bargha join in the festivities; those farther afield hold their own local games.

Kaldmont 15: Boldavian Procession. In the Principality of Boldavia, villagers walk the streets at night carrying torches, clerical symbols, and censers. They hang garlic on doors, windows, crossroads and intersections; they burn coffins in the main plazas; they sing, dance, and keep one another awake until dawn.

Kaldmont 15–21: Footman's Games. These week-long festivals, celebrated in Karameikos and Thyatis, feature large fairs and gatherings. Weapon makers and armorers show off their wares, infantrymen demonstrate their military arts, and many people turn out to watch the tournaments.

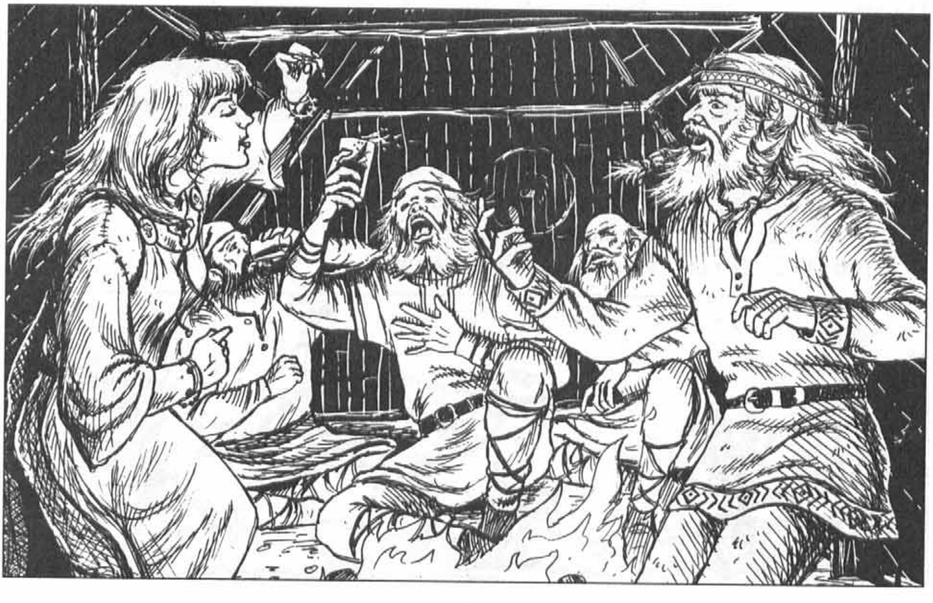
Kaldmont 23–28: Midwinter Festival. In this celebration of the year's end, people of Minrothad set pineapples over their doorways, give gifts to children, and hang tiny bells from their clothes.

Kaldmont 27: The Day of Law. Ethengar clerics recite the laws of the Immortal Tubak the Lawgiver, and all Ethengars feast. Crimes committed today are punishable by death.

Kaldmont 27: Alexander Day. Glantri celebrates an hour of silence, beginning at noon, in honor of Sir Alexander Glantri, founder of the nation. Late in the day, citizens crowd onto the Alexander Platz in Glantri City, hoping their hero will send them a good omen.

Kaldmont 28: Day of Dread. This day marks the closing of the year in many cultures. In Glantri, in a custom known as the Bells of Fate, every household rings bells at midnight to frighten evil spirits away. In the northern realms, people crowd into their homes just before midnight and make a loud racket, hoping the old year will not carry them away as it passes. After midnight, they build celebratory bonfires and do a lot of dancing and drinking.

This day is now a Day of Dread. For the last several years, Kaldmont 28 has been a day of ominous portents and strange occurrences throughout Mystara. The sky changes color by day or glows eerily at night. All mortal magic is ineffective from midnight on the 27th to midnight on the 28th—as the day is measured in Glantri City. *[For every 800 miles east of Glantri City, magic fails one hour after midnight; for every 800 miles west of Glantri City, magic fails one hour before midnight. Ed.]* Monsters and prisoners held by magical wards or bonds can escape, often to wreak havoc. Many powerful spellcasters flee to other planes on Kaldmont 27th to avoid losing their magic this day.



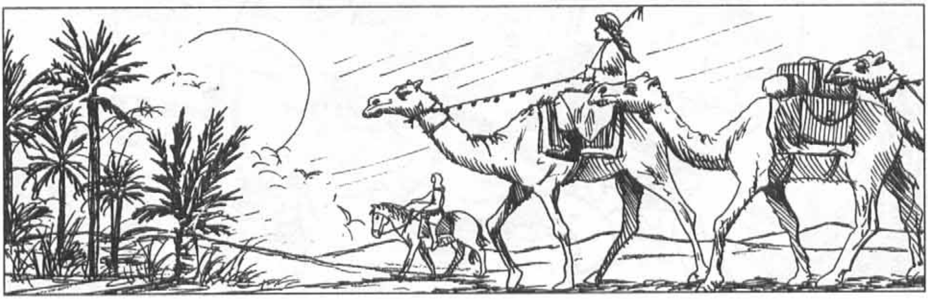
Mystaran Miscellanea

Average Seasonal Temperatures[1]

City	Winter	Spring	Summer	Fall	Notes
Aengmor	35–45	35–55	60–75	40–60	Recent severe droughts
Alpha	20–35	30–40	45–55	35–45	Short growing season
Atruaghin	30–55	50–65	70–85	55–70	Figures are for plateau
Corunglain	15–35	40–55	60–75	45–60	Autumn is rainy
Darokin	35–50	45–65	70–85	40–60	Autumn is rainy
Dengar	5–25	30–50	50–65	35–45	Cold mountain winds
Ethengar	–10–25	30–50	55–85	40–55	High winds in plains
Freiburg	10–25	25–35	50–60	30–40	Strong sea breeze
Glantri	–15–25	30–45	50–70	35–50	Fog common
Ierendi	55–65	60–70	65–75	65–75	Hazardous storms
Landfall	–5–25	25–35	45–55	30–40	Strong sea breeze
Minrothad	55–65	60–70	65–75	60–70	Perpetual fogs
Mirros[2]	35–45	45–60	60–80	50–65	River may flood in spring
Norrvik	20–30	30–40	55–65	35–45	Heavy snowfalls
Sayr Ulan	35–45	60–70	75–95	65–75	Oasis springs; cool area
Selenica	35–50	45–65	70–85	40–60	Autumn is rainy
Shireton	35–50	45–65	65–80	45–60	Often wet and misty
Soderfjord	5–30	35–55	55–75	40–55	Year-round precipitation
Tel Akbir	55–65	60–70	75–85	65–75	Semiarid
Thyatis	40–50	45–55	60–70	50–60	Cool summer sea breezes
Wendar	–10–30	40–55	50–70	40–55	Heavy snow in winter
Ylaruam	50–70	55–75	80–110	65–95	Hot and dry
Zeaburg	25–35	40–50	55–65	45–55	Chilly sea breezes

[1] Degrees Fahrenheit. Low temperature indicates average temperature just prior to dawn; high temperature indicates average temperature in early afternoon. Note that individual days vary widely.

[2] Until 1012, this city was named Specularum.

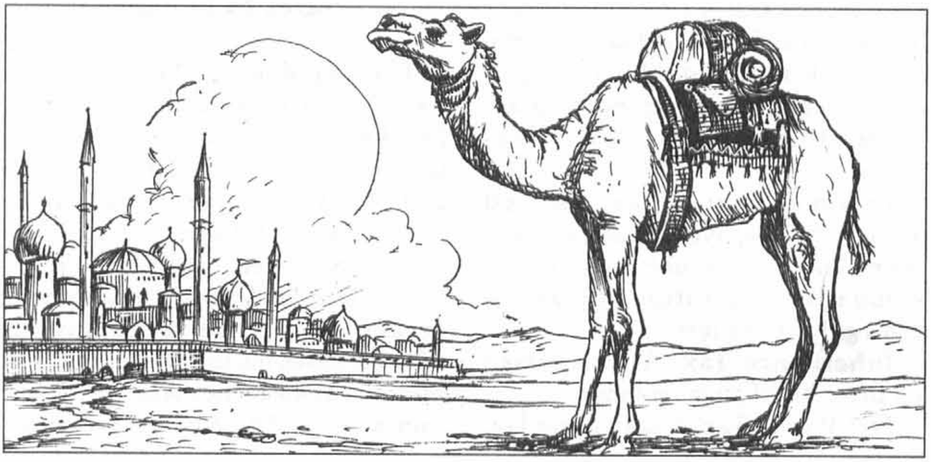


Geographica

Major Cities of the Known World

City	Nation	Population	Notes
Akesoli	Darokin	18,000	Military forces protect north and west
Akorros	Darokin	23,000	Military forces protect agricultural land
Alpha	Norwold	30,000	Splendid deep-water port
Corunglain	Darokin	32,000	Heavily fortified city; suffered losses with orcs
Darokin	Darokin	35,000	Republic's commercial center
Dengar[1]	Rockhome	55,000	Point Everast's lower slopes & interior
Glantri City	Glantri	40,000	City of magic and canals
Hattias	Thyatis	29,000	By law, city cannot be fortified (rebellious)
Kelvin	Karameikos	25,000	Sizeable population of refugee elves
Kerendas	Thyatis	36,000	West Reach famous cavalry academy
Minrothad	Minrothad	26,000	Occupies fortified island in old caldera
Mirros[2]	Karameikos	70,000	Large, crowded city; many Alphatian refugees
Oceansend	Norwold	20,000	Now under Heldannic military rule
Pt. Lucinius	Thyatis	36,000	Primary Thyatian naval base
Sayr Ulan	Sind	30,000	Includes occupying Desert Nomad troops
Sea Home	Minrothad	20,000	Seafaring elves' city; most luxurious in Guilds
Selenica	Darokin	40,000	Gateway to Ylaruam, Karameikos
Shireton	Five Shires	24,000	Tall stone and timber buildings; narrow streets
Stahl	Rockhome	30,000	Built on (and in) large hill near Lake Stahl
Thyatis	Thyatis	500,000	Down from pre-famine population of 600,000

[1] Both Upper and Lower Dengar
[2] Formerly Specularum



Mystaran Miscellanea

Taxes

Many types of taxes are levied by various nations throughout the world. In addition to the taxes listed below, local rulers may impose other taxes within their jurisdiction. Tolls on bridges, roads, ferries, or at city gates are popular ways of raising revenues. Certain services or businesses may be taxed more heavily than others. Trade customs and duties may vary depending on the nation of export, in effect granting favored trade status to certain nations.

Types of Taxes

Customs Duties: Taxes assessed on the value of imported or exported goods.

Excise Tax: A tax assessed on a specific commodity, such as powerful magic items.

Hearth Tax: A fixed tax levied against each hearth in a household. Like the poll tax (see below), it's easy to assess. Unlike the poll tax, wealthy households are more likely to pay higher hearth taxes than poor households—they can afford more fireplaces.

Income Tax: A tax assessed against the taxpayer's gross income. Many nations excuse a minimum amount from taxation and assess taxes only on the rest.

Inheritance Tax: A tax assessed on the value of an inheritance.

Net Worth Tax: A tax assessed on the taxpayer's total net worth. Some nations prefer this type of tax over income tax, as it's easier to assess net worth than it is to track income.

Poll Tax: Also called Head Tax, a fixed tax levied against certain people (all citizens, for instance, any male of a certain age who declines to render military service, and so on). Poll taxes are easy to assess—every taxpayer pays the same amount.

Property Tax: Also called land tax, a tax assessed on the value of real property, especially land, but including buildings, livestock, tools and equipment.

Sales Tax: A tax assessed on the price of an item at the time of sale.

Salt Tax: A tax assessed on the sale of salt—or on any item considered a necessity. Salt tax may also refer to the income tax a dominion ruler owes his liege.

Tithe: Tax or dues in support of a church or clerical order; often one-tenth of one's income.

Taxes by Nation

The Republic of Darokin: Taxes are collected annually on Thaumont 1 for Nuwmont through Kaldmont of the previous year. Income taxes are assessed at 5 percent of yearly income; those with incomes above 100,000 daros per year pay 8%. In addition, Darokin assesses a net worth tax once every five years. Anyone who increases his net worth from the previous assessment owes 5% of the gain in taxes. (Those whose net worth goes down owe no taxes, though losses in one period cannot be counted against gains in another.) There is also a sales tax of 3%. Exports are duty-free. A temporary customs duty of 5% on all nonessential imports has been waived due to the recovery of Darokin's economy. Tax evasion is punishable by fines of 1,000 to 10,000 daros.

The Ethengar Khanates: The khanates have no taxes to speak of. Clan members do not own any property; it all belongs to their khan. The clans gather for the Day of Counting each year in early autumn, when each family's herd is returned to the clan's main herd. In spring, on the Day of Blessings (before the summer migrations), the khans announce the division of the herds and other wealth among the clan members.

The Five Shires: The hin of the Five Shires are not heavily taxed. At the yearly Reaping (Eirmont 22), the clans take stock of their wealth and set aside 1–5% for government activities such as road building and the like. Based on the clan's surplus and the perceived need, the leader of the clan decides how much to give each year.

The Principalities of Glantri: Quarterly income taxes of 10% are collected on Vatermont 10 (for earnings in Sviftmont to Kaldmont of the previous year); Yarthmont 10 (Nuwmont to Thaumont); Fyrmont 10 (Flaurmont to Klarmont); and Eirmont 24 (Felmont to Ambyrmont). There is also a hearth tax of 1 ducat (gp) per household. The Council of Princes imposes many other duties and fees. The Utterance Right is a tax on professional spellcasting (10% of the payment received for the spell, minimum 20 ducats), payable to the Great School of Magic. The Chancellor's Bill is a tax equal to 10% of a new dominion's monthly income, payable within a month of earning a new title. Many activities—from speaking in public to conducting business—require licenses with fees ranging up to 50 ducats per year for each licensed activity. Penalties for tax evasion include the removal of all titles, lands, and wealth, and up to 10 years imprisonment at the Tower of Sighs in Glantri City.

The Kingdom of Ierendi: Most of Ierendi's revenues come from tariffs and duties on imports and taxes on the tourist industries (resorts, inns, marinas, etc.). Tourists are assessed a room tax of 10% wherever they stay. There is a 5% sales tax on all goods and services sold, including meals. Residents of the islands are subject to a poll tax of 10 gp per family member per year. They must pay sales tax, but are exempt from meal and room taxes. The poll tax is collected annually; all other taxes are collected at the time of sale and paid monthly to the Ierendi tax collectors. Residents too poor to pay the poll tax may render public service instead. Penalties for tax evasion include fines up to twice the amount evaded or imprisonment and hard labor for up to four years.

Karameikos: Quarterly income taxes of 25% (20% for noblemen) are collected on Vatermont 1 (for Sviftmont–Kaldmont); Yarthmont 1 (Nuwmont–Thaumont); Fyrmont 3 (Flaurmont–Klarmont); and Eirmont 1 (Felmont–Ambyrmont). Sales tax is 5%. Import taxes are assessed at 1% of value. Penalties for tax evasion range from small fines or one day in jail (for minor offenses) to fines up to 30,000 gp and up to six years in jail.

The Minrothad Guilds: Annual taxes are due Felmont 26. Minrothad tax collection involves complex formulas that only professional accountants and tax collectors can keep track of. Guilds are taxed at roughly 20% of their net income; there are many circumstances under which taxes may be increased or reduced. Individuals owe an income tax of 10% of their net income. Goods and services sold by foreigners are taxed at 18% while there is an 8% sales tax on domestic products. Foreigners are charged a tax of 20% on any magical items or services sold; this includes a 2% fee for the Tutorial Guild's services. Punishments for tax evasion include flogging.

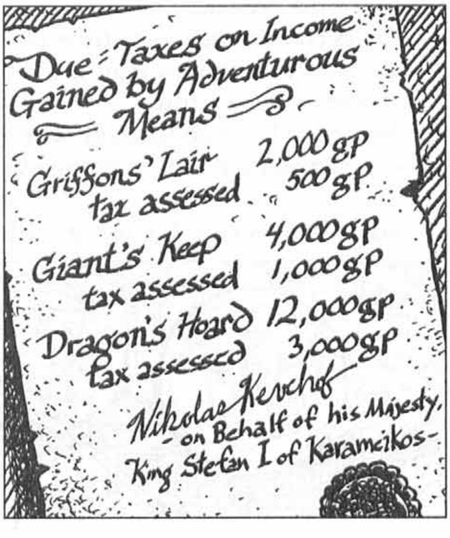
The Northern Reaches: The nations of the Northern Reaches impose no regular taxes on their people. They raise revenues through tolls on roads and bridges (it costs 10 gp per wagon and 1 gp per person to travel the Marsh Road, for instance) and through plunder gained in raids and piratical activities.

Rockhome: In Rockhome, all income goes to the family head, who distributes it to workers and craftsmen according to need and productivity. Roughly 35% of a family's income goes to the government. Annual taxes must be paid by Kaldmont 1. Rockhome dwarves living abroad send one-third of their income back to Rockhome as part of their family taxes; to fail to do so is a great dishonor. Foreigners are taxed 5% on all goods they buy or sell in Rockhome, and are subject to a 25% income tax on any wages earned in Rockhome. Tax evaders are flogged and exiled from Rockhome or sentenced to several years farming in the penal colony of Kurdal.

The Kingdom of Sind: Each of Sind's semi-autonomous states imposes and collects its own taxes. The national treasury in Sayr Ulan receives 20% of all taxes and tolls collected by the states. Although each state can set its own tax rates and determine which goods (if any) are to bear additional taxes, ancient traditions govern the actual tax rate. Privileged castes (clerics, fighters, and mages) owe an annual Denar tax of one-fourth of all profits, taxes, services, and goods received. Individuals may waive this tax if they freely offer their own services to the government or others of the privileged castes. Farmers and craftsmen must send a quarter of all produce to the tax collectors of the state they live in; another quarter goes to the clergy. The caste of servants and laborers are not taxed—they labor for members of the higher castes in return for food and clothing. A subclass of white-skinned Sindhis must pay an annual "Sarshumari" poll tax of one Khundar (1sp) per person. The occupying forces of Hule demand an annual poll tax of one Khundar per person regardless of caste, age, or gender, but leave all other taxation to the Sindhi government. There are no customs duties or tariffs. Penalties for tax evasion range from public humiliation and compulsory fasting to imprisonment or fines up to 32 times the amount evaded.

The Empire of Thyatis: Thyatian tax laws assess an income tax of 25% throughout the Empire and its territories. Quarterly income taxes are collected on Vatermont 1 (for earnings in Sviftmont through Kaldmont of the previous year); Yarthmont 1 (Nuwmont through Thaumont); Fyrmont 3 (Flaurmont through Klarmont); and Eirmont 1 (Felmont through Ambyrmont). Thyatians employed abroad are expected to pay income taxes on their foreign earnings (possibly resulting in double taxation) or they risk losing their citizenship. Expensive equipment and magical items received in payment for services or gained while adventuring are considered to be income and taxed at 25% of their appraised value. There is also a 5% sales tax on all items except food and clothing. Punishments for tax evasion range from a small fine (for those who failed to pay the proper taxes due to ignorance of the tax laws) to slavery, life sentence on Borydos Island, or even death (for those convicted of chronic self-interest and unsociability).

The Emirates of Ylaruam: Individual residents of the Emirates pay a monthly tax. The rate varies with social status: peasants and beggars pay 1 cp per month, nomad herdsmen and most townsfolk pay 1 sp, merchants and craftsmen pay 1 gp, sheiks and other nobles pay 10 gp. Foreigners and unbelievers (those who do not follow the Way of Al-Kalim) pay double the monthly tax. Sales tax is a flat 10% on all sales. Penalties for tax evasion include fines, confiscation of property, flogging, and imprisonment. Citizens claiming extreme poverty or misfortune may have their tax reduced. Foreigners who claim poverty are given one year to earn enough money to pay all taxes owed or they must leave the Emirates.



Due: Taxes on Income
Gained by Adventurous
Means

Griffons' Lair 2,000 gp
tax assessed 500 gp

Giant's Keep 4,000 gp
tax assessed 1,000 gp

Dragon's Hoard 12,000 gp
tax assessed 3,000 gp

Nikolas Kerchof
- on Behalf of his Majesty,
King Stefan I of Karameikos -

Coinage

Nation	Platinum	Gold	Electrum
Alphatia[1]	Various	Crown	Various
Atruaghin	—	—	—
Darokin[2]	—	Daro	—
Ethengar	Tang[3]	Tang[3]	Tang[3]
Five Shires	—	Yellow	—
Glantri	Crown (50gp)	Ducat	—
Heldannic T.	Groschen	Gelder	Erzer
Ierendi	Pali (10gp)	Geleva	—
Karameikos	—	Royal	—
Minrothad	—	Crona	Byd
Ostland	—	Krona	—
Rockhome	—	Sun (10 gp)	—
—		Trader (1 gp)	—
Sind	Guru (25gp)	Rupee (5gp)	Bhani (2ep)
Soderfjord	—	Markka	Penne
Thyatis[4]	Emperor	Lucin	—
Vestland	Schilder	Guldan	Hellar
Ylaruam	—	Dinar	—

[1] Still used in the Alphatian territories and by many merchants.

[2] Large sums are handled with Certified Letters of Credit. The Daro is also called the Piaster.

[3] Tangs come in denominations of 1, 5, and 10.

[4] Colonized territories may use different currency; Imperial currency is legal tender in those territories.

[5] Minted in Darokin for trade with Atruaghin Clans.

—This metal is not in common use for local coinage.

Basic Metal Values: 1gp = 2ep = 10sp = 100cp; 5gp = 1pp

Economica

Coinage

Nation	Silver	Copper	Other
Alphatia[1]	Mirror	Judge	Gems
Atruaghin	Cloud (5sp)[5]	Land	Barter
Darokin[2]	Tendrid	Passim	Gems
Ethengar	Tang5	Tang5	Barter
Five Shires	Star	Sunset	Silver Bars (50 gp)
Glantri	Sovereign	Penny	Crowns are magical
Heldannic T.	Markschen	Fenneg	
Ierendi	Sana	Cokip	Prefer foreign coins
Karameikos	Crona	Kopec	
Minrothad	Quert	Plen	
Ostland	Eyrir	Oren	
Rockhome	Moon (10 sp)	Stone	Gems
—	Star (1 gp)		
Sind	Khundar	Piaster	Gems
Soderfjord	Gundar	Oren	
Thyatis[4]	Asterius	Denarius	Gems
Vestland	Floren	Oren	
Ylaruam	Dirham	Fal	

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— SAME LOW EXCHANGE RATE! —

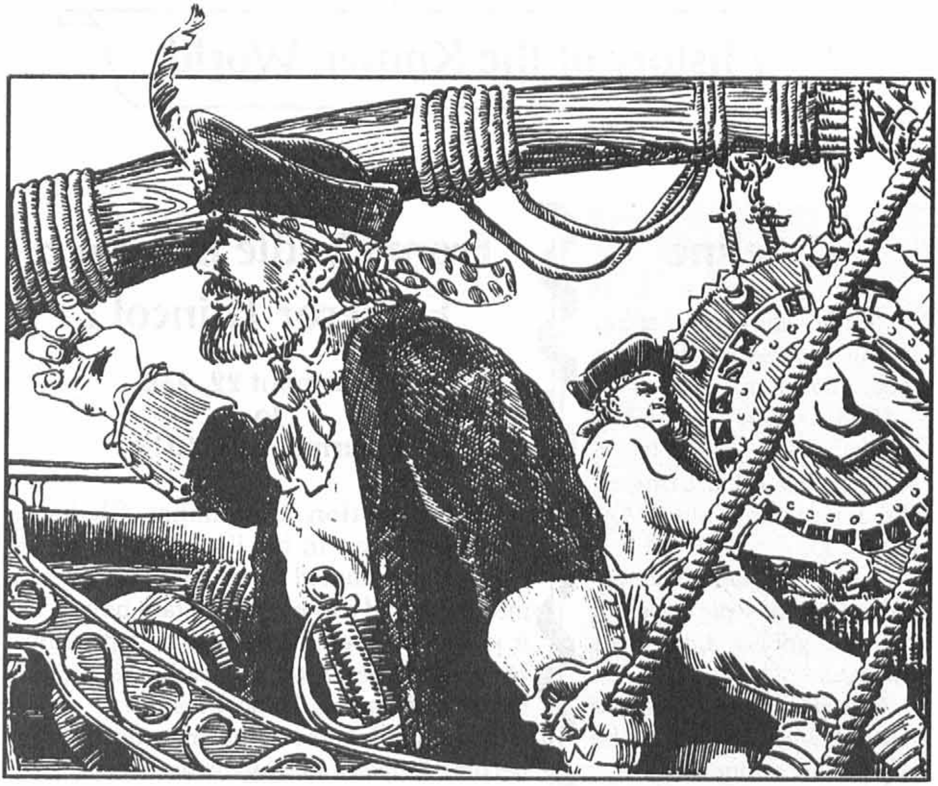
Specializing in unusual coinage from Ierendi
Take advantage of our reasonable lending rates
for property owners

We Speak Your Language, From Alphatian to Ylari

Mystaran Miscellanea

Major Imports and Exports

Nation	Imports	Exports	Notes
Atruaghin	Textiles, beer, semiprecious stones	Tobacco, mounts, tea	Mostly barter; sometimes trade foreign coins
Darokin	Salt, silk, spices, cloth, wine, weapons and tools, monsters, gems, horses	Fish, fine porcelain, tea, meat, furs, textiles, grain, vegetables, timber	Very active in overland trade; currently has favored trading status with Karameikos
Ethengar	Tea, coffee, wood, common metals	Mounts, salt, furs	Mostly barter; little use for foreign coins
Five Shires	Fish, tea, coffee	Grains, vegetables, wine, beer, tobacco	Mostly self-sufficient; trade in luxury goods
Glantri	Precious woods, spices, silk, semiprecious stones, tobacco, glassware, gems	Oil, rare books, monsters, pottery, wine, furs, textiles dye, precious metals	Sale of magic items strictly controlled; spellcasters often looking for rare materials
Heldannic Territories	Weapons, tools, oil, armor	Animals, fine porcelain	Becoming more important in politics and trade
Helskir	Fish, furs, tea, coffee, pottery	Dye, pigments, salt	Struggling to strengthen economy & military forces
Ierendi	Dye, pigments, cloth, animals, silk, ivory, meat, monsters, rare books	Fish, precious metals, furs, salt, oil, fruit	Tourists are major business; passenger transportation also
Karameikos	Weapons, tools, armor, rare furs	Wood, animals, furs, common metals	Horse breeding is on the rise; now exports mounts
Minrothad	Rare books, spices, wood, precious metals, gems, meat, wine, pottery, cloth	Textiles, tea, coffee, grain, beer, fish, dye, animals, oil	Middlemen in trade throughout the Known World; strict controls on imports
Ostland	Wood, meat, gold	Fish, cloth, textiles	Raiding brings most imports
Rockhome	Meat, textiles, silk, grain, tobacco, animals	Monsters, ivory, armor, precious metals, weapons, gems	Famed for craftsmanship; often initially suspicious of foreign traders
Sind	Fish, tea, coffee, wood, semiprecious stones, animals	Rare books, spices, salt, gems, precious metals, pottery, cloth, rice, tea	Imports elephants, monkeys, and parrots from the Serpent Peninsula
Soderfjord	Armor, fish, pottery, wine	Wood, grain, vegetables, dye, common metals, semiprecious stones	Each jarldom sets its own prices and looks after its own needs
Thyatis	Rare books, ivory, wood, rare furs, oil, spices, dye, gems, common metals	Meat, wine, beer, silk, weapons, armor, mounts	Territories outside the mainland have their own imports and exports
Vestland	Ivory, pottery, cloth	Silk, salt, weapons	Excellent native craftsmen
Ylaruam	Tea, coffee, tobacco, mounts	Oil, semiprecious stones, fine porcelain, citrus fruit	Exporting superb desert-bred steeds is punishable by death



Shipping

One of the largest shipping firms in the Known World, Viator & Fabronius offers you the peace of mind that comes with centuries of experience as a known, trusted firm. Whether shipping goods or traveling, Viator & Fabronius can offer a plan that meets your needs. Our clean, safe cargo holds are inspected at each port by our own agents, and our fleet of ships can offer any type of travel arrangements—from inexpensive berths for speedy, thrifty travel to luxurious accommodations that rival captains' quarters on other lines. And you can sleep easy when shipping or traveling with Viator & Fabronius: The captains of our fleet are among the most admired on the seas—five years without a loss at sea and 150 years without a successful piracy.

Warehousing

Whether a single crate or an entire estate's goods, Viator & Fabronius offers the safest, most reputable warehouses in Thyatis City. We offer storage for a predetermined or an indefinite length of time, and we charge by the day, week, month, or year. Our trained, professional movers can pack and ship your most delicate valuables, and we maintain a 'round-the-clock staff of professional watchmen to guard your possessions.

We also maintain warehouses with climate control provided by the finest Thyatian wizards for safe boarding of special goods and live animals, whether a cherished pet or an exotic beast you have captured. (We regret that we cannot board animals that have been deemed public hazards by the Thyatian Public Welfare Council.)

Timeline

BC 1,000 Humanoid tribes in the Broken Lands begin great migration.

"Beast-Men" (possibly gnolls) invade Traldar lands; King Halav falls, bringing the Traladaran Golden Age to an end.

Elsewhere, nonhuman tribal migrations pit tribes of orcs and goblins against the dwarves.

Alphatians arrive from a distant world to settle the Alphatian continent.

The Nithian Empire is at its peak.

BC 1,000–610 Orcs invade the Five Shires region, enslave the hin. The Gentle Folk, elves of what is now the Five Shires region, disappear. During these four centuries, the hin suffer invasion and oppression by orcs, dwarves, and bandits of different races; finally they reclaim their land and establish Shaerdon, a strong nation of hin.

BC 801 Orcs conquer Shaerdon once more.

BC 800 Elves led by Mealiden Starwatcher leave the Sylvan Realm via a magical rainbow; they carry nine

From Cradle to Grave Emperor Thincol I

Flaurmont 22, 938
to
Flaurmont 15, 1012

Thincol Torion. Commoner. Gladiator. Hero. Emperor. In his lifetime and by his own hand he turned a declining, weak nation into the world's foremost military power. But it is still whispered that he was a poor husband and father. After his death, the question remains: Who was Thincol Torion?

Thrainkell Torson, the man destined to become Emperor of Thyatis was born a commoner in the Thyatian colony of Oceansend. As a boy, Thrainkell was fascinated with tales of derring-do. He begged lessons in the art of fighting and outpaced his teachers. He roamed the countryside in search of greatness, but found only orcs and wild pigs to prove himself upon. At 18, he boarded a merchant vessel bound for Thyatis.

When pirates attacked, Thrainkell fought for his life. As the first pirate fell to his sword, an exultant fever overtook him. In the grip of a blood lust and bellowing a bloodcurdling war cry, he cut the pirates down. Many fled, but Thrainkell followed. Heedless of their cries for mercy, Thrainkell slew them to the last man. Only when he stood alone upon the blood-slicked deck of the pirate ship did he regain his senses.

The captain rewarded Thrainkell richly, and the crew congratulated him. The passengers quailed before him. Thrainkell learned what it was like to be a hero, and to be feared. He disembarked in Thyatis with gold and a reputation as a swordsman.

But the City proved a more crafty adversary than the pirates. Seduced by women and wine, the country youth was soon penniless. He tried a thief's turn, was caught, and condemned to a life of slavery. His punishment: To face another thief, sword in hand, on the arena sands. His blood lust proved friend to him again.

Young Thrainkell was a talented combatant with a flair for the dramatic. He soon became the spectators' favorite. Within two years, Thincol the Brave—a name more pleasing to Thyatian ears than the barbaric Thrainkell—had won enough to buy his freedom. But he continued to fight, his prowess and popularity growing with each victory.

In 959 Alphatia declared war on Thyatis and was poised to attack the Thyatian mainland by the end of the year. The Thyatian people were optimistic and determined, but they did not know how far the military had declined. The next spring, Alphatians drove into the City. Alphatian magics brought down the City gates. Imperial Legionnaires died as Alphatian mages hurled fearsome magics at them. The Emperor and his family were butchered in the throne room.

But Thincol was unwilling to see his homeland perish—he would at least die fighting. He organized citizens, adventurers, gladiators, and Thyatian troops into a rag-tag army that stormed the palace—up from below, through the sewers and cellars.

As he fought to retake the palace, Thincol saw a young woman being used as a shield by a cowardly Alphatian foot-soldier. With a flick of his wrist, Thincol buried his knife in the man's throat; he stepped forward to catch the swooning girl—Princess Gabriela, disguised as a lady-in-waiting. He brought her to safety before rejoining the fight. His followers forced the Alphatians from the

seedlings of their *tree of life* with them. They touch down within the forested reaches of the land that will later be called Thyatis, but they are driven out by the land's warlike humans and flee northward. The Callarii clan settles in Traladara territory; most of the rest settle on a windy steppe. Elf wizards begin to alter the steppes with their magic, changing the land nearly overnight into terrain where a mighty forest can flourish.

In the lands of the Atruaghin Clans, the hero Atruaghin leads his people in a successful revolt against their Red Orc oppressors.

BC 795 The Immortal Atruaghin raises the Atruaghin Plateau to protect his people forever.

BC 744 Hin rise up against their orcish overlords; the Time of Heroes begins.

BC 700 Mealiden becomes first King of Alfheim.

BC 609 The Restoration of the hin nation; Gunzuth the Clanless becomes the First (and last) Sheriff of the reunited Shaerdon.

BC 600 Three warrior tribes from the southern continent (the Thyatians, Kerendans, and Hattians) migrate to the northern continent. The Milenian Empire of the southern continent may have precipitated the tribes' migrations.

BC 572 Gunzuth dies, splitting the rule of Shaerdon among his five sons; the Five Shires are founded.

BC 500 The Traldar endure their Dark Age. Communication between communities is infrequent. Local dialects begin to differ widely.

The Nithian Empire abruptly falls, its demise a mystery to this day.

The steppes where Mealiden's elves settled have become the mighty Canolbarth Forest.

BC 493–492 Queen Udbala of the Broken Lands raises a Great Horde to march on Rockhome. At the battle of Sardal Pass the next year, the orcs are routed and slain. This marks Year 0 of the Dwarves' calendar.

BC 475 Dwarves begin exploration and colonization of neighboring territories.

BC 192–190 Alphatians, annoyed by piratical activities of the Thyatian tribes,

palace, then pursued. The Alphatian retreat quickly became a rout.

As the City recovered, Thincol told Gabriela that the Empire needed a resolute man to lead it back to glory. Convinced by the gladiator's good looks, popularity, and the daring success of his attack on the palace, Gabriela married him. Thincol Torion was crowned Emperor of Thyatis on Klarmont 1, 960.

Thincol's first years of rule were not without setbacks. Some leaders disagreed with his policies, although they often died in battle (or by less heroic means). It took two years to reclaim the Isle of Dawn, and the colony of Oceansend declared its independence. To this day historians debate whether he turned a blind eye to this rebellion by the city of his birth or simply felt that reconquering it would not be worth the trouble.

The Emperor was careful to secure the Empire's—and his line's—future. Prince Eusebius, the Imperial couple's first child and only son, was raised at home, though his military training was the duty of the Imperial Legionnaires. (The lad became a favorite with the First Imperial Cohort, who affectionately called him "Little General.")

Stefania was born in 970. The Emperor often commented on the convenience of having a daughter whose marriage could forge powerful alliances. The Emperor's second daughter, Asteriela, was born in 979.

In 987, Stefania was married—despite her protests—to Prince Alfgeir of Ostland in the Imperial Palace in Thyatis. On the wedding night, Stefania murdered her husband with a stiletto she had concealed in her hair. Upon being informed, Thincol, a strong man ever given to solving problems with strength, rampaged throughout the palace, destroying all in his path. When King Hord demanded justice upon Stefania, Thincol protected her.

But the Thyatian court soon learned not to speak Stefania's name. She became a ghost in the palace, fearfully ignored by servants and courtiers. Not even her tearful plea for mercy, delivered upon her knees in the throne room, softened the Emperor's heart. Six months later, she ran away. Thincol swore that he had only one daughter—Asteriela. But some thought they saw pain in the Emperor's eyes.

So the Emperor learned to be cautious of his family's feelings. When Asteriela protested her own betrothal, Thincol merely urged her to consider the importance of Imperial alliances and diplomacy.

When Princess Stefania returned home the next year, the Emperor pretended that she had never left and that there had never been any unpleasantness between them—although it was rumored that he himself had found her and begged her to come home. The palace rejoiced.

But this happiness was not to last. Stefania became enamored of Anaxibius, the current arena favorite. Thincol was furious that his daughter would choose a commoner and a gladiator—and could not abide remembering that he had once been both. But he did not forbid the affair.

In 999, Thyatis drifted near to war with Alphatia when Thyatian spies acting on their own captured the Alphatian Empress Eriadna's son Tredorian. Keeping the prince could mean war; returning him could be taken as weakness. After many secret discussions with Empress Eriadna, Princess Asteriela went to Sundsvall as a counter-hostage.

When two grandsons, Coltius and Gabronius, were born to the imperial family, Thyatians were sure that the Empire was strong. They were happy and proud, and attributed their good fortune to Emperor Thincol I.

launch a campaign to conquer Thyatis. Within two years, Thyatis is part of the Alphatian Empire.

BC 98 Rebellion against the corrupt King Bollo of Rockhome—the Rockhome Senate is established.

BC 2 Governor Lucinius Trenzantenbium of Kerendas, a Thyatian mage who studied under his Alphatian masters, declares himself King of Thyatis. War between Thyatis and Alphatia is begun.

AC 0 Their economies ruined by the war, Thyatis and Alphatia sign a peace treaty in the city of Edairo, the capital of Thothia on the Isle of Dawn. Alphatia recognizes Thyatian independence. Later that year in Thyatis, General Zendrolion Tatriokanitas assassinates King Lucinius and various other nobles gathered there, then crowns himself Emperor of Thyatis, Ochalea, and the Pearl Islands.

Peaceable Highforge gnomes settle in Traladara territories; fewer numbers of warlike humanoids do likewise.

20 Emperor Zendrolion dies. Empress Valentia the

Justiciar issues her Citizen's Proclamation and initiates other reforms.

21 Ansel Darokin declares himself King of the plains around Alfheim, beginning the reign of the four Eastwind Kings.

87 The line of the Eastwind kings ends with the death of Aden I. The land is renamed Darokin.

88 Corwyn Attleson becomes the first of the Darokin Kings.

100 Makistan clan of Ethengar is driven into Ylaruam by Muhuli Khan. Celedryl becomes King of Alfheim.

150 Thyatians begin colonization of southeastern Ylaruam, holding it for a century.

200 Rockhome dwarves leave their homeland to settle colonies in neighboring lands; they are usually welcomed into existing communities.

The Atruaghin Clans begin trade with Sind and Darokin.

250 The Alphatians colonize the northeastern and

Prince Eusebius began to take on more Imperial duties and decisions, obviously being groomed to succeed his father. But although the Emperor and his family were widely respected for their public example of temperance and thrift, the Emperor had weaknesses.

In 1001 he took a mistress, a Kerendan fighter named Anya who soon became more than mistress. She was not kept in mistress's apartments within the city, but moved into a palace suite. She accompanied Thincol in public, trusted advisor as well as lover. Her influence increased.

And for Thincol and Thyatis, the years of peace and plenty were nearly gone. In 1002, half-sized, undercooked loaves infested with maggots were distributed by the Imperial Bakeries. The Legionnaires could barely quell the riots. Investigators learned that the bread funds had gone into senators' pockets. When the senators escaped from prison, investigators learned that the jailers had also been in the senators' pockets.

And when Alphatia and Glantri went to war in 1005, Anya urged Thincol to declare war against Alphatia. But the Thyatian Legions were a shadow of those Thincol had built early in his reign. Thyatian fortresses on the Isle of Dawn slowly fell to Alphatia. The war dragged on. Two long years of fighting later, when Redstone surrendered to Alphatia, Anya spoke to Thincol softly, reassuring him that the loss was a small setback. Thincol believed her. Advisors who objected to the Emperor's decisions—or to Anya's advice—were sent to the front.

In 1008, when Alphatia conquered Helskir, its ruler, Eruul Zaar—who had sided with Thyatis early in the war—was crowned king. Soon after, Princess Asteriela—still a royal hostage at Sundsvall—married Eruul and was crowned queen.

Emperor Thincol I

When the Thyatian navy finally forced Alphatia to retreat to the Isle of Dawn, the Emperor proclaimed that victory was near. Anya echoed his words. But it seemed clear that Alphatia would try again.

In 1009, Alphatia took the Ylari coast and marched south into Thyatis. The Emperor, taken by surprise, wished to surrender. When Anya urged him to fight until spring, he turned on her. He had taken her advice for years, he declared, and seen his empire torn to pieces for it. She did not go quietly. When Thincol left her suite that morning, he seemed 30 years older. But acting decisively, as he had not for many years, he sought terms with Alphatia.

When the Immortals destroyed Alphatia, the citizens rejoiced. But the court whispered of a terrible curse on the Emperor that priests and mages could not lift. Prince Eusebius took on more Imperial duties and decisions. Thyatian troops retook most of the Isle of Dawn and conquered Alphatian territories, but late in 1010 their progress on the Isle of Dawn halted—Thothia could not be taken. Plague and famine stalked the mainland.

In 1011, though frail and sickly, the Emperor addressed the citizens. He exhorted the citizens to be patient and calm, assuring them that the Empire would grow strong again. Thyatis would survive; Thyatians never surrender to misfortune or bad luck. Thyatis was strong, and so were its people.

The Emperor collapsed after his speech, partially paralyzed and unable to speak. Neither priests nor physicians could help him. Two and a half months later, Emperor Thincol I quietly passed away in his bed. He had been peasant, gladiator, hero, and Emperor: guiding hand to Thyatis in what was perhaps her darkest hour. The nation, and the world, mourned his passing. —*F.V.*

central parts of what is now Ylaruam, enslaving and scattering the native population. Some natives who are driven from their homelands by Alphatian and Thyatian aggression migrate to Darokin.

313 The Hattian Rebellion. Emperor Alexian II crushes the revolt and establishes Thyatian dominance.

395 The Flaems, an offshoot of the Alphatians, settle in what is now the area of Glantri.

400 Alphatian wizards attempting to develop a hardier, more powerful Alphatian race inadvertently create fast-spreading magical strains of the curses of vampirism and lycanthropy.

The Church of Traladara, based on *The Song of Halav,* is founded.

410 Minroth traders unwittingly help spread the magically-induced vampirism and lycanthropy throughout the seafaring world.

450 The Flaems build their capital city, Braejr, in the region that is now Glantri.

478 Ostland united under King Cnute the Bold.

500 The Colonial Wars Thyatian and Alphatian colonies in Ylaruam begin what will become three centuries of warfare.

Traders bearing the curses of vampirism and lycanthropy settle in Traladara's deep woods and flourish there.

501 The Elfwar between Darokin and Alfheim begins; it lasts until 504.

523 The northern city of Corunglain in Darokin falls to orcish invaders.

550 Illodius and his beast men invade Alfheim; Alfheim Town is built in the area of worst devastation.

560 Shadow elf invasion of Alfheim is crushed by allied troops from Darokin and Alfheim.

571 Thyatis establishes penal colonies on five Ierendi islands currently inhabited by hin shipbuilders.

585 Ethengar attack on Glantri repelled.

586 The Thyatians, in need of funds and resources, conquer the Ierendi islands and seize the shipbuilding facilities there. The hin inhabi-

The Great Crater: You Are There

Editors' Note: This eyewitness account was submitted by Og Crushbone, a very erudite orc (very erudite for an orc, that is) of the Broken Lands whose acquaintance I made while passing through that land several years ago. Og is a dear friend of mine, but his writing and his grasp of logical sequence are often not the best. I have edited Og's account, endeavoring to render it more understandable while retaining Og's unique prose style. JG.

One day many time ago, big light in sky at daytime. Heard big whistle, felt big wind, heard big BOOOOOM!!! Ground shook real bad, things fall over, trees fall over, rocks roll down, campfires fall over and big fires start, little ones fall over. Women and children scared, cling to warriors, yell "save us, big strong warrior males!" Orcs put out fires, rescue women and children and weaky-weaky ones from fires and rain of rocks.

When orcs calm down, see they not dead, Krall'k, smartest war leader of our tribe—his tusks long and real shiny yellow color; me once see him rip bear apart with tusks, save crying women and children from being eaten. (Now Krall'k big help to Kol, Kol big Prince in Glantri; he good as other snooty-snooty princes and princesses. Kol wizard just like them, me see him do big fireball one day—big boom, many enemies crispy like good roast bones all at once.)

Krall'k say, "warriors brave, let us go to see what was light from sky and big boom. We scout, warriors brave, we prove we brave by go to see big rock. We eat plenty food along way and make plenty trouble." That sound like good idea. We shout, we shake our weapons, we do dance. We say what good idea and throw Krall'k up in air. We all kiss families goodbye and go to see big rock.

Walk many days. Dust and smoke in air like big fire when forest burn. Rocks hot and sharp under foot, all pointy and broken from big boom. Sky dark all day, some not very brave warriors frightened, not me. Krall'k say to scaredy, frightened ones, "no evil magics, only dust in sky. We go to see what was light from sky and big boom."

Three days we march then see BIG HOLE IN GROUND!!! BIGGEST HOLE IN GROUND IN WHOLE WORLD!!! Huge miles and miles of deep deep hole! And big rock in it, hot rock, scouts say. Krall'k (he real smart) say rock fell from sky smashed everything, rock was what made bright light in sky and big boom. Tall mountains were there, mashed down flat, flatter than flat, smashed down deep into ground!

Dust thick on ground around big hole, up to knees. Dust kill lots of plants, they get gray wilty and die. Dust kill small, feeble animals, but not kill big strong, like orcs and all. Dust get on water, water no good for weaky-weaky animals to drink, so plenty of fish float up to top of water. Warriors have big fish fry and dance around fire. Dust kill big animals, too, so warriors have big deer roast and dance around fire again.

Krall'k say, "This good. We live here. Nobody else want big hole, we take." So we go home, get families, come back. Long trip with whiny children, nervous women. They no like to move, frightened of living next to hot rock. Strong warriors not frightened. And Krall'k right. We live in big hole now, and we big part of Glantri now. We plenty important now that big hole there.

—OC

tants retaliate with piratical raids on Thyatian shipping.

600 On Ierendi, Mad Creeg leads a rebellious group of hin and Thyatian prisoners dedicated to driving the Thyatians out.

Far to the west, the Sylvan Lands are conquered by humans; surviving elves make the dangerous journey to Alfheim.

602 Mad Creeg declares Ierendi a Kingdom.

642 Ierendi's Council of Lords is formed.

644 Ierendi repels Thyatian raids.

645 Ethengar invades Flaemish lands, but is defeated at the battle of Skullhorn Pass.

662 Flaemish invaders of Ethengar are massacred in the steppes.

700 Warfare intensifies between Alphatians and Thyatians living in Ylaruam.

Doriath becomes King in Alfheim. Erewan clan of elves leaves for Glantri.

Largest orc horde in modern history defeated in the Five Shires.

707 Heldann the Brave unifies independent petty kingdoms, names this northern land Heldannic Freeholds.

710 Heldann the Brave breaks the back of the trolls' nation, is poisoned.

713 Ierendi Royal Navy destroys a Thyatian patrol, establishing Ierendi's reputation as the preeminent naval power in the Sea of Dread.

723 Santhral II, the last of the Darokin Kings, dies.

728 The Alphatian colonies in Ylaruam drive out the Thyatian colonists.

730 More settlers come to Glantri (called Braejr), including Traladaran and Ylari humans, and elves.

775 King of Ierendi becomes an elected position after a rebellion against the Council of Lords.

784 Racial conflicts spark a war between the Flaems and the new settlers in Braejr.

786 Halzunthram the Free Sword, an Alphatian wizard, arrives in Flaemish lands; aids the humans and elves against the Flaems.

Aliens—?

Most sages agree that Mystara is just one of many worlds floating within the endless Void. And most agree that some worlds, like ours, must support life. But what if those people have surpassed us in knowledge and ability? What if, like explorers on our world, they range far and wide throughout the universe, strange people with strange, unheard-of powers, collecting "specimens" as they go?

Are these just stories to frighten children? The rantings of sages who could not secure reputable teaching positions? Maybe. But maybe not. There are facts about extraterrestrials to be examined here on Mystara. Many Mystarans can tell of brushes with visitors from other worlds. And many of the stories share common threads. Let's examine a few.

Circular Crop Cuts

Fyrmont 2, AC 1004, central Darokin. Farmer Willet Schmidt went to work in his wheat fields. As he went about his usual morning tasks, one of the hands came pelting toward him through the fields, waving and shouting. Schmidt heard him yelling "The mages have been in the wheat, it's all cut!"

"I told him 'Don't be stupid, boy! Ain't no mages been in this here wheat field. Show me what ye're talkin' about.' Well, he brought me north about half a league, babblin' 'bout mages all the while—I thought his head must be turned from working in the sun. But I'll be durned if all the wheat wasn't all down and swirled around in a big circle. Strangest durn thing I ever did see. And it warn't cut, neither, it was broken off at the base and just laid down like that. We went all through the fields that day, found five of them circles."

Farmer Schmidt isn't the only one to have experienced these Circular Crop Cutting Phenomena, as they have been dubbed by a small group of mages from the Great School of Magic in Glantri City who examine such inexplicable occurrences as this. Per Kirvik, informal head of the group, has a shelf of records in his library listing nothing but Circular Crop Cutting Phenomena that have occurred throughout Mystara. The mages also investigate any phenomena that seem to point to the existence of beings from other worlds, especially phenomena that indicate that these beings have great power.

Unknown Flying Craft

The popular theory of unknown flying craft is, perhaps, backed by reports of great flying craft that do not conform to any known skyship design traveling across the skies. Some reports claim that these craft land, examine people nearby, and depart. The examinees often experience terrible, recurring dreams and uncontrollable memories of odd-looking creatures with distended heads and attenuated arms and hands.

"Aye, it war tarrible, it war," exclaims the captain of *The Disreputable Girl,* a scow operating out of Minrothad. "We war out on the seas one night, when my men and me sees a flying ship all lit up and heading straight at us. We arn't likely to be pirated, y'see, so's we figure it's some Knights of Vanya out to terrorize poor souls. But she comes straight at us, and we tries to pull away, but she comes up next to the *Girl,* an' she hovers above the waves, and all bright lights comes on out o' her sides. And a white beam o'

788 Halzunthram defeats the Flaems at the Battle of Braastar, captures the ruling Council of Braejr, and declares the land a dominion of Alphatia. The Flaems and elves revolt, starting the Forty Years' War.

790 Ierendi's Council of Citizens is formed.

800 Birth of Suleiman al-Kalim, great philosopher and warlord of the desert nomads of Ylaruam.

In the Broken Lands, orcs war against the surrounding nations.

802 A gold rush in Braejr lures many Rockhome dwarves. A mysterious plague spreads throughout the region; the dwarves are blamed, and a vicious war results.

808 The Order of Vanya is founded in Hattias by priests banned from the Thyatian Storm Soldiers.

828 Lord Alexander Glantri, of Thyatian descent, kills Halzunthram in an ambush and decrees the land's independence from Alphatia. The last of the dwarves is violently expelled from the new nation. Many flee to Darokin.

829 Lord Alexander Glantri founds the Republic of Glantri.

830 Forces led by Suleiman al-Kalim drive the Alphatians from Ylaruam.

846 Orcs destroy the city of Ardelphia in Darokin.

855 Suleiman al-Kalim composes the *Nahmeh,* an important work of religious thought and the foundation of modern Ylari society.

858 The Light of Rad, a cadre of Glantrian leaders, proclaims nobility limited to wizards and declares Council members Princes. The Republic of Glantri is decreed the Principalities of Glantri.

859 In Glantri, ruling princes crush revolt by petty nobles.

867 "King of Ierendi" becomes a ceremonial title; kingship becomes the reward of the annual Crown Tourney.

875 The Great School of Magic is founded in Glantri City.

900 Emperor Gabrionus IV of Thyatis conquers Tral-

light comes out o' her and sucks up poor Bim, our cabin boy, and Snags, my first mate, right into the flying ship! The men went crazy, and they hauled on the sails to get out o' there, but it's like we was on dry land, we couldn' get away from that ship no more 'n I can pull my left hand off wi' my right!

"Nigh on a half hour after, Bim and Snags appears in midair and drop right down onto the *Girl's* deck! The flying ship, she goes dark and flies right away with a rushin' sound. Bim and Snags is white and cold and clammy. They both keep talkin' about funny-lookin' people pokin' em and lookin' at 'em 'til their heads hurt, like to bust apart. I tell you, we made double time back to land! Half my men quit, they's landlubbers now, and it took me a week to get the rest of em to work the *Girl* again. Durndest thing I ever seed, and ain't seed its like before or since, hope to the gods I don't agin." (After their experience, crewmen Bim and Snags have taken up careers far from the sea and have refused to discuss their experiences with anyone.)

The Moon

The new School of Magecraft in Karameikos also boasts a scholar of extraplanetary visitors. "We haf in our records a copy of a report," Holm Sunderland states, "written to ze Empress Eriadna by vun of her subjects, Prince Haldemar of Haaken, describing how he flew his skyship to ze moon. Alzo, Glantrian mages haf shed unfounded doubt on ze authenticity of zis report, ve haf reason to believe that the copy of the report has not been altered from ze original in any way. We feel that the report is, in the main, reliable, since the Prince was an esteemed and important citizen of the Alphatian empire who would haf little to gain from embroidering his reports to his Empress.

"Ze report states that on the moon, ze Prince met with the king of a race of cat-headed beings calling themselves 'Rakastas.' In fact, one of the cat-headed people is now ze Prince's adjutant. I hope in the future," finishes Sunderland, "to meet vith Prince Haldemar to verify his story and perhaps to meet vith ze Rakastan. This is vun story of people living on other planets that seems true, although certain sages who set nationalism over science seem to be villing to discount its veracity." (Professor Sunderland earnestly wishes to hear any news of, or to be helped to contact, Prince Haldemar, who has not been seen or heard from since Kaldmont of 1012, when he was instrumental in deposing the insane, self-styled Emperor Zandor of the New Alphatian Empire.)

The Future

Many mages' libraries bulge with descriptions such as these. Some reports seem clearly fanciful, the tales of people seeking notoriety; other reports seem more real than we might like to consider—in many cases, people's lives have been changed by what they have seen and undergone during encounters with extraterrestrial beings.

If these visitations are real, it is reasonable to believe that they will continue. Perhaps sages will one day gather enough evidence to prove that extraplanetary life does exist. As yet, however, these visitations seem to pose little threat to Mystarans. In any event, no ruler, however half-witted or paranoid, is known to have a plan to protect his nation against invasion from other worlds.

—*AM*

adara (renaming the town of Marilenev Specularum) and several areas of the Isle of Dawn; founds the city of Oceansend in Norwold.

Traladaran refugees fleeing Thyatian troops settle in Darokin.

914 Toktai Khan of Ethengar repelled at Hayavik—last serious invasion of the Freeholds from Ethengar.

919 Ethengar attacks Heldann Freeholds, repelled.

920 Glantri and Darokin sign trade agreement.

927 The Great Merger unifies the cities of Darokin and their territories into the modern nation of Darokin. Charles Mauntea is the first Merchant King of Darokin.

932 Lydia Mauntea succeeds her husband, takes the title of Chancellor of Darokin.

935 Participation in Ierendi's Crown Tourney is opened to any individual willing to swear allegiance to the Council of Lords, the Council of Citizens, and Ierendi.

944 Most recent orc horde to invade Five Shires defeated in Eastshire.

948 Thyatian Emperor grants Priests of Vanya the right to emigrate from Hattias.

950 Alliance between Ostland and Thyatis. Heldann Freeholds overrun by Priests of Vanya. Freiburg falls; Halvardson family massacred.

952 Siege of Altendorf, last Heldann city to surrender. The conquerors rename the Heldannic Freeholds the Heldannic Territories; the Thyatian Order of Vanya is recast as the Heldannic Knights.

954 The World Elevator is constructed to facilitate trade with the Atruaghin Clans living atop the Atruaghin Plateau.

959 Second Great War between Thyatis and Alphatia begins.

960 Alphatian forces reach Thyatis City and murder the Thyatian emperor Gabrionus, are repelled by counterattack led by gladiator Thincol the Brave. Thincol weds Princess Gabriela, crowns himself Thincol I.

970 Duke Stefan Karameikos III trades Duchy Ma-

History of a Hoax: The Hollow World

Esteemed Reader:

Many of you have read, no doubt with astonishment, accounts published in previous *Almanacs* concerning the so-called Hollow World purported to exist within our own world. You may have read one of the many copies of *Claransa's Travels to the Center of the World* now available from dealers of books. And you have asked yourself, with good reason, "Can this truly be so?"

Let us examine the facts surrounding this extraordinary discovery.

The existence of the Hollow World was first announced in 1011, with the publication of the book, *Claransa's Travels to the Center of the World,* and within the pages of the first edition of the *Poor Wizard's Almanac.* To summarize, Claransa the Seer, originally of Karameikos, wrote a book in which she detailed her vaunted adventures in a world-sized cavern in the center of Mystara. Her tale begins in 1004 with her infiltration of a secret Alphatian project on the Alatian island of Aegos (southeast of the Isle of Dawn). This project involved Alphatian gnomes digging a great shaft, more than a thousand miles deep, through Mystara's mantle and into the great cavern dubbed the Hollow World.

Through sundry adventures and misadventures—including the collapse of the shaft, cutting off Claransa's route to our own world—the seeress learned much of the wonders that exist within the Hollow World. But at last she managed to make her way back to the Known World through an enormous opening at the north pole. According to the author's note, Claransa secluded herself for six months while she committed her tale to paper.

On Nuwmont 7 of 1011, through the use of teleportation and many hirelings, Claransa distributed hundreds of copies of her memoir, *Claransa's Travels to the Center of the World,* to libraries, wizards' guilds, and public figures throughout the world. She embarked on a tour of many nations, using illusions and other magics to present an impressive show detailing her adventures for the benefit of rulers (by invitation) or the masses (at open-air theaters where she charged substantial admission fees). Everywhere she went, Claransa the Seer offered copies of her memoirs for sale to the general public—at least, to those of the general public who could afford the 10 gp price.

Claransa's actions set off, in this humble editor's opinion, history's largest wild-goose chase. One by one, rulers of nations succumbed to the romance inherent in—and some, no doubt, succumbed to the greed inspired by—such a tale. Some sent parties of explorers; others dispatched entire fleets to investigate the truth behind Claransa's tale and, if possible, to profit from trade with or conquest of this remarkable new world. Thyatis, Minrothad, and the Heldannic Knights all made a bid for for the island of Aegos and the supposed site of Claransa's world-penetrating shaft—the result of which was an unprofitable alliance between the Empire and the Minrothad Guilds and the frustration of the Knights who arrived too late to claim the island or the bleak town of Pittston. By all reports, Thyatian efforts to reopen the shaft—or even to produce evidence more substantial than hearsay to support the belief that the Hollow World actually exists —have met with failure. Inhabitants of the

chetos to Emperor Thincol in return for independent rulership of Traladara, renamed the Grand Duchy of Karameikos. A minor rebellion and several assassination attempts follow his move to Specularum.

975 King Thar unites humanoids within the Broken Lands, enforcing a common language and Tharian Code of Conduct.

979 Duke Stefan Karameikos III marries Lady Olivia Promethian of Thyatis.

980 Wulf von Klagendorf becomes High Cleric of Vanya in Freiburg.

Ierendi Council of Lords is renamed the Ierendi Tribunal, becomes an advisory council consisting of elected and appointed officials.

984 Moglai unites the Murkit tribe in Ethengar.

996 Moglai Khan unites the tribes and becomes Great Khan of the Ethengarians.

988 Corwyn Mauntea, the great grandson of Charles and Lydia, becomes Chancellor of Darokin.

989 Black Eagle Barony invades Eastshire in the Five Shires in search of slaves and ill-gotten booty; is repelled. Attacks continue for two decades.

994 Heldannic settlers move west into Ethengar lands, are massacred.

998 Punitive raids by Heldannic Knights against Ethengarians.

1000 The millennium of the Thyatian Empire; the second millennium of the Alphatian Empire.

1005 Alphatia declares war on Glantri. Thyatis and the Heldannic Territories ally with Glantri.

Ethengar hordes attack the Heldannic Territories.

Darokin is hard pressed by the Master of Hule, a mysterious and powerful sorcerer who rules a far western land. Hulean forces take Akesoli and lay siege to Darokin City itself.

1006 Fierce fighting repulses the Master's forces from Darokin. A meteor strike at the border with Glantri creates the Great Crater; some blame the Master of Hule for this horrific event.

Stefan III declares his duchy independent of Thyatis, and is crowned King of

Alatian Islands have issued complaints to their Imperial Governor that Thyatian activities in the area are causing earthquakes and tidal waves that are wreaking destruction along the nearby coastal lands.

King Stefan of Karameikos, normally a level-headed, clear-sighted man, authorized an expedition to seek the route to the Hollow World by way of the north polar opening Claransa mentions in her *Travels*. In Kaldmont 1013, the surviving members of the expedition—those who had remained with their sailing vessel on the edge of the polar ice cap—returned to Mirros with the word that those explorers who struck off over the ice with dog sleds and six months of supplies had failed to return and were presumed dead. Similar expeditions sponsored by various nations have met with similar failure—as have all privately funded exploratory expeditions of which this writer is aware.

In short, while *Claransa's Travels to the Center of the World* is entertaining, the seeress's memoirs have brought no profit to those who take her tale too seriously.

So now let us examine the tale itself. According to *Claransa's Travels,* the world of Mystara upon which we live is a ball floating in a vast airless Void. We can perhaps believe this—it is an idea many sages have supported. Indeed, some brave skyship captains claim to have penetrated the Skyshield and entered the Void, and to have seen with their own eyes that the world is indeed a sphere. (These same brave skyship captains have returned with reports of other spheres floating in the Void, including the familiar orb of Matera, which we see in the skies many nights, and which is, by all reports, an enormous, lifeless ball of rock. Similarly, Prince Haldemar of Haaken, an Alphatian wizard and adventurer who has been neither seen nor heard from since Kaldmont 1012, reports that the invisible moon named Patera is inhabited by cat-headed people and other wonders. An invisible moon teeming with life and a multitude of strange cultures is perhaps difficult to believe, but it is a fascinating idea. But I digress.)

Those of us who have had occasion to use spy glasses and other wonders of the modern age can verify for ourselves that the horizon curves away, just as it would were the world a billiard ball and we specks of dust on its surface. But Claransa would have us believe that our world is actually *hollow.* And that the magical force that keeps us from falling off the ball pulls all creatures and objects on the surface "down" toward another, smaller sphere, known as the Worldshield, that follows the curvature of the outer skin, or mantle, of this hollow ball—thereby pulling creatures and things within this ball "down" toward the outer surface! According to Claransa, the Immortals have suspended within this hollow ball a great, fiery orb that lights the Hollow World with an eternal reddish light. They have also set in motion a number of floating continents—great masses of rock (some inhabited by bizarre creatures) that float in circles around this internal sun. (No great stretch of the imagination, I suppose, if one has visited the islands of Floating Ar.) But it seems to this editor more likely that the Immortals would create a solid ball than some hollow sphere—like a soap bubble—that might be prone to collapsing or, at the least, leaking!

Claransa's tale asserts that the Immortals are using this Hollow World as a sort of museum or zoo. Her memoirs describe, among other wonders, her encounters with beasts that she claims are now extinct on the

the new nation of Karameikos in Specularum.

Ylaruam invades northern Thyatis (retreats in 1008).

Ethengar invasion reaches Grauenberg; plague in Ethengar and Heldannic Territories halts offensive.

Shadow elf wizards corrupt Canolbarth Forest.

Rockhome closes its borders; dwarves retreat into caverns; humanoids overrun the surface lands.

1007 Shadow elves conquer Alfheim, renaming it Aengmor after their fabled city-paradise.

Ochalea and the Pearl Islands rebel against Thyatian rule.

Reston of Akesoli becomes King of Ierendi, a position he still holds.

King Thar marshals his humanoid horde in the Broken Lands, invades Glantri.

1008 Plague breaks out in Glantri; Council rescinds ban on priests.

Hin send troops to aid Darokin against humanoids.

1009 Alphatia invades Thyatis; Thincol sues for peace. Alphatia sinks, peace is declared.

Doriath's Procession of dispossessed elves reaches the nation of Wendar.

Rebuffed from Glantri proper, Thar and his humanoids occupy and fortify the Great Crater.

1010 Hule raids Darokin, threatening trade with the west.

Rogue Alphatian mages conquer Atruaghin Clans; destroy World Elevator.

Ethengarians attack Heldannic Territories; peace treaty signed. Ethengar horsemen become Heldannic mercenaries.

Heldannic Knights conquer Landfall in Norwold.

King Thar steps down in favor of his advisor, King Kol IV of the kobolds.

Hin prove to King Stefan Karameikos the villainy of his cousin Baron von Hendriks; hin troops invade the Black Eagle Barony.

Rockhome dwarves resurface, drive off humanoid invaders.

1011 Plague, famine, and food riots strike Thyatis City and the countryside.

Karameikan School of Magecraft founded at Krakatos, near Specularum.

Atruaghin Clans revolt against their Alphatian masters, regain their freedom.

Heldannic Knights seize Oceansend in Norwold, establish Heldannic rule.

outer world—and with cultures and peoples likewise defunct. Claransa claims to have met within the Hollow World living descendants of the ancient Nithians, ruins of whose buildings may still be found in the deserted highlands of the nation of Ylaruam. She also claims that the Hollow World is home to the original three tribes of Man—Oltec (and their offshoot, the Azcans), Neathar, and Tangor—who scholars believe are the ancestors of all humans on Mystara. Her "Travels" describes an exciting sojourn in the Merry Pirate Seas, where pirates from all time periods and of all races have apparently been collected for the amusement of the Immortals.

Perhaps the most bizarre creatures she describes are the Beastmen—fierce tribesmen who live upon the frozen wastes surrounding the north polar opening by which Claransa claims to have exited the Hollow World. These Beastmen are supposedly descended from the stock that originally produced all humanoid races—orcs, goblins, kobolds, ogres, and the like. A further fantastical fact is that these Beastmen do not breed true; no one looks like any other. Some have horns or fur; some are hairless or have three eyes. All are well-equipped to survive in their harsh environment. Claransa opines that the Beastmen of the Hollow World are no more evil (or good!) than any other race, be it Hin, Man, Elf, or Dwarf. She admits, however, that the practicalities of their existence may make them seem cruel. Some Beastmen hindered her attempts to escape the Hollow World; others helped her. Her tale ends with a description of her struggle through the stormy, frozen polar wastes—without the help of magic, as spells and enchantments reportedly fail near the polar opening—and back to the familiar Known World. Whereupon she set about writing her memoirs and set in motion the chain of events described above.

Now let us examine another tale of the Hollow World—one which predates *Claransa's Travels to the Center of the World* by a good many decades. This tale is well known by hin, although few Big Folk will have heard of it. It is *Bollathar's Journeys to the Heart of the Earth,* which describes how Bollathar Fireeyes, as a young hin, traveled in the belly of a snake to a world-sized cavern at the center of the earth. In this cavern, hin ruled. The world's sun was a gigantic crystal globe suspended from the cavern's ceiling—the hin turned it on and off to make day and night. Great beasts, more dangerous than any found in the Known World, roamed the cavern, but the hin could command them. Although *Bollathar's Journeys* was first published a month after *Claransa's Travels,* Bollathar had entertained more than one generation of children with his tales of the hin kingdom in the center of the earth. I myself remember, as a lad visiting Shireton, listening to the retired adventurer's tales of the *Heart of the Earth* and of his more mundane adventures in the Known World.

Now I ask you, dear reader, is *Bollathar's Journeys* any less credible than *Claransa's Travels?* Bollathar Fireeyes was a well-known adventurer in his heyday, and his wondrous tales of dragon-slaying and daring escapades in search of treasure were generally accepted as stretching the truth only a little. But all who heard his tales of the *Heart of the Earth* —except for the littlest ones, or the most gullible—recognized them as pure fantasy. In comparing *Claransa's Travels* with *Bollathar's Journeys,* it is this editor's humble opinion that the one is no less fictional than the other.

—*J.G.*

Inevitable death of Canolbarth becomes obvious.

King Kol becomes a Prince in Glantri.

Fort Doom falls to hin.

Civil war in Rockhome between King Everast XV and the mad golem Denwarf; King Everast XVI crowned.

1012 Joam Astlar appointed Sheriff of Seashire; Jaervosz Dustyboots pursues the nefarious Black Eagle.

Riots continue in Thyatis.

Emperor Thincol I dies; Eusebius succeeds him.

Karameikan capital renamed Mirros; King Stefan names his daughter, Adriana, heir.

Port of Neuhafen opens in Heldannic Territories.

Soderfjord Jarldoms enter the modern age by electing a king: Ragnar I, the Stout.

Humanoids, dwarves, and elves war for Oenkmar, ancient city sacred to the shadow elves, who win it.

Magical rain slows Canolbarth's inevitable death.

The first Annual World Games are held in Selenica.

Current Events — 1013

Nuwmont

1. Wulf von Klagendorf of the Heldannic Knights orders an inquisition into heretical beliefs among the Heldannic Knights and the residents of the Heldannic Territories.

2. Emperor Eusebius taxes publications within the Thyatian Empire, including books and almanacs of all sorts.

3. The city of Akesoli in Darokin suffers tremendous damage when a magical "gargantoid" runs amok. The magical device, resembling a 50' metal man, is calmed by its creator, Ferdynand Lillipot, after six hours of rampaging. Akesoli's Councillor requests immediate departure of the mage and his gargantoid.

5. A great snowstorm blankets Glantri.

8. Pallantia Bonifacius, famed poetess and playwright of Thyatis, dies of pneumonia at the age of 47.

9. Imperial Mint of Thyatis issues new platinum *emperor;* bust of Emperor Eusebius replaces that of Thincol I.

The Heldannic Inquisition

It is said that the lords of the Heldannic Territories are as cold and unforgiving as the conquered land. The Knights of Lady Vanya enforce her will and their law with swords, they do justice with gauntleted hands, they judge with hearts hidden in warrior's armor.

A new law do the Knights bring to their land. At the turning of the new year, in the cold, dead heart of winter, Wulf von Klagendorf, high cleric of the Knights of Vanya and governor of the Heldannic Territories, did proclaim an Inquisition. All Knights will examine their hearts, he said, to learn whether they hold false beliefs of Lady Vanya and of the duties she laid upon them. So the Knights examined their hearts to see whether they had kept the beliefs and duties their Lady laid upon them. But then a second commandment the high priest proclaimed. He then appointed Knights to ride back and forth upon the land, to examine the Knights and the men and women of the land, and to punish all those who own false beliefs.

This is the method of their Inquisition. An Inquisitor, with a long train of helpers and equipment, travels to a village, no matter how small. The Inquisitor gathers all in the area and proclaims a period of grace, when heretics may come before him to confess their sins. Those who confess do penances of fasting or pilgrimage.

After the Inquisitor proclaims that the period of grace has ended, he calls for any and all to tell him of any signs of heresy they have seen. If any two or more decry a third man, woe be unto him, for the Inquisitor summons him to a court of inquiry.

At the Inquisitor's court, suspects and accused alike swear oaths before Vanya to tell all they know about all that the Inquisitor shall ask them. If a heretic confesses, the Inquisitor has many punishments at hand. The heretic may be stripped and flogged or made to fast or go on long, hard pilgrimage. And woe be unto the accused heretic who will not confess to his crime—real or false as it may be, for men of evil will use the Inquisition for their own ends, to take their revenge upon their enemies. For such miserable men and women as these, the Inquisitor calls the "sermo generalis" or the "öffentlich Richterspruch" [the *general address* or the *public judgment,* Ed.]. For this the Inquisitor assembles his helpers and the common folk, solemnly reads prayers to Lady Vanya, decrees the accused's lands and goods seized, and condemns the accused to the Inquisitors' jail in Freiburg. None so condemned have been seen again.

Woe unto the Knights, for they are gone astray! The Inquisitors have the high priest's ear and mind. He believes their every whisper, and they tell him of evil in his lands. Seeking to advance themselves, for no truly god-fearing man would spread such misery, they say that the land suffers mightily from heresies and heretics. The Inquisitors know their power, they stretch forth their mailed hands to crush the Knights and the people for their own delight in power. Careless of men's lives the Knights may be, their Inquisition will run them to destruction, it will bring them all down to the very mouth of Hell. The Inquisitors followers have become as a pack of wolves eager to tear the flesh of the faithful. May Lady Vanya see the sins of her followers and bring peace and healing to the lands they rule!

—*A.R.*

Nuwmont

15. Devastating cholera in Ierendi claims more than 100; epidemic overwhelms Ierendi's priests.

17. Severe earthquake in Norwold; shocks felt as far south as Freiburg.

19. Construction on a new summer palace for the Rajadhiraja of Sind begins in Jahore.

21. Laszlo Kellemen, a rich merchant of Mirros, is reported missing, presumed kidnaped. His family blames the Iron Ring, a cruel band of thieves and murderers.

22. Fire severely damages the Royal Karameikan Theater in Mirros. A miscast spell during rehearsal of a new play, "The Fire Mage," is to blame. No one is hurt.

24. Carisa Ignatius, a young lady of Thyatis City, murders her friend Maera Tithonius in the streets of said city; she is later tried and found insane.

28. Reconstruction of the Royal Karameikan Theatre—greatly aided by the School of Magecraft—is completed.

Vatermont

1. Fire sweeps through Axetown and the Blocks in western Thyatis City. The fire rages for three days, threatening the heart of Thyatis. More than 1,000 people lose their lives; uncounted tenement buildings are completely engulfed. Losses exceed an estimated 2,000,000 gp.

2. King Qissling of Floating Ar reportedly agrees to join the New Alphatian Empire.

3. Laszlo Kellemen of Mirros, kidnapped on Nuwmont 21, is ransomed for 10,000 gp. Karameikan soldiers are unsuccessful in their attempt to find and arrest the kidnappers.

4. Unsuccessful uprising of farm slaves in Duchy of Kantrium, Thyatis. The last rebellious slave is caught and executed a week later.

7. Leonide Karovchek of Kelvin City in Karameikos is found guilty of poisoning his wife; sentenced to death.

12–14. Deadly blizzard in Heldannic Territories and Northern Reaches region.

The Great Fire of Thyatis

The winter of 1012–1013 had been colder than normal, and already several buildings within the city of Thyatis had succumbed to sporadic outbreaks of fire. But on Vatermont 1, 1013, the unthinkable happened—a Great Fire, the worst in living memory.

It began in the Blocks on the western side of the city. Although cooking and heating fires are forbidden outside the common rooms and community kitchens of tenements, more than one family resorted to small braziers to combat the chill. Early in the morning, some accident overturned one such brazier. The fire quickly spread.

Inadequate water supplies in that section of town hampered the residents' efforts to douse the fire. The fire squad, being currently occupied in battling a similar blaze some fifteen blocks away, was greatly delayed. A strong west wind fanned the flames, spreading them to other tenements.

Evacuated residents crammed the narrow street, joined by curious onlookers from neighboring blocks. When at last, at dawn, the fire squad was able to leave the blaze they had first been called to, they found their way to the new blaze blocked.

Squad members, including mages, fought their way through the crowd and did what they could to organize the citizens battling the blaze; but the fire wagon and water tanks could not get through for nearly half an hour.

An hour after dawn, onlookers heard a tremendous explosion and witnessed the blossoming of a fireball, brilliant with green and purple flames, from within one of the burning buildings. An alchemist's illegal laboratory was to blame. The explosion greatly aided the fire's spread.

The arrival of fifteen more fire squads, representing most of the volunteer firemen of the city, provided little help. By midmorning, the fire had engulfed more than a dozen blocks and was still spreading. The Imperial Legions were called in to help, as much to deal with the panicked mobs as to battle the fire itself.

The citizens ousted from their homes had indeed begun to panic. Rumors abounded that the fire was set deliberately—by the Shadow-Hand, Thyatis's thieves' organization; or by Thothian agents angered by the peace treaty signed the previous year; or by followers of the Immortal Ixion who wished to spread the sun-god's divine light. Looters took advantage of the confusion to steal what they could from evacuated buildings.

The fire—and the resulting panic and looting—lasted for three days. In the end, fire fighters brought it under control by levelling entire blocks to surround the fire with a firebreak. The fire consumed two fifths of the city. Axetown and similar slums were completely engulfed. Although the fire threatened the very heart of Thyatis, its worst work was done in the poorer sections of the city—a fact that led to wild rumors that Emperor Eusebius ordered fire fighters to allow the Blocks to burn.

The Great Fire proved a curse to the residents of the Blocks, but a boon to the city. For Emperor Eusebius ordered the complete rebuilding of the ravaged areas, with much of the land given over to parks, hospitals, and other public works. New tenement buildings constructed to replace the old are built of stone and brick with very little wood. By Imperial order, each apartment must contain a fireplace and chimney; no braziers are to be allowed.

—*F.V.*

Vatermont

17. Snow falls in Southern Karameikos for the first time since 983.

18. A trained yowler is bought for the unheard-of sum of 5,000 gp at the annual Monster Fair auction in Glantri City.

20. A comet appears in the skies each night for seven days. There is little agreement among sages, mages, and learned men as to what this portends.

20. Rumors of the death of Lord Oliver Jowett, patriarch of the Church of Karameikos, cause brief panic among the populace and confusion among the ranks of the Church. The rumors are soon proven false.

22. Delegation of shadow elves arrives in Darokin City to restore diplomatic relations.

27. Thyatian shipping season officially begins.

28. Drunken brawl starts in Black Heart Lily tavern in Mirros and spills into the street; city guards require an hour to restore the peace. Thirty people are arrested.

Thaumont

1. The new Academy of Music opens in Thyatis City. The annual Gnome Caravan of Karameikos departs from Highforge.

2. Thyatian naval vessels capture the *Evander* and the *Marinos,* warships of the Thyatian 20th Fleet that had turned pirate in Klarmont of last year. The pirates had plagued the Alatian Islands for months.

4. Aegyptus Polydorius, a Thyatian Senator imprisoned on charges of treason in 981, is released from Blackrock Prison in Thyatis; it is his 80th birthday.

6. New bridge across the Streel River in Darokin is opened amid great ceremonies.

7. Early thaw contributes to ice breaking prematurely on Glantri's main canal; 19 skaters are drowned.

8. Emperor Eusebius establishes an emigration draft. Many homeless citizens of Thyatis City, including those made so by the great fire, find themselves bound for the Thyatian Hinterlands.

Thyatian Colonization

Since the Great War, Thyatis has striven to regain her might and glory, and the establishment of Thyatian colonies on distant shores has proven a means to that end. The recent upsurge in colonization has resulted in the establishment of more than twenty new towns in the Thyatian Hinterlands; many more have appeared on the western shores of the Isle of Dawn.

And Thyatis is beginning to reap the rewards of her efforts. The situation on the Isle of Dawn now seems relatively stable, thanks in part to the influx of Thyatian citizens into the area. (Pharaoh Ramenhotep XXIV is less likely to attempt conquest of the entire Isle if Thyatians maintain a firm grip on our half.)

In the Hinterlands, recent improvements in relations between colonists and Hinterland natives have opened up a vast market to Thyatian merchants. The colonists have need of such items as farming tools and weapons to defend their hard-won homesteads from wild beasts and troublesome humanoids. The natives crave such luxuries as silk and Thyatian beer. Merchants plying the trade routes between Thyatis and the Hinterlands return with cargoes of precious woods, spices, and examples of Hinterland native pottery (now quite popular among Thyatis's wealthy collectors).

The benefits of colonization have not escaped Emperor Eusebius's notice. In Thaumont of 1013, the Emperor ordered the institution of an emigration draft. Reasons cited for such an extreme measure are many, but boil down to one fact—the poor and homeless of Thyatis are more useful to the empire as colonists than as beggars.

Many young sons of Thyatian nobles have taken up the challenge and opportunity presented by Thyatis's drive for new colonies and have petitioned the Emperor and Senate for the rights to establish their own dominions on the Isle of Dawn or in the far-off Hinterlands. In most cases, dominions were quickly granted. But these young nobles soon discovered that more was needed to establish a colony than gold and desire. They needed laborers to build towns, clear forests, plant crops, and do the hundreds of tasks necessary to make a colony successful. The emigration draft helps fill that need, as does the trade in slaves now established between slave-rich Thyatis and her slave-poor colonies.

Enforced emigrations inevitably causes problems. Many of those picked by the emigration draft are criminals or the poor, with no useful skills. While such emigrants provide much-needed unskilled labor, they tend to be surly or rebellious. In most cases, reluctant emigrants do realize the futility of rebelling or running away. There is nowhere to run, except to other colonies where their lot would be the same or into the wilderness, with all its dangers.

There are occasional uprisings, however. One such occurred in Hopetown, in the southern Provincia Meridiona, on the Isle of Dawn. Indentured laborers (many of whom were the criminals released from overcrowded Thyatian prisons) and slaves rebelled against the more well-to-do colonists. On Ambyrmont 13 the rebellious laborers brutally slew most of Hopetown's citizens, then fled into the wilderness. They have since plagued other newly-established colonies, raiding for food, necessities, or the sheer thrill of raiding.

— *F.V.*

Thaumont

10–16. Spring Break in Glantri City; students of the Great School of Magic focusing their magical abilities on the task of breaking up the ice covering the city's canals cause the usual mayhem all week long.

11. Gnome Caravan arrives in Mirros; gnomes begin annual four-day trading of weapons, armor, and other crafted items.

13. Finn Hordson, now 18, is crowned King of Ostland.

14. Pirates capture the *Seahorse,* a merchant ship of Guild Corser of Minrothad. When news reaches the Merchant Princes, a fleet of pirate hunters sets sail.

19. The annual dwarf trade caravans depart Rockhome; they include more traders than at any time since the Great War.

27. On the third day of the annual four-day Arcanium wizards' fair in Glantri, a mishap involving the demonstration of a new spell results in the destruction of three fair tents and their contents. Fortunately, no one is hurt.

Flaurmont

2. Captains of the pirate vessels *Evander* and *Marinos* are hanged for treason in Thyatis City.

3. Civil servants of Glantri take a day off from work in the annual celebration of Parliament Day.

5. Battle of Einar Pass, Hardangar Mountains, Soderfjord.

6. Divers off the coast of Trader Island, Minrothad Guilds, discover a giant clam (diameter 50'). Its shell weighs 800 pounds, and it provides 30 pounds of meat in the resulting clamfest.

9. In Selenica, Darokin, the much-heralded wedding between Bernard Kalimi of the Corun House and Felicia Hallonica of Hallonica House—both major trading houses—is cancelled after the groom-to-be embarrasses the bride's family. Arriving intoxicated at the Hallonica Estate late the evening of the 8th, young Bernard mistook the main fireplace for a plumbing fixture commonly reserved for more private enactment of the deed he subsequently performed.

War in Soderfjord

Let all who would be wise learn of the troubles in Soderfjord, troubles King Ragnar, called the Stout, has brought upon himself. Since making and taking the crown, Ragnar has made much of himself, boasting himself a great warrior. In the year of his crowning he sought to make himself mighty, to show himself a better man, a more mighty warrior than all the jarls in that land.

Ragnar called for war upon the pestilential monsters that plague his land, monsters born of the mountains where they make their filthy dens. Ragnar called for war not to ease the lives of his people who live in that land but to increase his own stature among the jarls, newly vassals to the new king.

He mustered his men, all his vassals' men, and marched with them to the Hardanger mountains, there to crush the little beasts that plague men's lives. Woe unto Ragnar, for the little beasts are destroying his plans, they are besting him.

Through the autumn months Ragnar fought bravely, as a man fit to be a king should fight, strong in arms and determined to vanquish his enemies, no man can fault him for his bravery and steadfastness. But the gods who watch men's lives and days did not look with favor upon Ragnar's war, for Ragnar did not prosper.

The mountains took some of his men, crushing them beneath their rocks. The winter took some of his men, storms coming upon them suddenly, burying them beneath winter's snowy bosom, there to die a cold, helpless death, a death not fit for a fighting man. The little monsters that Ragnar sought to destroy took some of his men, his vassals' men, though they fought bravely, like soldiers born. Clever devils were the little monsters, that sprung rock traps upon the soldiers—who pushed them back into defiles, what man would think they could be so devious and cunning?

Though he bested many of the monsters, killed many of them in battles, yet could Ragnar not defeat them utterly, could not find their lairs and destroy them. Winter came upon the warriors, winter when no man may fight in the mountains, but must return to his hall, there to wait with his family and his men around him, pacing and eager to see the spring come again when he can plant his crops and take up his sword.

Ragnar now says to his jarls, "We will wait until the spring, we will keep the monsters from our homes and borders. When spring comes, we will see what is good for us to do. The dog-headed monsters are quiet in their filthy dens. We have bested them with our arms and might. Let us return to our ways, to our homes, and live as we did. War has claimed her tithe of warriors, but the gods have granted us victory, the monsters do not raid us, they have seen the strength of our arms and they are afraid."

But Ragnar's vassals say amongst themselves, "He is a boaster, he boasts, for the dog-headed monsters laugh at us from their filthy dens. Ragnar knows we have not bested them, for they killed our men, our warriors, and we left their hills. Woe unto us who run from the monsters that plague our farms and lands, for the day will come that they will fall upon us and slaughter us with the edge of the sword. Woe unto Ragnar on that day, for his is the head that wears a new crown. If Ragnar cannot defeat the dog-headed monsters, woe be unto him and to all who are his."

—A.R.

Flaurmont

15. Emperor Eusebius gifts a copper coin to each poor family in Thyatis City in honor of his father, Emperor Thincol I, who died this day a year ago.

16–17 Violent tempest in the Sea of Dread.

18. Karameikan merchant vessel Silver Cloud burns at sea; all cargo and six lives lost.

21. The Merchants' Guild Hall in Darokin City hosts their annual Masked Ball; proceeds go to charity. In Selenica, a similar ball ends in disaster when masked thieves magically cause the celebrants to fall asleep and make off with some 100,000 gp in jewelry.

22.While planting a new flower garden, Laurentij Kolenka of Sulescu Village, Karameikos, discovers a buried chest containing more than 50,000 ancient gold and silver coins, apparently buried centuries ago by pirates or marauders.

28. Emperor Eusebius orders resumption of purge of Thyatian nobles and senators.

Yarthmont

1. King Stefan embarks on grand tour of Karameikos. He lodges at the Karameikan School of Magecraft this first night.

3. Salt caravan arrives at desert encampment of the Janabah tribe of Ylaruam. Two hundred lie dead; another hundred are dying of strange malady marked by blistered skin and shortness of breath. Clerics save 33. Investigation traces the malady to noxious vapors emanating from a well.

4. Grand feast and parade in Kelvin, Karameikos, in honor of King Stefan's visit.

6. King Stefan arrives in Threshold.

7–9. Riot in Thyatis City over emigration draft; 700 killed, 2,000 arrested and exiled to the Hinterlands.

9. King Stefan arrives in Penhaligon.

10. Pharaoh Ramenhotep XXIV of Thothia signs a treaty granting him a seat on the New Alphatian Council and adding Thothia to the New Alphatian Empire.

From the Ashes:

The New Alphatian Empire

There is today a New Alphatian Empire—a true Empire, not that pitiful collection of dominions claimed by Emperor Zandor upon the destruction of the Alphatian continent. Aided by Prince Haldemar of Haaken, Commander Broderick of Seashield, and others, Queen Zynnia of Aquas ushered in the dawn of the New Empire with the deposition of her half-brother Zandor on Kaldmont 12 of 1012. Zynnia and the rulers of Bellissaria formed the Alphatian Council to rule the New Alphatian Empire in Empress Eriadna's name. Broderick was named Commander in Chief of the new empire's military forces.

[There are some who believe that Empress Eriadna—and, indeed, Alphatia itself— was restored by the Immortals, and now resides within the Hollow World, but this romantic notion is rather far-fetched. It is much more likely that the members of the Council, having tired of emperors, rule "in Empress Eriadna's name" solely for the good will such a gesture engenders in the people of the New Alphatian Empire. Ed.]

Commander Broderick moved decisively to gather back into the fold those Alphatian dominions that had resisted Emperor Zandor. In Nuwmont of 1013, the combined forces of Seashield and Bellissaria invaded Blackrock on the Esterhold Peninsula. With the full military and magical support of all member kingdoms of the New Alphatian Empire, Commander Broderick swiftly put an end to King Xanthus's oppressive rule in the city of Skyfyr. Xanthus himself escaped to sanctuary in Verdan, where King Nicodemus prepared his own troops for the expected invasion by the New Alphatian forces.

Current Events — 1013

On Vatermont 19 of 1013, the Council named Favian Vern, an Alphatian mage, King of Blackrock. As his first official act, King Favian declared all Jennite natives of Esterhold free—no longer were they to be slaves or denied Alphatian citizenship. There was much rejoicing in the streets of Skyfyr. Chaos soon followed as the various strata of Blackrock society adjusted to the new order—but King Favian and his appointed government proved themselves equal to each new challenge.

Meanwhile, Commander Broderick worked to bring other far-flung remnants of the Alphatian Empire into the new alliance. King Qissling of Floating Ar readily agreed to join the Council, and was ceremoniously inducted into that illustrious membership on Vatermont 28, alongside King Favian.

With the Council's approval, King Qissling and the mages of Floating Ar embarked on an ambitious project—to move the levitating islands of their kingdom 350 miles to the northeast, over the Yannivey Islands. That incredible feat took six months. But by Ambyrmont 3, the islands of Floating Ar graced the skies above the Yanniveys. Then began the difficult task of magically altering the islands themselves, to increase the land mass and make the islands more hospitable. There was some conflict with the islands' original residents, but no organized resistance. Floating Ar expects to soon harvest their first grain crop since the Alphatian Continent was destroyed.

Other additions to the New Alphatian Council included King Ericall of Norwold in Flaurmont of 1013 (with the stationing of Seashield troops in Alpha to defend against Heldannic incursions) and Pharaoh Ramenhotep XXIV of Thothia in Ambyrmont.

—*E.M.*

Yarthmont

11. King Stefan strikes west across the Wufwolde Hills of Karameikos on his way to Threshold; stops at small holdings and hamlets along the way.

15. Partial eclipse of the full moon is observed in Glantri, Karameikos, and Darokin; lycanthropic activity reportedly increases dramatically. Oddly, this eclipse was not foreseen by astrologers.

19. Continuing his Grand Tour of Karameikos, King Stefan lodges in the village of Verge for the night. Two days later, he visits the Callarii Elves in the town of Rifflian and accepts their generous gift of a magnificent white stallion.

23. Adventurers announce their discovery of an extensive cave system near Mt. Pavel in the Black Peak Mountains in Karameikos. They invite investors to fund an expedition to thoroughly explore the cave system.

26. King Stefan returns to Mirros to deal with certain matters of state before resuming his Grand Tour of Karameikos.

Klarmont

1. Reston of Akesoli wins the Crown Tourney of Ierendi, retaining his kingship for another year. Erika Gaszi, a mage from Karameikos, wins the Queen's Crown. Among the contestants is Respen-ak-Tarpis, Draconic Earl, a huge red dragon, who concedes to King Reston during the final round of the competition.

3. A party of explorers embark on their new ship, the *Pioneer.* They sail west from the port of Mirros in Karameikos with the express purpose of circumnavigating the world.

11. Earthquake on the Isle of Dawn; an estimated 75 people perish in collapse of buildings in West Portage.

12. King Stefan resumes his Grand Tour of Karameikos, embarking on the Westron Road toward Radlebb Keep and the Town of Luln.

15. Triumphant, a young stallion owned by Priam Iphisius of Acestes Village, wins the Kerendan Derby by 10 lengths (at 30 to 1 odds). Priam refuses an offer of 100,000 gp for the horse.

The Crown Tourney of Ierendi

The Royal Tournament of Adventurers, whereby the Kingdom of Ierendi chooses its king and queen, is an annual event which those with a taste for excitement should attend at least once in their lives. The Tournament draws hundreds of contestants and thousands of spectators each year.

The famous Adventurers' Club oversees the tournament. Indeed, would-be members of the Club must prove their worthiness to be admitted to the club's elite membership through participation in the Tournament. In the weeks before the Royal Tournament begins, those who wish to take up the challenge must apply to the Adventurers' Club for permission to enter the Tournament. Members of the Club screen these applicants, testing them individually and in groups and granting or denying the right to compete. The testing process typically begins with simple sparring—either physical or magical—between would-be contestants and an experienced Adventurer. Those who pass this initial examination are then tested against each other in staged "adventures" using the famous adventure parks on Safari Island. In the end, some three dozen adventurers are allowed to compete in the Crown Tourney.

Events include individual combat between contestants, an obstacle course with physical and magical obstacles that must be overcome (with speed being of the essence), and an oral examination in which members of the tournament judging team pose hypothetical adventuring problems to the contestants and judge the cleverness and plausibility of the contestants' solutions.

Current Events — 1013

To prevent serious injuries occurring during the Royal Tournament of Adventurers, contestants wear magical Damage Belts and use specially enchanted weapons and magic items. When a contestant is hit with a tournament weapon, the Damage Belt responds with a flashing light, a brief audible alarm, and a splash of red dye against the wearer's torso. These belts also absorb all magical spells and verbally announce the spell's effects. Contestants who ignore the simulated results as announced by their Damage Belt are disqualified.

Five members of the Adventurers' Club form a judging panel. After each contestant performs in an event, the judges rate that performance on a scale of 1 to 10. Each judge displays his score on a placard, simultaneously with the other judges. At the end of the tournament, the contestants with the highest points—one each from the male and female divisions—are crowned King and Queen of Ierendi.

In the Crown Tourney of 1013, one of the contestants caused a near-scandal. He was Respen-ak Tarpis, Draconic Earl, a huge red dragon. Some weeks before the tournament, the dragon requested permission to enter the Royal Tournament of Adventurers. Despite many protests to the contrary, Ierendi's Tribunal saw fit to grant him permission to apply for admittance, and he was allowed to compete.

By the end of the day, Reston of Akesoli, king of Ierendi for many years, and Respen-ak Tarpis were tied for points. They settled their tie by individual combat, which the dragon gracious conceded to Reston after nearly two exhausting hours of sparring.

Erika Gaszi, a mage from Karameikos, won the Queen's Crown.

—*J.G.*

Klarmont

17. The payrolls for the Fang militia in Heartshire and Southshire of the Five Shires are stolen from their transport, the naval ship *The Shireton Dragon.* In all, some 21,000 gp are stolen.

18. In Rockhome, the underground village of Hrukhur is reported infested with a hivebrood colony.

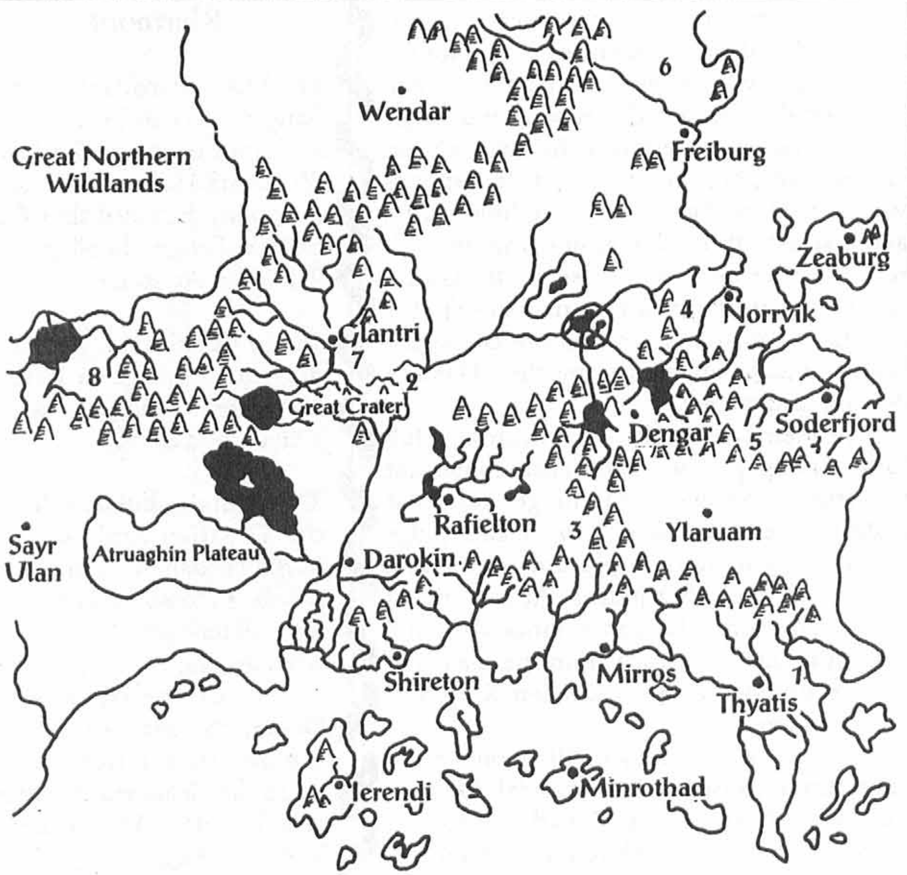
22. Rufin Amantius, aide to the Thyatian Ambassador to the Heldannic Territories, shoots a crossbow bolt into a persistent admirer of his wife. As the admirer was a Knight of the Heldannic Order, the incident cools diplomatic relations between the Heldannic Knights and Thyatis. Amantius is forced to resign.

25. King Stefan sees firsthand the horrid conditions and troubles in the Barony of Halag.

26. While in the town of Fort Doom, King Stefan narrowly avoids an assassin's arrow. The unknown assailant escapes.

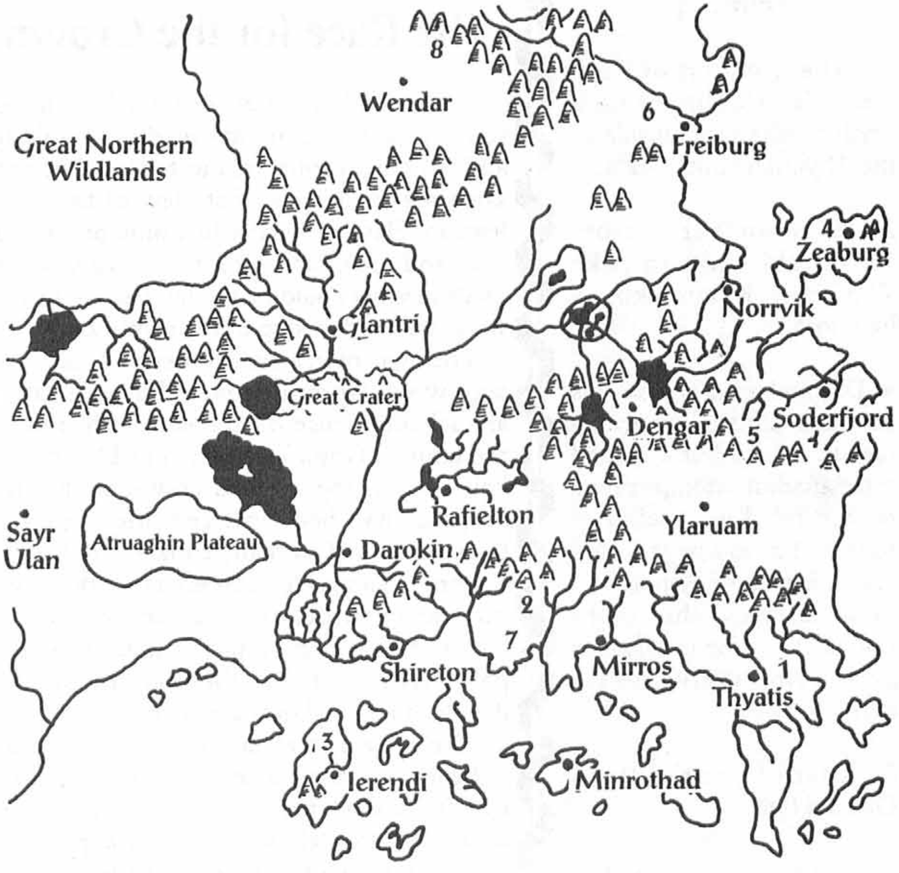
28. King Stefan, carefully watched by bodyguards, visits the town of Luln.

Major Events — 1012


Wendar
6
Great Northern Wildlands
Freiburg
Zeaburg
Norrvik
4
Glantri
7
8
2
Great Crater
Sodерfjord
Dengar
5
Rafielton
Ylaruam
3
Sayr Ulan
Atruaghin Plateau
Darokin
Shireton
Mirros
1
Thyatis
Ierendi
Minrothad

1.Thyatis City: Riots, famine, plague stalked the Empire throughout much of 1012; Emperor Thincol I died (Flaurmont 15); Emperor Eusebius crowned (Flaurmont 27); purge of Thyatian senators and officials.
2.Oenkmar/Broken Lands: Humanoids, shadow elves, and dwarves battled for control of the fabulous city of Oenkmar (Flaurmont and later); thousands died; shadow elves took firm possession in Ambyrmont.
3.Selenica: Peace talks between the shadow elves and the Western Defense League held here; so, too, were the the first annual World Games.
4.Vestland: Humanoid troubles (probably connected with the orc-king Thar).
5.Soderfjord: King Ragnar crowned (Felmont 5); kobold trouble (Psa'gh).
6.Heldannic Territories: Although no longer aggressively expanding their borders, Heldannic Knights strengthened their hold on territories they claim.
7.Glantri City: Prince Malachie falsley declared dead (Yarthmont 4–14).
8.Sind: Disciples flock to Sitara Rohini, prophet of new Immortal Gareth.

Major Events — 1013


8
Wendar
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Freiburg
Great Northern Wildlands
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Zeaburg
Norrvik
Glantri
Great Crater
Soderfjord
Dengar
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Rafielton
Ylaruam
Sayr Ulan
Atruaghin Plateau
Darokin
2
7
Shireton
Mirros
1
Thyatis
3
Ierendi
Minrothad

1.Thyatis City: The Great Fire of Thyatis (Vatermont 1–3) killed hundreds; Emperor Eusebius's purge of Thyatian senators and nobles killed more.
2.Karameikos: King Stefan of Karameikos and a large entourage took a Grand Tour of the kingdom (Yarthmont 1–Felmont 24).
3.Ierendi: Outbreaks of Cholera claimed the lives of more than 100 people, despite clerical efforts to stem the disease.
4.Ostland: Finn Hordson crowned King (Thaumont 13); last of the thralls is freed (Felmont 5); King Finn survives assassination plots.
5.Soderfjord: War with kobolds (led by Psa'gh); Ragnar quits the field before winter, claiming victory (though the kobolds disagree).
6.Heldannic Territories: Heldannic Inquisition formed to combat heresy.
7.Mirros: Second annual World Games held here (Fyrmont 15–28).
8.Wendar: Discovery of magical fruit trees and subsequent "invasion" of treasure-seekers strains relations between Wendarians and Alfheim refugees.

Felmont

1. The new port of Cape Town is established on a small northern peninsula in the Thyatian Hinterlands.

2. A cargo barge from Threshold sinks in Lake Windrush, Karameikos; 9 lives lost.

4. Despite counsel from his advisors urging him to return to Mirros lest a second assassination attempt prove successful, King Stefan of Karameikos journeys to the elves' Estate of Achelos to view firsthand the condition of the Alfheim refugees now living there. He remains a week.

5. Last of the thralls in Ostland freed.

7. Delegates from the Atruaghin Clans atop the great Plateau visit Darokin City at the invitation of the Council of Darokin. Their arrival in full native costume is cause for much gawking on the part of Darokin's citizens. The delegates from the Horse Clan are resplendent upon their spotted ponies—whose antics prove them unused to the sights and sounds of an urban environment.

The Race for the Crown

A sage's life is often imagined as one of solitary days and nights reading, thinking, and writing about arcane topics. But two sages are challenging that view of their profession. Flavius Nucius Justinius of Thyatis City and Stellmann Grimm of Norwold are rivals in what could be the intellectual heavyweight championship of the century.

The two men's rivalry began four years ago, when Grimm delivered a paper at an annual conference on the earliest history of the Empire. Grimm's research had led him to believe that the original crown of the first Emperor had been lost centuries ago. Justinius, a vocal patriot, took exception to Grimm's claims. He countered that there was no reason to believe that the Emperor's crown was not the original. Indeed, participants remarked that the meeting quickly devolved into a shouting match.

The crown itself appears to be almost unbelievably ancient, even to the untutored eye. It is a thick band of solid gold that flares into four intricately worked vertical panels. It is heavy, evidently designed to remind the wearer of the weight of office that rests with him. Just a few years ago a specially-appointed council of sages—led by Justinius—specializing in ancient Thyatian history and antiquities examined the crown and other national Thyatian treasures. The council declared the crown the original and commissioned for it a special spell of preservation.

Although Justinius' refutation of Grimm's findings was suspect on political grounds, it appears to rest on more than just national pride. Grimm's paper was based on an inauthenticated manuscript he had discovered the previous year while excavating at Tel Akbir.

The Thyatian-Ylari border has been in dispute for centuries, and rule of the city has passed back and forth between the two countries. Although increased scholarly interest in the area has unearthed many finds of historical significance in the last half-century, looting and the sheer volume of items that are still unexamined have made interpretation of the site's artifacts suspect. Grimm based his claims on manuscripts from this site—manuscripts that only Grimm has examined and that remain in his possession.

Whatever the source of his claim and no matter how dubious the manuscript, Grimm is seeking physical corroboration. He has begun an excavation on the island of Hattias. Grimm's manuscripts state that the original crown was carried there during an insurrection in the Empire's early history. Not to be outdone, Justinius has examined the earliest documents in the Imperial Library and has begun his own search for the original crown under the streets of Thyatis City.

"Grimm's foolish claims *did* spur me to examine documents regarding the earliest state treasures," Justinius accedes. "My initial claims regarding the original crown are not necessarily correct. I do now believe that the original crown has been lost, but I do *not* believe that it was taken from Thyatis. It lies in an Imperial treasure vault that collapsed many centuries ago. I believe that we can locate that vault, and perhaps recover the crown, within the space of a year."

Both excavations may continue until well into 1015. The two men's reputations ride on their findings. The winner will go down in the history books; the loser will be derided, then forgotten. Security is strict at both digs, where the mood verges on paranoia.

—*F.V.*

Felmont

12. World's largest piece of amber, over 33 lbs, discovered in the Altan Tepes Mountains. Sells for 10,000 gp at auction in Thyatis City.

14. King Stefan returns to the town of Luln. He later visits the elves' estate of Radlebb.

17. In Glantri City, the escape of a giant Tarantella spider results in more than 100 victims succumbing to its magical poison. The poison causes the irresistible urge to dance to exhaustion, with the magical effect of causing onlookers to begin to dance, as well.

24. King Stefan returns to Mirros, his Grand Tour of Karameikos completed .

25. Mages from the Great School of Magic in Glantri and the Karameikan School of Magecraft set out from Mirros on a joint expedition to find and study the great Behemoth that has plagued the seas since 1010.

28. Thyatian Senate votes 5,000 gp for a memorial statue and monument to Emperor Thincol I.

Current Events — 1013

Fyrmont

1. Outbreak of plague in Morlay-Malinbois in Glantri is quickly dealt with by priests brought into the Principality by Malachie du Marais, Prince.

4. Valentin Dardanus, a Karameikan adventurer of Thyatian descent, gifts 100,000 gp to the city of Mirros for the purpose of establishing a public school of free general education for the children of Karameikos.

11–28. Forest fire destroys 1,000 hectares of prime timber northwest of Neuhafen in the Heldannic Territories.

12. King Stefan grants asylum to six political refugees fleeing the latest purge of noblemen in Thyatis.

15. World Games begin in Mirros.

17. Jerolin Athamius, a circus performer from Thyatis, blows a 30-foot jet of flame from his mouth—unaided by magical means—in an exhibition at the World Games in Mirros.

18. Hector Donius, famous mosaicist of Thyatis, dies at the age of 104.

The World Games

In the month of Fyrmont, as summer reached its peak, the population of Mirros swelled to nearly twice its usual size. The cause: A flood of athletes and spectators drawn to the second annual World Games, and with them uncountable merchants, entertainers—and thieves. Great lords and ladies from throughout the Known World attended, resplendent in their fine clothes and priceless jewels. The inns of Mirros were packed and doing a thriving trade well before opening ceremonies on the 15th.

A sea of tents was pitched around the city walls to accommodate the spectators. The day before the Games began, 5,000 tents sprang up like mushrooms in the fields around the city, hastily-constructed wooden shacks interspersed among them. Most of these were built by countless merchants hawking food and ale. The vast press of people and animals, combined with light rain that fell throughout the 13th and 14th of Fyrmont, turned the outskirts of Mirros into an endless field of churned mud. Small children ran through the crowd, pestering adults to buy their handmade trinkets proclaiming "World Games II"—often misspelled

At dawn on the 15th of Fyrmont, the pealing of bells from every temple and bell tower within the city of Mirros signaled that the World Games were beginning.

First came the grand procession of athletes, ceremoniously marching into the city through the Westron Gate. What a sight it was! Representatives from every nation in the Known World paraded in their finest native costumes. Many waved and postured for the crowd, brandishing their weapons or flexing their muscles.

Musicians and entertainers from each nation marched with the athletes. Elves from far northern Wendar played their sweet, high-pitched fifes; drummers from the Heldannic Territories beat a stirring rhythm; and men of Klantyre in Glantri once again awed listeners with the piercing skirl of their bagpipes. Dwarves of Rockhome blew on their enormous curled horns while ebony-skinned jugglers from the Divinarchy of Yavdlom tossed flaming torches to one another as they marched.

At the end of the procession came the independent athletes—men and women competitors who did not represent some nation or other. They were followed by rowdy gangs of children and dogs caught up in the excitement.

When the athletes had gathered in the square at the base of the King's Stronghold, King Stefan of Karameikos addressed them. With great ceremony, he pronounced the official opening of the second annual occurrence of the World Games. With the cry, "Let the Games begin!" King Stefan launched two weeks of competitions and festivities.

Most contests were held in fields outside the city walls. They included wrestling, weapons combat, foot races, boxing, and similar events. The Highreach River was the site for swimming and diving competitions. Most popular among the spectators were the jousts, horse races, and weapons sparring. Betting was rampant.

There was no lack of things to see—or to buy. Each day, spectators could take their pick of military drills, musical performances, magic displays, and other entertainment. In the evenings, athletes and spectators alike indulge in impromptu contests of their own: drinking, arm-wrestling, or fisticuffs.

—J.G.

Fyrmont

20. Mild eruption of Mount Skullhorn in Glantri.

21–22. Thunderstorms in the central plain of Darokin cause flooding, crop loss.

24. Return of the Green Cloak, the infamous hin thief, to the Five Shires after some twelve years of absence. The Green Cloak leaves notes boasting of his prowess in the place of the items he steals. Some suspect this thief is a copycat, not the original Green Cloak.

25. Using large, bell-shaped diving devices made of enchanted glass, explorers sponsored by the Thyatian Empire lower themselves to the floor of the New Alphatian Sea to examine the ruins of the Alphatian continent.

26. Construction begins in Mirros on royal art museum sponsored by Queen Olivia of Karameikos.

28. Official christening in Thyatis City, by Emperor Eusebius, of Thyatian naval skyships *Adoria* and *Adrasteia,* enchanted on the distant isle of Aegos.

Ambyrmont

1. Silver mine collapses near Fort Denwarf in Rockhome; 17 dwarf miners die.

4. Humanoids raid Letizia Village in Darokin, killing three and making off with many goods before troops from Fort Lakeside arrive.

7. Sharp fight with and defeat of orc warriors near Landersfjord, Vestland.

8. Arrival of 157 ships in port of Thyatis, largest number ever reported in one day.

10. A battle between shadow elves and a large band of humanoids atop a cliff alongside the Vesubian River in the Broken Lands cause a massive mud- and rock-slide that blocks the river. This causes floods along much of the primary caravan route between Darokin and Glantri.

13. Uprising of forced emigrants and other laborers in the newly established colony of Hopetown, Provincia Meridiona on the Isle of Dawn, results in the brutal slaying of many colonists and the \abandonment of Hopetown.

Shadow Elves: The Worst Is Yet to Come

Dire events are taking form in the underground caverns of the Broken Lands. Some I have witnessed for myself. Others I have learned of by keeping my eyes and ears open while remaining invisible to those who spoke of such matters. For I have spent the better part of a year infiltrating the newest colonies of shadow elves: the "Sacred" City of Aengmor and its satellite communities.

The influx of shadow elves into the cave systems beneath the Broken Lands is undeniable. I have seen hundreds of shadow elf colonists arrive from the territories deep within the bowels of the earth. Some 15,000 now inhabit the city of Oenkmar—also called "Aengmor," or "The Sacred City." Another 10,000 inhabit the caves around the central lake of lava on which the city floats.

With this great influx of colonists has come fierce fighting, for the humanoids of the Broken Lands are not easily driven from their lairs. Shadow elf warriors patrol the underground passageways, seeking out obstinate humanoids. Combat has occurred on the surface as well, for the shadow elves are unwilling to allow humanoids to remain anywhere within the eastern Broken Lands.

Despite quite fierce fighting on the part of the humanoid tribes, shadow elf magic has made a mockery of humanoid resistance. The pale elves have developed strange and powerful spells in their centuries of self-imposed exile far from the surface world. Much of their magic deals with rock and earth and the great heat of the lava-filled depths. I have seen shadow elf mages walk through solid rock, melt that rock into a sudden lava flow, or turn it to mud. Humanoid spellcasters have little or no defense against such powerful spells.

Nor, might I add, do such nations as Darokin and Karameikos. The inhabitants of the Known World seem oblivious to the threat the shadow elves present. They stand content to let these invaders do as they will. There is little evidence of any concern over the plight of the humanoids of the Broken Lands, except where it directly affects the surrounding nations—as it does in the form of increased raids as humanoids are forced from their lairs.

But I *know* the shadow elves. They are ruthless, implacable, and cold-hearted. And determined to gain what they believe is theirs by right—supremacy over the surface world. There are plans underway to magically raise the level of lava upon which Oenkmar floats, to bring their sacred city to the surface of the Broken Lands as a demonstration of their power. And many shadow elves within the sacred city are turning from their worship of the Immortal Rafiel to embrace Atzanteotl—a far darker being.

I pray the surface nations wake up to the danger *before* such a thing comes to pass. For if the shadow elves succeed in their plan, they shall come to rule the world.

—Dyvyr Red Arrow, Adventurer & Explorer

[Ed. Note: Dyvyr (not his real name) is an old acquaintance of mine, and is a generally sensible, observant elf. However, it has come to my attention that Dyvyr may now be a member of the Alfheim Avengers, a secret group of elves whose stated goal is to drive the shadow elves from Canolbarth Forest and to wreak vengeance. If Dyvyr has indeed joined the Alfheim Avengers, the above account falls under some suspicion as being perhaps overly alarmist and designed to raise support for the Avengers' activities.]

Ambyrmont

15. Reports from Ierendi attribute 874 deaths to cholera since Nuwmont; only diligent efforts by clerics have kept the disease in check.

16. Hurricane in Sea of Dread wrecks 25 ships, causes much damage ashore in Five Shires, Karameikos, and Ierendi; estimated 400 lives lost.

20. Sir Peter of Kelvin in Karameikos, a knight of some distinction, is found wandering the streets of the city at midnight in his nightclothes. He had suffered from a bout of sleepwalking of late, though this is the first time he had wandered from his estate.

28. The crew of a deep-sea fishing vessel, the *Lauren,* encounter an uncharted island floating about in the Sea of Dread some 100 miles north of the Eastern Thanegioth Archipelago. Their exploration uncovers ancient stone ruins bearing strange inscriptions, but the fierce and unusual beasts of the island forces a hasty retreat. Subsequent attempts to locate the island are unsuccessful.

Current Events — 1013

Sviftmont

1. Council of wealthy merchants in Tel Akbir, Thyatis, establish a university of higher education to teach students such arts as history, languages, mathematics, medicine, music, and the lesser magical arts of alchemy and astrology.

2. Gale off the coasts of Norwold and the Heldannic Territories; 10 ships and 40 lives lost.

3. Ierendi naval vessels bring the notorious pirate Captain Richards to bay; pirate captain and crew die fighting to the last man.

4. King Ragnar of Soderfjord and his troops withdraw from the Hardangar Mountains.

9. Gian Sebastiano of Darokin is tried, convicted, and sentenced to die for the murder of a dozen women, to whom he had been engaged to be married.

10. Two merchant vessels, the *Foamrider* of Karameikos and the *Safiyyah* of Ylaruam collide in the Greater Harbor of Thyatis. *Foamrider* sustains great damage and *Safiyyah* sinks.

New Hope for the Canolbarth Forest

Sir: As you are aware, I and several of my comrades accepted the invitation of Princess Tanadaleyo of the shadow elves to attend her in Rafielton in Sviftmont *[of 1013, Ed.]*. Upon arriving at the outskirts of the Canolbarth, we were dismayed to discover the extent of the damage to our forest.

The Canolbarth's perimeter has receded by some miles, leaving behind stark, twisted corpses of once-mighty oaks. So dry is this land that the merest spark can result in a fire that quickly consumes the dead trees and underbrush. In time, grasses blanket the blighted landscape. In this way, the forest loses ground, acre by acre. There are no signs of this trend slowing, let alone reversing, despite the best efforts of the shadow elves and elf mages from far-off Norwold who answered their cry for help three years ago.

Princess Tanadaleyo greeted us upon our arrival in Rafielton. She proved herself a remarkably gracious host. We were made to feel as welcome as possible, although we felt uncomfortable to be at home, yet to find it so changed. Gone are the elegant tree houses we once lived within. Alfheim Town itself—now Rafielton—is unrecognizable... *[lengthy description of Rafielton deleted for brevity, Ed.]*

We met with the Princess numerous times to discuss the future of the Canolbarth Forest. She admitted regrets for tactics used during the invasion of Alfheim. The magic with which they blighted the great oaks has rendered the forest nearly uninhabitable. And without the weather magic Alfheim treekeepers performed to maintain the forest in good health, the Canolbarth is dying.

The Princess explained that, for centuries, shadow elves had been told stories of the Alfheim elves' continual rejection of friendly advances. Many of her people deeply resented the ability of the "surface elves," as she calls us, to live in beautiful forests of green continually bathed in golden sunlight. For long centuries they dreamed of gaining that idyll for themselves.

The shadow elves of Rafielton are finding reality quite different from the dream. Princess Tanadaleyo truly regrets the damage to the Canolbarth Forest, and hopes to find some way to restore it to its former health and beauty... *[detailed account of meetings deleted for brevity, Ed.]*

Princess Tanadaleyo then asked us to tell all who would listen that she would welcome back into the Canolbarth any Alfheim elves who would swear to live peaceably among the shadow elves. She will especially welcome treekeepers to tend to the dying trees and adventurers to clear the Canolbarth of the dark denizens it now shelters. She extends an invitation to you to visit her in Rafielton to discuss the possibility of Alfheim and shadow elves sharing the Canolbarth on equal terms.

I myself have no doubts of the Princess's sincerity, and will return to the Canolbarth.

— Tiernan Chossum of the Estate of Radlebb

[Ed. Note: This account was excerpted from a copy of a letter from Tiernan of the Chossum Clan to King Doriath of Alfheim, in exile in Wendar. Copies of the letter were sent to King Stefan of Karameikos and Chancellor Mauntea of Darokin. The reader will note some discrepancies between this and the previous account of shadow elves' activities in the Broken Lands. The truth most likely falls somewhere in the middle.]

Sviftmont

12. Ceremonious launching of the *Lucius,* splendid new flagship of the Royal Karameikan Navy. Colorful fireworks by the Karameikan School of Magecraft accompany the launch. The warship sets out on her maiden voyage around the Gulf of Marilenev.

18. Cyclone at Jahore in Sind; several ships wrecked, 500,000 gp damage.

19. A buildup of gases in the sewers of Thyatis results in a series of 14 explosions that rip apart 20 blocks of newly rebuilt residential district on the city's west side. The explosions kill more than 200 and injure a thousand more.

23. Princess Tanadaleyo of the shadow elves invites certain Alfheim refugees to visit Rafielton to discuss the future of Canolbarth Forest.

28. Humanoid Defense Fund is established by the Nordhartar Defense League; 1,000,000 gp allocated for bounties and rewards to encourage independent operations against the humanoid tribes in the Makkres and Hardangar mountains.

Eirmont

1. Leonidas Domidius, a member of the Imperial Hospitaliers of Thyatis, publishes his monograph on *The Anatomies of Human, Demi-Humans, and Humanoids.*

2. Discovery of conspiracy against the life of King Finn of Ostland; 30 arrests.

3. A great fire in Freiburg, capital of the Heldannic Territories, destroys 100 houses; arson suspected.

5. Completion in Thyatis City of magnificent temple dedicated to Vanya.

6. Accident in Coliseum in Thyatis: wooden seats collapse, injuring 150 spectators, some fatally.

7. A nest of wererats is discovered in Mirros and driven out by Karameikan soldiers and adventurers.

13. Emperor Eusebius and Empress Lucianna formally announce their third child, due in late spring of 1014.

15. Construction begins on major aqueduct to bring more water to the city of Thyatis.

The Future of Ostland

In Ostland Queen Yrsa has abandoned her throne for her son and heir, Finn, who is now a grown man, strong of arm and steady of mind, fit to rule his nation after the manner of his fathers. Queen Yrsa has given up the throne, but it is said in the court and in the city taverns that she has not given up her power, for she has the ear of her son, and the laws that she has made live after her; she has made into law her modern ideas. In this year the last of the thralls were freed, Yrsa's decree of several years past has been fulfilled. Now is the natural order overturned, for the stations of men decreed by Odin All-Father are changed by Yrsa, whose power extends beyond the years of her reign.

Young King Finn Hordson may yet grow to be his own man, though he yet hews to the word of his mother. He took the crown after the manner of his fathers, after the manner of the Kings of Ostland, crowned by Asgrim, the high priest of Odin, who strives to guide Ostland in the ways of ancient right, who strove to counsel Yrsa after Hord Dark-Eye, her husband the king, died. Finn has sought to remind Ostland of the old ways, of the ways of the gods and of men's ancient duties to the gods and to each other. Asgrim seeks the ear of the young King, seeking to remind him of the ways of men upon the earth and of the ways and desires of the gods. Well may it be that Asgrim, stern follower of duty, is heard by Finn, for woe may be to Ostland should the new king guide the land amiss. Asgrim feels little for the new ways that Ostland goes, for no good has yet come of it.

Young King Finn has shown himself strong and brave, a fit leader, for he has survived an attempt on his life. In Eirmont were thirty men arrested by the Ravensguard, the King's own bodyguard, for the crime of attempting the young King's life. Finn did not flinch, he did not fear. The prisoners await the King's trial and sentencing. May they suffer the pangs of terror they sought to inflict upon the King and his people and upon Ostland.

Geir, Yrsa's second son, has left his father's land and gone no man knows where. Men say that he has gone to Soderfjord to fight the evil monsters that plague men there, there to grow strong in strength of arm and mind that he may serve Ostland one day when he is a man. But none know where Geir has gone, no man can make a report of him, and Geir is yet a boy. His mother fears for him openly, but she trusts and hopes in his sharp mind and strong arm, and openly petitions Odin All-Father with a mother's love to guard him and bring him safely home when his mind turns to that. A stern young man is Geir, stern and strong-willed after the manner of his father. Many say that when he returns to his homeland, it will be to a hero's welcome, that he will seek to serve his family and homeland as a true warrior should, with strength of arm and mindful of duty.

Igrid is Yrsa's youngest child. She grows lithe and supple as a young tree, as a tree that bends but does not break in the tempest. She grows with one eye on the plans of the men and women who plot within the court, keeping out of their way, keeping quiet and learning. The wisdom of children is like the wisdom of the gods who watch all that men do under the sun and yet do not act, they bide their time and wait. Igrid will surely do what she will when she is old enough, for she is her mother's daughter.

— A.R.

Eirmont

16. A delegation of Alfheim refugees returns to the Estate of Radlebb after negotiating with Princess Tanadaleyo in Rafielton over the fate of the Canolbarth Forest. They announce that the shadow elves would like to consider a partnership with the Alfheim elves to preserve Canolbarth Forest from further destruction.

18. Citizens of Mirros are shocked when, at a public appearance by King Stefan, an onlooker cries "Halav, Halav, when will you lead us to glory?" and immolates himself. Soldiers clear the astonished crowd. Officials of the Cult of Halav claim no knowledge of the man.

27. In Wendar, an elves' forester announces the discovery of a type of tree bearing magically healing fruit deep within Wendar's forests. The announcement sparks a rush of treasure-seekers into the wilderness.

28. Villagers in the Wufwolde Hills of Karameikos complain of a flock of darkwings preying upon their livestock. King Stefan dispatches adventurers.

Kaldmont

1. King Stefan passes a law (greatly encouraged by Queen Olivia) requiring any Karameikan town of 100 families or more to hire a teacher to teach reading and writing.

3. Following a spectacular display of shooting stars, a meteorite strikes the main street of Threshold Town in Karameikos. Some damage is done to the pavement, but no one is injured. The metallic meteorite weighs some 10 pounds.

8. Avalanches in the Colossus Mounts in Glantri temporarily render Skullhorn Pass impassable.

10. Discovery in Thyatis of forged Imperial Lucins (gold coins) in vast quantities, their gold content reduced by addition of alloys to 10% of legal value.

11. Gentleman Jehann, a dashing fellow, begins a career of banditry in the hills of Karameikos. As he robs wealthy merchants and government officials, but not ladies or poor folk, some laud him for his bravery, scruples, and manners. He eludes all pursuers.

The Day of Dread

On the last day of Burymir of the year 2010 *[Kaldmont 28, 1010, when measured from the crowning of the first Emperor of Thyatis—Ed.]*, the unthinkable happened—everywhere around the world, magic failed and died. For one heart-stopping day, wizards and priests feared another week without magic was upon us, as had happened the year before. Indeed, some feared the end of magic altogether. It was with innumerable sighs of relief that those skilled in the magical and priestly arts greeted the return of magic a day later.

In the years since, countless hours have been spent studying the nature of this annual "Day of Dread," when magic inexplicably fails. Sages and priests have pored over accounts of omens and signs that appear on this day—such as the sky changing color by day or glowing eerily by night, meteor showers, sudden appearance of rings of toadstools, unexplained noises, and the like. Wizards, myself included, have devised experiments we hope will shed some light on this terrible phenomenon—some have been successful, many not.

These, then, are some of the facts and interesting observations that investigators have uncovered over the past five Days of Dread.

The phenomenon occurs simultaneously worldwide, from the far shores of Esterhold to the farthest reaches of the Great Waste; from the icy wastes of Norwold to the southern continent of Davania. Nowhere on Mystara have we found a place that escapes the death of magic on this day.

Of perhaps crucial importance is the fact that the phenomenon begins upon the stroke of midnight on the 27th day of Burymir *[Kaldmont—Ed.]*—as time is measured in Glantri City. Thus, for every 15 degrees of longitude east of Glantri City, magic fails one hour *after* midnight; for every 15 degrees of longitude west of Glantri City, magic fails one hour *before* midnight. *[15 degrees of longitude at Glantri City's latitude is equal to roughly 800 miles—Ed.]* That the effects center upon Glantri City points to the possibility that they originate from somewhere nearby. It may indeed be related to potent magics Étienne d'Ambreville and others used in the war against Alphatia.

Also of note is the fact that not all magic fails. In the dreadful week without magic of 2009 *[1009—Ed.]*, magic failed utterly, such that not a single magic item functioned and members of magical races such as elves and dragons sickened and even died. But on the Days of Dread since, the failure has not been so complete. Although the casting of spells, whether priestly or wizardly, is impossible on this day, some permanent magic items escape the effects. This immunity appears to be random and does not necessarily hold from year to year for the same item.

Immortal magic is unaffected by this phenomenon—much to the relief of those who possess Immortal artifacts, such as the Heldannic Knights with their skyships and landholders of Floating Ar.

Although we are far from understanding the true cause of the Day of Dread—let alone saving magic from its yearly death—we have made progress. Wizards and priests now know enough to take precautions the day before magic fails. Incidents of escaped monsters and disastrous failings of magic are much reduced.

—Terari, Head Master of the
Karameikan School of Magecraft

Kaldmont

14 A man-eating tigress is killed in Kandaputra, Sind, after attacking more than 400 victims in two years. The tigress had not previously been hunted down, as tigers are protected by order of the Rajadhiraja.

15. Eusebius imposes a chimney tax, a tax of 1 gp per annum for each chimney in the city. Residents of the newly-built tenements, with their profusion of chimneys, are not happy.

17. In Krakatos, a lion-shaped amber golem that Master Terari was creating for King Stefan runs amok, causing much damage. Sabotage by an unknown opponent is suspected.

21. On the opening night of "A Comedy of Manners," a play mocking the Imperial family of Thyatis, enraged patrons storm the stage, then riot in the streets. Legionnaires are unable to restore order until dawn. Several city blocks burn, and some 50 people perish in the riots—including most of the actors, who are found stoned to death.

28. The Day of Dread.

Predictions & Prognostications

The following predictions were provided by Patricia Fortunatus, a respected sage and psychic of Thyatis City. The editor of this *Almanac* makes no claim as to their accuracy—nor, indeed, as to the best way to interpret these prognostications.

1.

Amid the blighted oaks will be
A struggle such as no one wants.
The mighty will despair to see
That which now the forest haunts.

2.

Between two hillocks will they meet,
Two leaders and their fearsome hordes.
Both will be driven to defeat,
To the ease of northern lords.

3.

Those thought lost
  return from the north
Thankful are they
  their tale to tell.
The few who dare
  will then set forth
To plunge into
  the endless well.

4.

From deep below will it arise;
Its dreadful reach instilling fear.
The air is filled with mournful cries;
For hopeful fools the end draws near.

5.

In Her name they cause much anguish;
Blinded are they by their fervor.
Heretics they seek to vanquish,
Failing thus to truly serve Her.

The following prognostications were uttered by a man who makes no claim to psychic powers, divine inspiration, or magical means of divination whatsoever. Nevertheless, the editor of this *Almanac* deems these utterings to be as likely to prove accurate as those of Madame Fortunatus, for they stem rather from keen observation and knowledge of the world than from intuition or soothsaying. For readers wishing to debate the following predictions, Bertram Smith, who uttered them, can be found most evenings in the Hart and Harrow inn in Mirros's North End.

"Well, now, them shadow elves, see, they's headin' for a pack o' trouble. An' I don't mean trouble from us what's leary of 'em, nor from them Alfheim refugees, neither. Them shadow elves have troublemakers of their own, an' I'll wager a week's earnings their new-fangled Sacred City's headin' for a civil war. What I heard, is, there's two types of shadow elves what lives there now; them what wants to rule the world, jes' like them Rockhome dwarves are a'feared of, and them what wants to be jes' like them Alfheim elves was. Now, if we can jes' make sure it's the ones what wanna be peaceful-like and neighborly what win the war, we won't have nuthin' to worry 'bout. Leastwise not 'til some other orn'ry faction o' shadow elves crops up, what wants to rule the world agin.

"Now, 'bout that there new Immortal, whatsis, Gareth. Now, *that's* news worth payin' a mind to!"

Classified Ads

Estate Available

To any who will undertake the property, the former estate of Wyllem Merrik near Kantridae in the Thyatian Duchy of Kantrium. The manor house and grounds have been deserted since 974. Mr. Merrik has been declared legally dead; Kantrium is satisfied there are no legal heirs.

In its current condition, the estate requires considerable work. Vermin and other creatures are known to infest the house, and the properties have not been vigorously maintained since the 970s.

Persons wishing to assume ownership of the estate will apply in person to Honorius Marraccino, Clerk-Magistrate of Kantridae. Purchase is dependent on a background check and purchase fee of 1,000 lucins to be applied to the duchy's costs regarding this case.

Estate Available

The former estate of Aeylmer Lindlea, late of the Principality of Sablestone in Glantri. Lindlea, bested in a duel in 1012, died intestate and without heirs. Lindlea's duelling opponent, Adolfo Marquez of Belcadiz, has legally relinquished all claim to the property.

The estate is suitable for mages seeking undisturbed study. It encompasses 60 acres of forested hills; the main building consists of one tower with one two-level dungeon below. All furnishings and equipment are included in the sale of the property (although Lindlea's library has been removed by the Great School). The property includes one byre, one barn, and three tenant farmers. Prospective buyers should apply in person to Iain Clifford, Clerk of Records at Glantri City.

Estate Available/House Sought

I am selling my estate to pay my creditors. Forty acres and Valens Castle, a small fortress in northern Karameikos, will go to the highest bidder, who will receive clear title to the property. Forward sealed bids to Surinam Marsan of Marsan & Sons in Mirros. Bids must be a minimum of 50,000 royals and must be received by Yarthmont 30, 1014. The winner will be notified no later than Klarmont 25, 1014.

Surinam Marsan can provide necessary details of the estate and castle, including floor plans and details of castle construction. Please do not come to Valens Castle wishing to examine the castle and grounds. Those doing so will be considered trespassers. The castle was built by Rockhome craftsmen five years ago.

I am interested in purchasing a city townhouse for a family of five, preferably in Mirros or Threshold. Please forward particulars to Justin Valens, Valens Castle, Karameikos.

Classified Ads

Remove unwanted hair permanently with Imelda's Hair Removal Cream. 4-ounce container just 10 cp. Also, remove wrinkles for up to 36 hours with Imelda's Ageless Cream. 4-ounce container just 12 cp. Guaranteed to work or double your money back. Imelda's Beauties, Cobbler's Lane, Mirros, Karameikos. Legal notice: It is illegal to purchase or use these products in the Emirates of Ylaruam or the nation of Rockhome.

Solid copper bracelets from the mines of Highforge. A variety of styles and prices available Write for particulars to Phineas Noskar, Highforge, Karameikos.

Free Booklet explaining natural mysteries. Magnetism, gravity, atmosphere, astrology, and more. Write to Penfin Zantor, Sarlen Street, Glantri City.

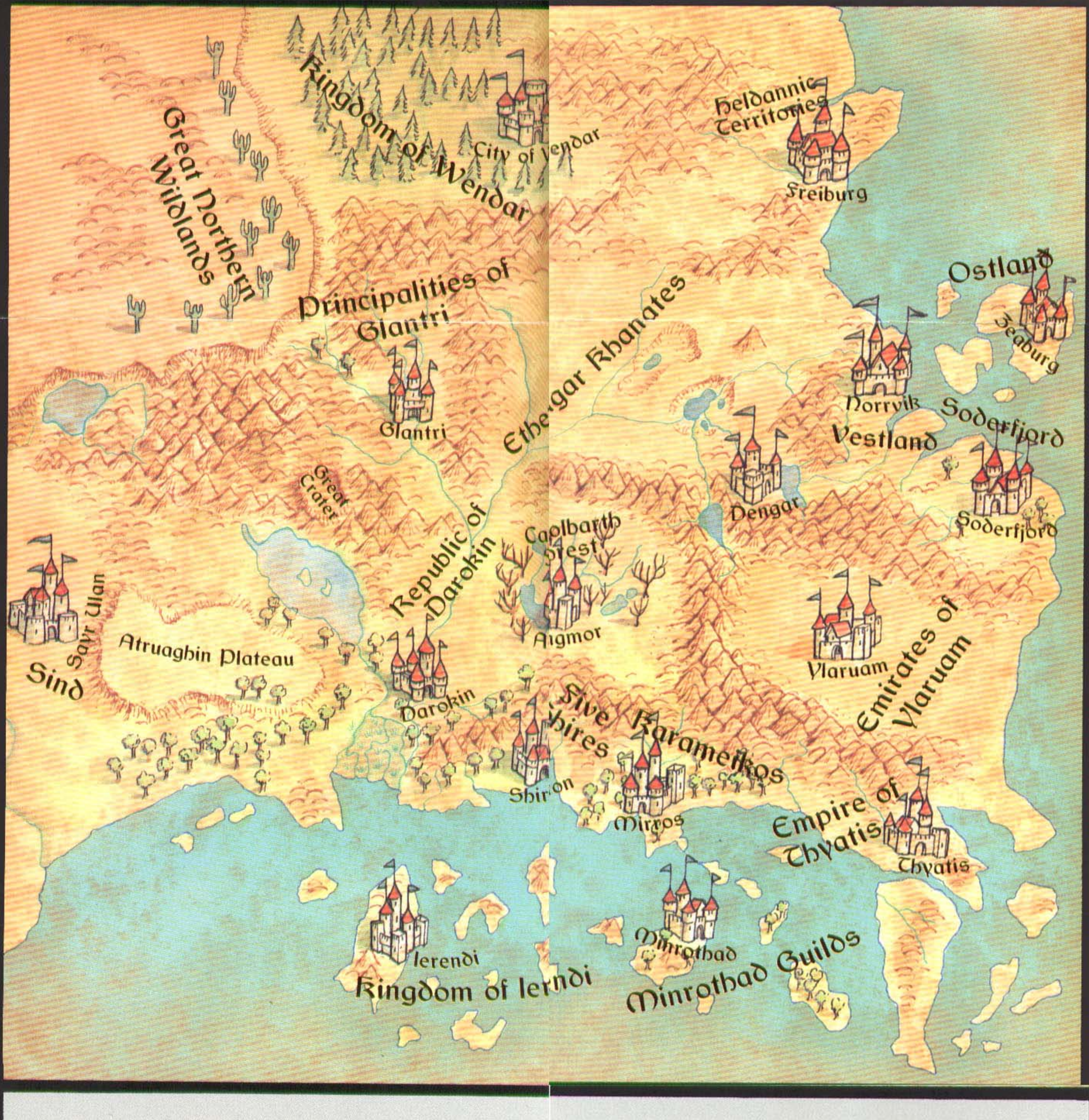
Your personalized horoscope, accurate and dependable. Madame Zelda works in Minrothad, where the skies are blue and wide. Send 15 cp per monthly horoscope desired to Madame Zelda. Please send request three months in advance.

The Enchanted Chest, purveyors of ritual products. Incense, material spell components, and herbs, all 100% natural and guaranteed. Holy symbols, holy water (blessed by priests daily), essential oils. Scroll parchment, blank spell books, never-dull quills. Everything for the wizard or priest. Mystic Row, Thyatis City.

Increase chicken egg yields by 10% or more with Biggar Chicken Feed, which has more nutrients than other similarly priced feeds. Available from Horace Biggar Chicken Grain Farms, Darokin, or through your local Darokin merchant. Two daros per 50-pound bag. Guaranteed nonmagical and completely safe.

Herbal Healing. For unbelievers and others who do not wish healing from clerical sources, a nonclerical and nonmagical healing alternative has recently been developed. Herbal healing is a safe and proven method of treatment for any disease or ailment and significantly speeds recovery from wounds. Only the finest herbs naturally grown in my own garden are used in treatment, which is based on painstaking research of ancient medical texts from around the world. Call on Madame Natalia Thistlethumb any Gromdain at Crumble Street (near the Hin & the Bells Tavern), Tothmeer, Five Shires. Send two sunsets (or your nation's equivalent) for more information.

Are personal differences driving you apart? I have helped many people to heal differences and to celebrate each other's individuality. Warriors and adventurers are my specialty, although I also work with families and certain monastic sects. Free initial consultation, appointments day or night, sliding scale fee. Also deep massage. Thonnel Morningsunrise, Home of Healing, Street of Clouds, Thyatis City.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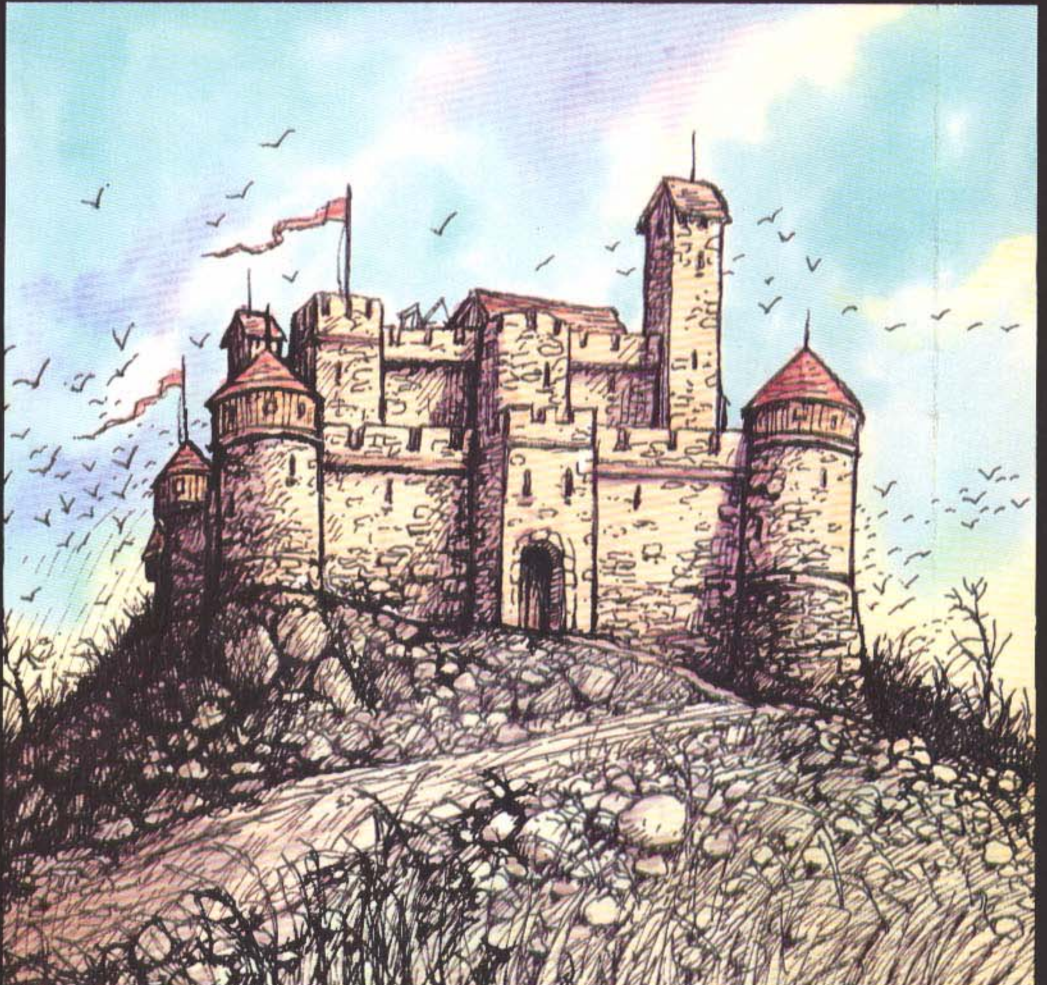

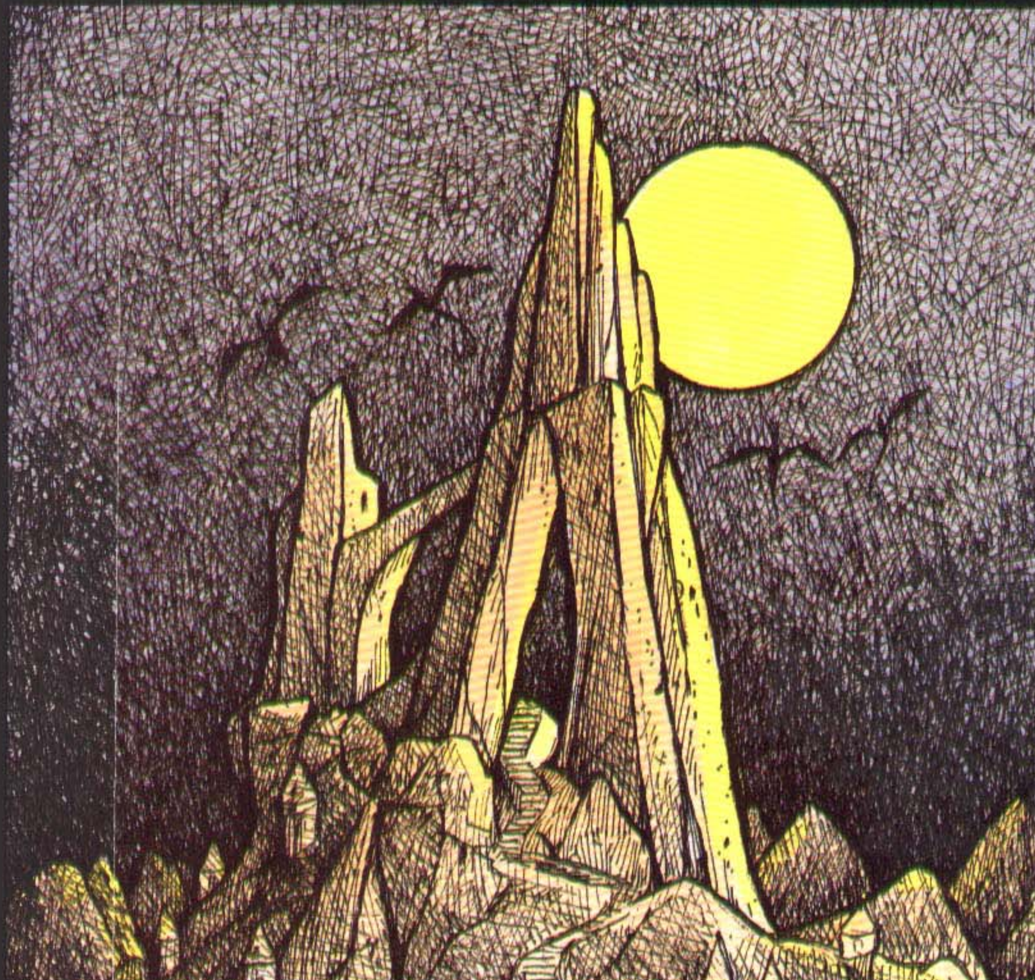

The Known World of Mystara

Being a Map of the Lands known to the Civilized Races

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J.D.K.

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